

A MID-VICTORIAN PEPYS



WILLIAM HARDMAN IN 1863

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A MID-VICTORIAN PEPYS

THE LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF
SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN, M.A., F.R.G.S.

ANNOTATED AND EDITED BY
S. M. ELLIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

WILLIAM HARDMAN, the son of William Bridge Hardman (1803-33), of Bury, Lancashire, by his marriage with Sarah Heyes, was born on 13th August, 1828, at his grandfather's house, Chamber Hall, in the same county. Educated at Bury Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1850 and rowed (with M. Waddington, among others) in the second boat of his college, William Hardman was intended originally for the Church. But this idea was abandoned, and he read for the Law. He was called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1852, and for a time practised as an equity draftsman and conveyancer. He was, however, always more interested in active, adjudicating legal work, and in politics.

After some years of rather idle dalliance with law and literature, interrupted by much convivial intercourse with his many friends, Hardman stood as Conservative candidate for East Surrey in 1868, but he failed to secure election. From 1865 until his death in 1890 he was Chairman of Surrey Quarter Sessions, unpaid, and for this long public service he was knighted in 1885. He was also Recorder of Kingston from 1875. The older he became the harder he worked. In addition to his magisterial duties, he

accepted the office of Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames in 1870; and from 1872, for the remaining eighteen years of his life, he was editor of *The Morning Post*.

Hardman married, in 1855, Mary Anne, daughter of James Radley, of Liverpool, by whom he had two daughters. During the most eventful period of his life, with which his memoirs and letters deal, the years 1859-1871, Hardman lived first at No. 27 (now numbered 14) Gordon Street, Bloomsbury, and later at Norbiton Hall, Kingston-on-Thames. In the London years, particularly, his life and pursuits much resembled those of his prototype, Samuel Pepys, two centuries before. He was always about the town, in the midst of people and affairs. He attended many public functions of note, and met numerous persons of fame. At his club, at dinner-parties, at the play, he heard all the news and gossip of the day. All that he heard and all that he did he wrote down for the benefit of an old Cambridge friend, Edward Dundas Holroyd (subsequently knighted), who was practising as a barrister in distant Australia.

Without any idea of publication, Hardman perhaps realised that his intimate monthly record of the London life of his time would possess future interest and value, for he kept a complete copy of every letter he wrote to Holroyd, in bound volumes, from May, 1859, to August, 1871. Unfortunately the copies of most of the letters for the first two years have disappeared; and on several of the later pages the ink has entirely faded, rendering the entry illegible. But enough has been deciphered to form an extremely piquant commentary on an era which is fast becoming past history.

Hardman particularly delighted in the study of Humanity, its pleasures and its frailties. Consequently, his memoirs relate primarily the social events, the gossip and scandals of the time, and the cases which were heard in the Law and Criminal Courts. Hardman was a connoisseur of good cooking and wine, and he had a Rabelaisian sense of humour—so much so that it is impossible to print many of the anecdotes and stories which garnish the letters to Holroyd. He was an ardent Tory, and loathed, with strong language, both Radicals and Yankees in those days.

I have compared Hardman with Pepys. There were many points of resemblance between the two men. Both were educated at Cambridge, and loved books and music, and the singing of glees and songs. Both, too, loved entertaining their friends and visiting the play-houses. Both were devoted Londoners and found their greatest pleasure in going about the City and noting the ever-moving pageant of the lives of its inhabitants. In recording their observations, each unintentionally drew a clear and vivid portrait of himself, the chronicler—the humour, the human kindness and the human failings that characterised the man. Both Pepys and Hardman live again in their own pages; no biographer could have revived and preserved them in such lively fashion. Both were intimate and indiscreet, both were delightful egoists—as every successful autobiographer must be. Hardman was somewhat more arrogant than his predecessor, and his friends thought him rather like Henry VIII, both in appearance and manner. The greatest and most intimate of his friends, George Meredith, portrayed

him as Blackburn Tuckham in *Beauchamp's Career*, and therein summed up Hardman's characteristics in a few apt sentences :

" It was amusing to find an exuberant Tory in one who was the reverse of the cavalier type. . . . Mr. Tuckham had a round head, square flat forehead, and ruddy face; he stood as if his feet claimed the earth under them for his own, with a certain shortness of leg that detracted from the majesty of his resemblance to our Eighth Harry, but increased his air of solidity; and he was authoritative in speaking. ' Let me set you right, Sir,' . . . and that was his modesty. ' You are altogether wrong,' . . . which was his courtesy. . . . His laughter was catching, and somehow more persuasive of the soundness of the man's heart and head than his remarks."

But Meredith loved Hardman most for his joy of living :

" I remember one Tuck " (as he nicknamed him), " a jovial soul, a man after my own heart, whom I loved. . . . A dangerous man, Sir ! for he tempteth us to love this life and esteem it a cherishable thing; yet, withal, one whom to know once is to desire ever. . . . This, my Friar, whom I love, must be the Rosey Boy, well plumped on British fare."

Hardman had a genius for friendship, and received the intimate confidences of many of his acquaintance. A friend of later years was Henry Irving, and on one occasion, in 1877, the two smoked and talked after supper until five o'clock in the morning.

Sir William Hardman died at St. Leonard's on September 12th, 1890. He was buried in Kingston

Cemetery. The following pages are concerned with the happy days of his meridian and good health, spent amid the notable persons and events of sixty years ago.

I am greatly indebted to Sir William Hardman's daughter, Mrs. Croome, for placing her father's letter-books and other papers at my disposal for the purposes of this book. The material in question is extensive, and the present instalment carries the story through the early years of the 'Sixties. My object has been to offer a comprehensive glance at all the most notable events and people of that period; and so, in the cases where Hardman makes but a brief allusion to an important event or person, I have added necessary details—either indented in the main narrative or in footnotes. I have also included some notes on the topography and social aspects of London sixty years ago—things which have vanished and changed.

S. M. ELLIS.

January, 1923.

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A MID-VICTORIAN PEPYS

JANUARY, 1859

Friday, January 21st.—Mr. Scharf¹ dined with my uncle Henry and myself at the University Club. I found him a very intelligent, well-informed man, nearly bald, slightly gray, wearing spectacles. In the course of conversation he informed us that he was born in 1820. . . . Mr. Scharf is evidently very fond of a joke, no matter how highly coloured (blue).

We talked about John Ruskin, M.A., and he said he went to see his pictures at Denmark Hill, while Mrs. John was still with him. He liked old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin exceedingly, but did not like the great John at all. He was struck by a slight incident which occurred during his visit: Mrs. John, acting as cicerone, pointed out all the Turner and other pictures, carefully describing them. Presently she came to one which she dismissed hurriedly with, "Oh! that is one of John's." Mrs. Ruskin, senior, roused by the slighting tone, here interrupted with, "Yes, Mr. Scharf, that is one of John's, and I don't think you will easily find a better specimen of its kind." It seems Lady Eastlake was the first to discover that the

¹ George Scharf (1820-95), knighted 1895, K.C.B. Writer on Art. First Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, 1857, and Director, 1882.

great John was deficient in his marital duties. The ladies were comparing notes, and it led to a reference to Mrs. John's mother, and all the consequent exposure. Mr. Scharf also said that some person, whose name I forget, overheard Mrs. John say at an evening party : " John is no more a husband to me than my father."

John Ruskin, born in 1819, was the son of John James Ruskin (1785-1864) by his wife and first cousin, Margaret Cox (1781-1871), daughter of a skipper in the herring-fishery trade. Ruskin was constantly with his mother. During his time at Oxford as an undergraduate, she took lodgings in the city in order to be with him. In fact, they were only separated during the early part of his married life, and Ruskin then wrote daily to his mother. John Ruskin had married in April, 1848, Euphemia Chalmers, daughter of George Gray, a lawyer, of Bowerswell, Perthshire. She was a beautiful girl, ten years his junior. Mrs. Ruskin was the model for the female figure in "The Order of Release," painted in 1853 by John Everett Millais, then twenty-four years of age. Mrs. Ruskin took proceedings against her husband for nullity shortly after. The case was undefended, the marriage was annulled, and in 1855 Mrs. Ruskin married Millais, by whom she had eight children.

Mr. Scharf gave us some interesting details of his researches in Lycia with Sir Charles Fellows¹—with whom, by the bye, he seems to have quarrelled.

¹ Sir Charles Fellows (1799-1860) was born at Nottingham. When a boy of fourteen he made some drawings of Newstead Abbey, which were reproduced in the early editions of Moore's *Life of Byron*. He went to Lycia with Scharf in 1839-40. The second visit was in 1843-44.

Strange to say, they were both of them ignorant of the Greek alphabet, and used to copy the inscriptions in the following strange fashion. They called the Greek H by its obvious English title; II they called "Doorway." . . . These inscriptions were sometimes situated in places so difficult of access that one of the party would climb up, and holding on by a ledge would shout out the letters one by one to someone stationed below, where they could be written down. On his return to England he learnt the Greek language, so that when he went out the second time, he was better able to understand these inscriptions.

He knows Charles Kean intimately, having been of great service to him in the scenic decorations of his celebrated revivals of well-known plays. He bears strong testimony to the excessive care which both Mr. and Mrs. Kean take of the propriety and virtue of their female performers.

I think his opinion of the talents of John Murray, the publisher, is much the same as my own; but he did not say anything, save that he thought him the "most learned of the great booksellers,"¹ which is but faint praise.

The Bishop of Oxford was taking leave of Lord Palmerston after a morning visit when the latter said, "I am going to 'the House,' can I drive you?" The Bishop declined, saying he would rather walk. Upon arriving as far as St. James's Street, a shower of rain compelled the Bishop to shelter, and he stood in

¹ This was the third John Murray, son of Byron's publisher and grandson of the founder of the firm. He was J.P. for Surrey from 1861 until his death in 1892.

the porch of a notorious gambling house. Lord Palmerston coming by, and seeing the Bishop, checked the coachman, and renewed his offer of a seat in the carriage, which this time was gladly accepted. When the Bishop was seated, Palmerston quietly remarked, "How blest are they who ne'er consent by ill-advice to walk nor stand in sinners' gates. . . ." The Bishop, tapping his companion on the arm, continued the quotation, "Nor sit where men profanely talk."

The Bishop was Samuel Wilberforce (1805-73), who held the see of Oxford from 1845 to 1869, when he was translated to Winchester. He was suspected of sympathy with the Church of Rome, and his wife's sister had married Manning, the Cardinal of later years. Wilberforce was known as "Soapy Sam," a nickname which originated during the case of Dr. Rowland Williams (1817-70), Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts, who was charged with heterodoxy in his contribution to *Essays and Reviews* (1860).¹ Wilberforce condemned it in *The Quarterly Review*, but his synodical judgment on Dr. Williams was so devious and evasive of definite opinion that Lord Westbury was moved to describe it in the House of Lords (15th July, 1864) as "a well-lubricated set of words, a sentence so oily and saponaceous that no one can grasp it." Wilberforce quite appreciated his designation of "Soapy Sam," and used to say he thought he owed it to the fact that though often in hot water he always came out with clean hands. His saponaceous and evasive characteristics, together with his apt wit, were evidenced early in Samuel Wilberforce's life. As a boy he was a pupil of Mr. Fry at Emberton, Bucking-

¹ *Bunsen's Biblical Researches*. See later, p. 15.

hamshire, and on one occasion he and his fellow pupils in the course of a "rag" made a great deal of noise. Mr. Fry rushed upstairs to quell the tumult, and seized young Wilberforce. But before the pedagogue could administer the intended thrashing, the wriggling boy broke away from his grasp, and pushing a pupil of Jewish birth into the arms of Mr. Fry said, "'The Jew first, and then also of the Gentile,' if you please, sir."

Another story of Samuel Wilberforce, related by Hardman some years later, may find a place here.

I heard an amusing trait of "Oily Sam," the new Bishop of Winchester, to-day. On Good Friday he preached at a church in Kent Street, Borough, and formed one in a Ritualistic procession. While on his way round the crowded church, he spied my informant, Hudson, a brother magistrate of mine, and old college friend of the Bishop's. As he passed, Hudson felt his arm grasped, and found it was the Bishop, who said hurriedly as the procession passed slowly by, "I want to speak to you after the service about my son's election to the Athenæum; he is likely to be blackballed on account of what I did about Colenso." Hudson is an old member of the Athenæum. This aside of the Bishop's is most characteristic; I have heard of his doing similar things under even more solemn circumstances.

OCTOBER, 1860

WE have had, take it all together, this year without exception the very worst season I ever remember. At Liverpool a friend told me that rain had fallen more or less on 24 days in June, 26 days in July, and 29 days in August ! It is blowing a gale at this very moment, in fact the wind rages and rain falls in torrents five days out of seven. Singularly enough the crops are not so bad as might be anticipated. The loss of vessels and lives at sea has been fearful : there has been no great catastrophe of the " Royal Charter " sort, involving the loss of several hundred lives in one fell swoop ; but the havoc among the coasters and in the Baltic has been terrible.

It is a curious fact that, at the present moment, the chief members of our Royal Family are out of England. The Queen and Prince Consort are on the Continent, where they have been several weeks. The Prince of Wales is in the United States, and Prince Alfred* is at the Cape of Good Hope. The Princess Alice also accompanies her parents, so we have nobody at home but the children. Prince Albert has had a very narrow escape with his life ; the carriage and four in which he was returning from shooting (somewhere in his native country) was drawn by very spirited horses. They became unmanageable, and ran away at a fearful pace. They had to cross the railroad, and, on coming up to

it, the Prince observed that the heavy bar in use on German railroads was put across the road, as a train was expected. Without a moment's hesitation, H.R.H. got out of the vehicle, and, although thrown on the ground with considerable force, was only slightly scratched and bruised. The coachman remained at his post and was severely damaged, but not killed. The Prince immediately ran up to the carriage, and had the coachman taken into a cottage and every attention bestowed on him. The horses were freed from the vehicle by the shock, and went tearing along the chief streets of the town (Coburg, I think), causing great consternation, as they were recognised. It is indeed a matter for the deepest congratulation that matters were no worse.¹ We now hear that the Queen is laid up with a bad cold and sore throat at Brussels, and has thereby been prevented from coming back home.

The Prince of Wales's ² tour in the States is watched with great interest. The Yankees give him a most enthusiastic reception and he must be heartily sick of shaking hands. He has duly visited the room where Washington died, and his tomb: remaining at both places with his head uncovered. I think this visit of the Prince to our American cousins will have a very good effect in cementing the feeling of union which

¹ To mark her thankfulness for her husband's providential escape, the Queen bestowed £1,000 upon the town of Coburg for a charitable purpose known as the "Victoria-Stift."

² The late King Edward VII was eighteen years of age at this date, and his grandson, the present Prince of Wales, in many ways resembles him at the period in question. Hardman's comments on the Prince's visit to America would be equally applicable to the grandson of to-day.

ought to exist between people of a common descent. It will have also another good effect, inasmuch as it places before the eyes of the untravelled and far larger portion of the citizens of the States the highest possible model of an English gentleman. I do not believe that any other crowd in the world would have behaved as the American crowd did when their distinguished guest, the Prince of Wales, was, with all respect and uncovered head, contemplating the statue of Washington. They actually "guessed" (in a loud and audible tone of voice) "that he whipped the Britishers"! A shudder runs through me when I attempt to realise the condition of mind that under such circumstances could give vent to such utterances. Take my word for it, sir, the Yankees are a damned lot, and republican institutions are all rot. Amen. Their papers remark on the great simplicity of his dress, the entire absence of jewellery, the unsatisfactory fit of his clothes (the swell Yankee dresses like a tailor's block), and his occasional appearance in public without gloves—an awful heresy, this last, in Yankee eyes. You, like myself, will be happy to learn that the Prince and his suite walk about with short meerschaums, when on the prairie, and that H.R.H. made the best bag of birds. In point of fact, our future sovereign possesses two great qualifications for an English king: he is a first-rate horseman and a crack shot; and if with the hearty qualities of a hunter and sportsman generally, he combines sound common sense and quiet, gentlemanly demeanour, with a taste for literature and the fine arts, he will be as great an ornament to the throne of this country as his excellent mother. So far as we can

judge at present, we owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the Prince Consort and the Queen for bringing the Heir of England up with so much judgment. I have great confidence that Prince Albert will take good care that his religious education is not bent either up or down, High or Low, but conducted along the broad and middle path. I don't think the P.C. believes *very* much.

Although Hardman took such a roseate view of the system adopted by the Queen and Prince Consort for the education of their eldest son, it was open undeniably to much criticism. It was based on the traditional plan for the education of German princes, which the Ex-Crown Prince of Germany—who himself suffered from its limitations—has described thus: “The narrow, sharply-defined and hedged-in education of Prussian princes (in which the rigid etiquette of the Court combines with the anxious care of the parental home to provide directions for mentor, tutor, and adviser) is calculated to produce a definite and not very original product adapted to ceremonial duties, rather than a modern man capable of taking his unswerving course in the life of his times.”

Before the late King Edward VII was six months old, Stockmar, the Prince Consort's oracle, had drawn up a memorandum in full detail for the education of the Heir Apparent. When the child was four years old, it was announced that it was the intention of his instructors to make the Prince “a model of morality, of piety, and of intellectual deportment.” Later, the boy was not allowed to read fiction, for fear of its demoralising influence, even the works of Walter Scott

coming under this ban. The greatest defect of the system was the young Prince's isolation from the society of boys of his own age. Occasionally a few selected boys from Eton were invited to Windsor to meet the Prince of Wales, but as the Prince Consort was always present, the young visitors were overawed and the little parties developed into the usual formal Court affairs. The young Prince of Wales played no games, and his only recreations were riding and shooting. Fortunately, the Prince's innate abilities and common sense triumphed over the faults of his education; and though he may not have realised his parents' ambition of making him a model of morality and piety, he became an exemplar of *savoir faire* and tact, and an admirable king.

Street railroads¹ are occupying a large share of public attention just now. The Vestries of Paddington, Marylebone, and St. Pancras are in a fever of excitement on the subject. There is a strong opposition to them. Another scheme is to have aerial railways about London on lofty iron girder bridges. The underground railway along the New Road² is approaching completion. All these schemes are to relieve the terrific traffic of the main streets, which gets more serious every day.

¹ Presumably trams.

² Now known as Marylebone Road. The first portion of the Underground Railway to be opened was from Bishop's Road, Paddington, to Farringdon Street.

NOVEMBER, 1860

THERE has been a terrific accident in the Trent Valley line near Atherstone station. On Friday morning, about 2 o'clock, the mail train from Scotland ran at full speed (40 miles an hour) into a cattle train that was shunting to make way for it. Seven drovers, who were asleep in the brake van, were cut to ribbons, and dead and dying bullocks were strewed about in every direction. Singularly enough, the stoker only was killed in the mail train, the Post Office clerks being severely knocked about, but the passengers, few in number, scarcely felt more than a couple of shocks like a ship in a head sea. The Duchess of Montrose was in the train.

The history of Italian affairs during the last few months reads like a romance. The meeting between Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel was fine indeed. They met on horseback and the great General, taking off his hat, said in tones broken with emotion, "King of Italy!" To this the King, grasping his hand, replied, "I thank you," with an emphasis, I should think, on the last word. After this, they rode side by side grasping each other's hands for a quarter of an hour. A day or two later, Garibaldi solemnly resigned his Dictatorship into the hands of Victor, handing over to him the kingdom he has won for him; and he has now

retired to his little ten-acre island of Caprera in the Gulf of Genoa. Garibaldi has assuredly earned his place among the great ones of this world's history, and for ages to come he will be remembered as the embodiment of honour, fidelity, patriotism, truth, single-hearted simplicity, and loyalty—a man whose only ambition was to free his country, to shed his blood in its cause, and to ask no recompense save thanks. In the hour of his country's triumph he retires from the scene, but should it again require his services, doubtless he will be ready again to fly to the rescue. Among the last words he addressed to the Neapolitans was a speech in which he boldly denounced the Pope as the greatest enemy that Italy has; in fact, he went so far as to call him "Anti-Christ" !

By the way, Pio Nono has been making a horrible fool of himself. He has been doing his best to disgust the Catholic Church in no less than three countries—France, Portugal, and Peru. In all three cases, ecclesiastical appointments form the bone of contention. As to Portugal and Peru, they matter but little, for the one is a small kingdom and the other far distant. The estrangement, however, between the Pope and the Emperor Napoleon is a much more serious affair, and is regarded by the religious world of France with intense anxiety. There are at present no less than *four* bishoprics vacant in France. The Emperor some months back appointed Monseigneur Marel to one of the vacant sees, that of Vannes, but the Pope refused to consecrate, alleging that he was deaf ! The Emperor had the question of deafness tested by competent authorities in a reverent and becoming

manner, and finding there was no foundation for the charge, he forwarded proper certificates to Rome. These the Pope perused, and in return said, "Well, if Mgr. Marel is not deaf he has got something the matter with his kidneys!" Now, what the deuce a man's kidneys have to do with his fitness for the episcopacy, I am at a loss to imagine: however, the Eldest Son of the Church instituted a fresh inquiry into the condition of his protégé's kidneys, and found that, although he had suffered from some derangement of those important functionaries in years gone by, he was now happily restored to perfect health. His Holiness was charmed to hear so satisfactory an account of the embryo bishop's general health, but still there was an objection. Mgr. Marel, or rather I believe I ought to call him the Abbé Marel, had been seen abroad in a costume unbecoming a clerical dignitary, not in a wide-awake, a shooting coat, and with a short pipe, but without some gown or cassock. To this it was urged that he had a dispensation from the Archbishop of Paris in the matter of this portion of his costume while on some mission of importance. Here the matter rests at present, and, of course, the Emperor has not attempted to fill up the other three bishoprics, feeling sure that Pio Nono would not sanction his nominees. I should not be surprised if the Emperor were to follow the example of Henry VIII.

The next topic which I shall bring under your notice is one which is occupying a large share of public attention just now, and is discussed in magazines and daily journals alike. I allude to the absurd delusion about

Spirits and their rapping powers. William Howitt¹ is one of the most earnest apostles of what has really become a "New Faith." The cause of the prominence which it has temporarily assumed among the leading topics of the day is traceable to the fact of *The Cornhill Magazine* (for September, I think) having published an article in its favour, albeit disavowed in a footnote by the editor.² This article, Shirley Brooks told me the other day, was written by Bell;³ I had previously been informed that it was the production of G. H. Lewes,⁴ and as I entertain a certain respect for that gentleman's genius, I was grieved to hear that he had made such a fool of himself. Consequently Brooks's information, which may be depended on, consoled me greatly. Amongst the writers of letters to *The Morning Star* was Captain Parker Snow, the Arctic man, and I was surprised to find that he seriously thought that a medium had communicated some vaguely-worded but valuable information to him about the Franklin

¹ William Howitt (1792-1879), author of *The Rural Life of England* and many other works, had long been interested in mesmerism and spiritualism. He published his *History of the Supernatural in All Ages and Nations* in 1863.

² *The Cornhill Magazine* had commenced its career at the close of the preceding year, 1859. Thackeray was the editor until April, 1863.

³ Robert Bell (1800-67), a native of Cork, became a London journalist. He was editor of *The Atlas*, author of *The Life of Canning*, and annotated a well-known edition of the English poets.

⁴ George Henry Lewes (1817-78), author of *The Life of Goethe* and *The Physiology of Common Life*, became editor of *The Fortnightly Review* in 1865. George Eliot, with whom Lewes lived from 1854 until his death, left her property to his eldest son by his legal wife.

Expedition, which he constantly regretted he had not acted upon. A writer in *Blackwood* has written the most crushing article I have yet read on this subject. He goes to the root of the whole question. His article is called *Seeing is Believing*. What evidence have we of the existence of Spirits? And supposing them to exist, is it likely they would rap tables and be at the beck and call of any trumpery medium in a two-pair back? If they are, what a mouldy time the spirits of great men must have, as for instance the spirits of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Shakespeare, etc.

But enough of this!—it is all Sola! Sola! Sola!

Considerable scandal has been caused in the religious world by the publication of a book called *Essays and Reviews*.¹ The articles in it, and their respective authors, are as follows: *The Education of the World*, by Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby; *Bunsen's Biblical Researches*, by Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, Lampeter College; *On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity*, by Baden-Powell;² *The National Church*, by H. B. Wilson, D.D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts; *On the Mosaic Cosmogony*, by C. W. Goodwin, M.A.; *Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750*, by Mark Pattison, D.D.; *On the Interpretation of Scripture*, by B. Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. In their Preface they profess themselves responsible for their respective articles only. This book is another proof of the spread of

¹ See ante, p. 4.

² The Rev. Professor Baden-Powell, of Oxford, father of Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

views in accordance with our own, and it is highly gratifying to me to find men of talent and position in the Church boldly coming forward and giving in their adhesion (with some reservation nevertheless) to opinions which I have now held for twelve years. I cannot advise you to read this book, if it reaches Melbourne, for it is diffuse and ponderous, and therefore I shall content myself by giving you a few extracts. . . .¹

The Prince of Wales's tour has been productive of the greatest good feeling, nothing is heard but eulogium on both sides. There are several interesting incidents, almost poetical in their character. On the one hand, the Prince's visit to the tomb of Washington, and the heir of the British Crown steering the boat which conveyed himself and the President of the United States; on the other hand, the beautiful circumstance that the bells of old Trinity Church, the mother church of New York, have been tuned to the chimes of "God Save the Queen," and that in the very church from which Doctor (subsequently Bishop) Inglis was expelled for praying for George III, the Queen of England was publicly commemorated in the Liturgy, in the presence of her eldest son, tells more than volumes for the fact that the American heart is in the right place.

Your favourite scheme of embanking the Thames does really now stand a good chance of being carried out, and the Metropolitan Board of Works with its Main Drainage scheme may be thanked for it. I do not think that both shores of the river will be embanked at present, but the question as to the north shore was

¹ Omitted here.

as good as settled, the only difficulty remaining is to decide upon the "modus operandi." But of various schemes submitted to the select Committee, three are worthy of attention; they are propounded respectively by Messrs. Bazalgette, Bidder, and Fowler. In their main features they resemble each other. It is proposed at an average distance of about 140 feet from the present frontage (which would extend to 300 feet at Hungerford, where the river is widest) to make an embankment upon a foundation of iron cylinders, with iron wall facing, filled in with concrete, or by outer and inner walls filled in between. This would rise four or five feet above Trinity high-water mark. The sewer would run through foundations of this embankment, and the enclosed space between the present frontage and the embankment would form docks of various extent. Where the present frontage is not used for wharfs (I believe it ought to be *wharves*), as at the Privy Gardens, Somerset House, and the Temple Gardens, the space would be filled in, and would be available for building or for ornamental purposes. The entrances to the docks would be through gates or locks in the embankment, which could only be used at certain times of the tide. The docks would be dredged to a uniform depth; there would always be water in them, which would enable the barges to be afloat at all times, and prevent the exposure of the mud. Upon this embankment a roadway is to be carried upon brick arches or iron columns, with wide footpaths and an iron tramway for omnibuses. Messrs. Bidder and Fowler would have the embankment of greater width. Mr. Bidder proposes to sell the

surplus land with frontage on the northern side of the roadway for shops, and for warehouses and wharves upon the level of such parts of the embankment where buildings would not materially injure the premises on the present line of frontage. In Mr. Fowler's scheme a railway is added—which does not seem advisable, as, owing to necessary stoppages, no useful speed could be attained, and it abstracts so much from the docks, which are most important for the enormous trade of the river. None of the schemes proposed to go further than Southwark Bridge. Mr. Fowler would stop at Blackfriars, and Mr. Bazalgette at Greenhithe dock, making a new street from there into Cannon Street. The cost of the work alone, without considering the question of compensation, is estimated at one million.

It is curious to reflect that at the time Hardman writes—sixty-two years ago—the north river frontage from Westminster to Blackfriars had a wide foreshore of mud at low tide, and that there still remained a number of crazy little wooden wharves, such as can be seen in the views of old Hungerford Stairs. The scene was much like that, a little lower down the river, depicted by Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend*. Of the three schemes for an embankment mentioned by Hardman, that of Sir J. W. Bazalgette (who was knighted) was adopted, though the improvement was not carried out as far as Greenhithe dock, but stopped at Blackfriars Bridge. The work was commenced in 1864, and completed in 1870, when the new Victoria Embankment was opened by the Prince of Wales. There had been some delay owing to the unfinished condition of the Metropolitan District Railway between Westminster and

Blackfriars (which was then the terminus). The docks mentioned by Hardman were not made, and it was many years later before the "iron tramway" appeared upon the Embankment. The area of the land reclaimed from the river by this undertaking was $37\frac{1}{4}$ acres.

I have seen a report, but cannot vouch for its accuracy, that an address is now being got up in Ireland to demand from the Government the separation of Paddyland from Great Britain,¹ appealing to the very principles laid down by Lord John in his despatch of October 27th.

It is confidently asserted that Louis Napoleon will make his wife's² visit to this country a pretext for running over here himself in order to have a little personal conversation with our Ministers on Foreign politics. This would not surprise me. By the bye, a report got abroad that he had actually landed at Dover, and the London Bridge and Waterloo stations were densely crowded for the greater part of the day expecting his arrival. Popular feeling was most in favour of Waterloo station, as that was the most roundabout and unlikely way from Dover, and it was therefore thought to be the one which he would be most likely to adopt. It was a splendid sell.

Sir W. Hylton Jolliffe, who, as you know, has been Whipper-in of the Conservative party in the House since 1852, has signified his intention of retiring from

¹ The Irish demand did not receive serious attention until twenty-five years later when, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced the first Home Rule Bill.

² The Emperor had married Eugénie de Montijo in 1852.

these duties which he has so well performed. I don't know who is to take his place.¹

I see that yesterday (Saturday, 24th) the Attorney General (Bethell) applied to the Queen's Bench for the issuing of a writ "ad melius inquirendum" in the Road murder inquest case: he urged the matter long and ably, and obtained a rule, calling upon the coroner to show cause why the inquisition should not be quashed and a writ issued "ad melius ing."

This famous murder case concerned the family of Mr. S. S. Kent, a factory inspector, who lived at Road Hill House, some three miles from Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. Mr. Kent had been married twice. On the night of June 29th, 1860, Francis Saville Kent, aged three years, a child of the second marriage, was mysteriously removed from his night nursery and brutally murdered, the body, with the throat cut from ear to ear, being discovered in a closet in the garden. Suspicion at first fell on the nurse, who had been sleeping in the same room as the child. Then, Constance Emilie Kent, aged sixteen, daughter of Mr. Kent by his first wife, was charged before the local magistrates with the crime, as some motive was attributed to the girl owing to her known jealousy and dislike of her step-mother (the mother of the murdered boy). However, there was no proof, and the accused was discharged on the recognisances of her father for £200. *The Annual*

¹ Sir William Hylton Jolliffe, Bart., was raised to the Peerage as Baron Hylton in 1866. He married first, in 1825, Eleanor, daughter of the Hon. Berkeley Paget, a brother of the first Marquis of Anglesey, and secondly Sophia, Countess of Ilchester. He died in 1876.

Register for 1860, in its report of the case, was very indignant at this precaution, and was convinced of the impossibility of a young and "innocent" girl committing such a revolting crime. The charge was "absurd and cruel." One of the magistrates, too, was moved to say that Whicher, the detective from London who was investigating the case and who caused Constance Kent to be charged, ought to stand in the dock himself for bringing such a cruel accusation against an innocent person of tender years. But as Whicher passed out of court he was heard to mutter: "Well, nothing more of this murder will be known until Constance Kent confesses." He proved to be right.

Soon after the case was dropped, Constance Kent was sent to a convent in France. In 1863 she was transferred to St. Mary's Home at Brighton, under the supervision of the Rev. A. D. Wagner, perpetual curate of St. Paul's church in that town. To this gentleman, when preparing for confirmation, she made a confession of her guilt of the murder of her half-brother. Sir Thomas Henry, the chief magistrate at Bow Street, was notified that she desired to surrender herself to justice for this crime, and she appeared before him on April 25th, 1865, attended by the Lady Superior of the religious retreat at Brighton. She submitted a voluntary confession, and was sent to Trowbridge, where she appeared before the magistrates, and was duly committed for trial. This took place at the assizes at Salisbury, before Mr. Justice Willes, in July, 1865. She pleaded guilty on the 20th, and was sentenced to death. The judge, in the course of pronouncing sentence, broke down and burst into tears. The prisoner, who had hitherto preserved the coolest composure,

thereupon gave way to a passionate outburst of tears and sobs.

The sentence of death was subsequently commuted to penal servitude for life, though after twenty years in confinement she was released on licence in 1885, despite the enormity of her crime and her callous confession. She afterwards supplemented the latter with a long description of how the murder was committed. First, she obtained possession of one of her father's razors and secreted it, together with candle and matches, in the closet where she intended to carry out her terrible intention. Then, on the night of the murder, she went, soon after midnight, to the room where her little brother was sleeping, carried him down through the drawing-room, the windows of which she had already opened in readiness, to the closet at the back of the house, and there, by the light of the candle, she cut the child's throat—while he still slept, it is to be hoped. "She says that she thought the blood would never come, and that the child was not killed, so she thrust the razor into its left side, and put the body, with the blanket round it, into the vault. The light burned out." A grim scene, truly.

The only point that could be urged in extenuation of her crime was that she might have inherited some degree of insanity from her mother. Dr. Bucknill, the physician who examined Constance Kent at the request of the Government, related in 1878 :—

"After an interval of several years, a truly conscientious motive led her to confess, and the most painful and interesting duty fell to my lot of examining her for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be right to enter the plea of 'Not guilty on the ground of insanity.' I was

compelled to advise against it. . . . A real and dreadful motive did exist. The girl's own mother, having become partially demented, was left by her husband to live in the seclusion of her own room, while the management of the household was taken over the heads of grown-up daughters by a high-spirited governess, who, after the decease of the first Mrs. Kent, and a decent interval, became Constance Kent's step-mother. In this position she was unwise enough to make disparaging remarks about her predecessor, little dreaming, poor lady, of the fund of rage and revengeful feeling she was stirring up in the heart of her young step-daughter. To escape from her hated presence, Constance once ran away from home, but was brought back; and after this she only thought of wreaking her vengeance. She thought of poisoning her step-mother, but that, on reflection, she felt would be no real punishment, and then it was that she determined to murder the poor lady's boy."

During her period of detention at Portland Prison, Constance Kent executed some of the mosaics in St. Peter's Church, Portland. This church is remarkable for the work of convicts; Irish Fenians did the carving of the pulpit, and some East-end forgers carried out the decoration of the font.

At the time of her release in 1885, Constance Kent was at Millbank Prison. She returned to a religious retreat, and, as in the case of most criminals, she did not lack sympathisers, who generally base their specious defence on the theory that a murderer, or other advanced criminal, is not possessed of that "sane responsibility which is a factor of full moral guilt." In the case of Constance Kent, one of her defenders

advanced in mitigation "her saintly life" after the crime. A certain barrister went further, and expressed his conviction of Constance Kent's entire innocence, maintaining that she made a bogus confession in order to divert suspicion from her father, who was regarded with mistrust by his neighbours. All kinds of rumours were rampant about the Kent Case; one—believed by many people—alleged Mr. Kent to be an illegitimate son of the Duke of Kent, and in support of it asserted that some physical resemblance between Queen Victoria and Constance Kent could be traced.

It remains uncertain whether Constance Kent is still alive. She is believed to have gone abroad in the latter years of her life, after her release. The Home Office, Scotland Yard, and the Wiltshire police have no record of her death.

The Prince of Wales has got safe home again at last, after a most successful tour in Canada and the States. The inordinate length of the homeward voyage caused considerable anxiety in high quarters, for he left Portland on October 20th, and did not land at Plymouth until last Thursday morning, the 15th. The *Hero* line-of-battle ship, in which he sailed, could carry only a limited supply of coal, and strong easterly gales retarded their progress. He consequently spent his birthday, when he ought to have been at home, on the Atlantic, and all their fresh provisions were exhausted, so he was obliged to content himself with salt and preserved meat. He gave a dinner party on his birthday, and I believe salt junk was the principal dish.

The Empress of the French is at present in this country in the strictest incognito. She passes by the



Constance Kent.

CONSTANCE KENT

From a photograph given to her schoolfellow, Miss Moody, and now
in the possession of Mr. Lestock Grubbe

name of Countess de la Motte-Beuvron, after an estate of the Emperor's in the centre of France. She is on her way to Scotland, of all places in the world at this season of the year, to pass a few weeks with the Duchess of Hamilton.¹ She went from the London Bridge station to Claridge's in a common street cab, and visited the Crystal Palace the next day in a carriage hired from the adjoining livery stables. The whole affair is involved in so much mystery that her leaving has given rise to all sorts of speculations. I believe the simple solution to be that she came back from her excursion with the Emperor to Nice, Savoy, Corsica, and Algeria dreadfully fatigued, she was severely affected by the death of her sister, the Duchess of Alba,² which occurred during her absence, and she is notoriously sick of all the state and splendour of the Imperial Court. I am told that her Majesty has been spending hours at a time in prayer by the side, not of the vault, but of the coffin containing the remains of her deceased sister. She has wished, moreover, to pull down the mansion in the Champs Elysées (I know it well) in which the lamented Duchess resided, although it is newly-built and one of the most magnificent in Paris.

¹ Wife of the eleventh Duke. She was Princess Mary, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and a third cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III, through the Beauharnais relationship.

² The Empress Eugénie's sister, Maria Francesca, was the elder daughter of Cypriano, 8th Count of Montijo, by his wife Mary, daughter of William Kirkpatrick, American Consul at Malaga. She was born in 1825, and married in 1844 the Duke of Berwick and Alba, the former and British title having originally been bestowed upon his ancestor, James FitzJames, the son of James II by Arabella Churchill, in 1688. The Duchess of Alba died on September 16th, 1860, at the age of thirty-four.

JUNE, 1861

Is prize fighting rising in public estimation? Are we becoming as a nation more brutalised and degraded? *The Times* to a great extent reflects public opinion. An occurrence like a prize fight must hold a certain position in the popular mind to induce *The Times* to report it with all its disgusting details. No doubt our general tendency for many years was to apathy, peace, and squeamishness. Now our spirit has been aroused, and muscular Christianity, Volunteer movement, Alpine climbing, and the art of self-defence are in the ascendant. The affected Dandy of past years is unknown; if he exists, he is despised. Wine drinking is out of date,¹ and intemperance among the educated classes becomes rarer every day. The standard or average English gentleman of the present day must at

¹ This statement is rather contradicted by later anecdotes in Hardman's letters; and the "swell" Guardsman of "the 'sixties" was a development of the Dandy type, though, of course, widely different from the D'Orsay school of a few years earlier.

The last great prize fight had taken place in England the previous year, when on April 17th, 1860, Tom Sayers (1826-65), the English Champion, fought the American, John Heenan, at Farnborough, for £200 a side. There were thirty-seven rounds in two hours, six minutes, and though Heenan fought foul—nearly strangling Sayers at the ropes at one period of the contest—the result was declared a draw by the inefficient referee. Sayers, originally a labourer from Brighton, though short, was of immense strength. Heenan was over six feet high.

least show vigour of body, if he cannot display vigour of mind. Great is the man who, at Cambridge, can win the Sculls, pull in the University match, or play in the University Eleven, and gain scholarships, fellowships, and the cream of those rewards of virtue which the Fellows' table esteems so highly. As you know, the Dons now recognise boating and have a special dinner in Hall during the May Term, at two o'clock, for the Boating Community. So in the world at large. Your modern Foxhunter throws his predecessor of the last century into the shade by feats of coolness and daring, yet with improved manners he dines peaceably and soberly with his family, and on retiring to the drawing-room talks with intelligence and interest on books, music, and foreign travel. No, no, the Prize Ring is not gaining ground. The race of men which used to support it is extinct : that race which advocated port wine and beefsteaks in unlimited quantities, which never went to bed sober. The ideas of these fellows were brutal and matched the coarse scenes which they delighted to patronise. Bull and bear baiting are gone; cock fighting drags on a wretched existence, being vigorous only in Lancashire,¹ where the *nouveaux riches* are not always very refined. Prize fighting only attracts any attention because in these days of warlike revival anything which conduces to the perfection of the art of self-defence has a certain value. Men learn to box as an additional and manly accomplishment, not out of respect to the Prize Ring.

On the 21st inst. *The Times* distinguished itself by

¹ Cock fighting was still to be seen in London, as will be shown later in this book.

issuing an extra sheet, making the issue for that day consist of 24 pages or 144 columns. This was the result of the pressure of advertisements, of which, that day, they published over 4000. It was the largest daily paper ever published. They prefaced it by a chaffy hope that it would not be more than a diligent reader could conveniently get through in the longest day of the year.

"The Great Fire."¹ Yesterday (the 24th) I paid a visit to the scene of the conflagration, and was indeed astounded at the devastation; dense volumes of smoke and flame still issued from the ruins and I believe do so to-day; in fact, it will probably burn for a week to come. You will see that the amount of tallow and saltpetre consumed is terrible to think of. The total loss will be, at the lowest calculation, Two Millions! Every available point was occupied by sightseers; London Bridge was almost impassable; the river front of Billingsgate Market and the adjoining Custom House was crowded by eager thousands; and the stink of burning tallow, combined with the delicate fish-like odours natural to the place, formed a perfume of the most objectionable character.

This middle of the season is a busy time, and constant interruptions break in upon one's regular operations. I had promised myself the pleasure of a few more pages of twaddle on all sorts of subjects—the sudden death of Lord Campbell²—the departure

¹ Near St. Olave's Church, Southwark, and generally known as the Tooley Street Fire.

² The Lord Chancellor. He was eighty-two years of age, and had sat in Court and attended a Cabinet Council on the day of his death.

of Sultan Abdul Medjid on his journey across the Bridge of "Al Sirat," I think it is called (I mean his death)—Sir John Shelley's case, and a very dirty case it is, as you will see. He has been discharged by the Magistrate without a stain upon his character, but I still think that the evidence is very strange and that there must be some foundation for the charge : besides, he is a Radical Metropolitan Member, and therefore I believe him capable of anything dirty or damnable.¹

Bethell is definitely announced by *The Globe* as Lord Campbell's successor—and a very good man too, but I think he runs some risk in accepting the office, for the Government is by no means in a stable condition.²

¹ Sir John Villiers Shelley (1808-67), 7th Baronet. He was M.P. for Westminster, 1852-65. The charge was one of indecent exposure.

² The Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Bethell (1800-73), Attorney General, was duly appointed Lord Chancellor in June, 1861, and created Baron Westbury. He resigned office in 1865.

JULY, 1861

EDWIN JAMES, some weeks back, petitioned the Court of Bankruptcy under the "Gentleman's Clause," but they would not listen to him, his petition being dismissed. The last news about him is that he was married at the British Embassy, Paris, to a widow, a Mrs. Hilliard. So far as I can learn, this lady is respectable, and is not E. James's "woman," as I rather suspected. He would have been disbarred, but he begged the Benchers to refrain on the condition that he never attempted to practise in Great Britain or Ireland. To this they agreed, and I suppose you will have the benefit of his vast talents in Australia most likely. I wish you joy of the acquisition.

Edwin James (1812-82), the histrionic barrister, in early life was an actor, his performances including that of George Barnwell at the Theatre Royal, Bath. On becoming a barrister he obtained considerable practice at the Civil and Criminal Bar. He was engaged in the Palmer Poisoning Case, 1856, and defended Bernard, who was concerned with Orsini, for attempting to murder the Emperor Napoleon III, in 1858. Appointed Queen's Counsel 1853, and elected M.P. for Marylebone 1859, his professional income at this time was about £7,000 a year. He lived at 27, Berkeley Square. But he was always in debt,

and his liabilities proved to be quite £100,000. James was admitted to the American Bar in 1861, the year he was disbarred in England by the Benchers of the Inner Temple, and resigned his seat in Parliament. In 1862 he was deprived of his Queen's Counselship in England, and his wife (mentioned by Hardman) divorced him in 1863. James became an actor again, and played at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York. He returned to England in 1872, and lectured on America at St. George's Hall. He died in Bedford Street (now Bayley Street), Bloomsbury, in a state bordering on privation.

Edwin James suggested to Dickens the characteristics of Mr. Stryver in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Edmund Yates related :

"James was a fat florid man, with a large hard face. . . . I had many consultations with him, but found it difficult to keep him to the subject of my case : he liked talking, but always diverted the conversations in other channels. One day I took Dickens—who had never seen James—to one of these consultations. . . . Dickens was quietly observant. About four months later appeared the early numbers of *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Stryver is a good likeness.' He smiled. 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after only one sitting.' "

I heard yesterday (July 13th) that Digby Seymour had been disbarred. He was returned to Parliament as a Conservative, but had a strange habit of speaking and voting against them. This in itself constitutes a valid reason for disbarring any man; but the real

reason of his being excluded from the profession was the following.¹ . . .

While we have reports on hand we will recur for an instant to the great Mr. Edwin James. It is whispered in the profession, but not openly talked about, that the said Edwin did, upon the trial of the action of *Scully v. Ingram* (Irish member *v.* Proprietor of *Illustrated News*, since deceased), he being retained for the Plaintiff, receive a bribe of no less a sum than £1,200 from the Defendant, whereby he was induced to sell the Plaintiff's interests, and so misconduct the case that the verdict was for the Defendant.² This is said to be the real reason of his threatened disbarring : but again this is only a report. " Bless my soul ! " or,

¹ William Digby Seymour (1822-95) was not, apparently, disbarred ; but owing to causes arising from his financial difficulties he was called before the Benchers of the Middle Temple and censured in 1859. He was M.P. for Sunderland, 1852 ; Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1854 ; M.P. for Southampton, 1859. He had been elected on the understanding that he would not vote against Lord Derby's Government, but he failed to keep his promise. He was appointed Queen's Counsel, 1861, and Judge of the County Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1889, which office he held until his death.

² Herbert Ingram (1811-60) founded *The Illustrated London News* in 1842. In the case mentioned it was afterwards alleged that Edwin James had " borrowed " £1,250 from Ingram on the plea that he would be let off lightly when cross-examined by James as counsel for the Plaintiff. Scully, a former M.P. for Sligo, sued Ingram in connection with some financial obligations he had incurred in the affairs of the notorious John Sadleir, also M.P. for Sligo, the original of Mr. Merdle in Dickens's *Little Dorrit* and of Charles Lever's *Davenport Dunn*. In the case against Ingram in 1856, although the verdict went against him, both judge and jury declared that his honour remained unsullied.

if you prefer it, "Damn my eyes!" I am becoming a regular scandal-monger.

We have been startled by the sudden appearance of a comet quite close to us, so close, in fact, that on Sunday, June 30th, the Earth passed through the tip of its tail! Hardy was staying with us—you recollect Hardy at Trinity, now Fellow and Tutor at Sidney Sussex. About eleven o'clock I went out on our back drawing-room balcony to see how the night was, when I was startled by the appearance of what I thought was a brilliant aurora. I called Mary Anne and Hardy to come and look. . . . Presently M. A. called to us to come up (to her room) and see the end of my Aurora. The additional height brought the nucleus of the comet above the houses in Euston Square, and great was our admiration. It was a splendid sight, and one I would not have missed for a good deal. Astronomers were all taken by surprise, and even now, when the comet is only just visible to the naked eye, they can make nothing of it. Of course prophets and seers and dreamers of dreams are great on the destruction of the earth by fire, and Zadkiel publishes a new edition, tracing the Great Fire near London Bridge to its influence.¹

¹ Hardman gazing from No. 27, Gordon Street at the comet of 1861 over Euston Square, and loquacious thereon, reminds us of his prototype, Mr. Pepys, seeing the comet of 1664 from his window overlooking Seething Lane and Crutched Friars: "Mighty talk there is of this Comet that is seen a'nights. . . . I saw the Comet, which is now, whether worn away or no I know not, but appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes and to make a great arch, and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before."

By the way, that fire¹ burnt vigorously for a fortnight: it broke out on Saturday, June 22nd, and was not extinguished until Saturday, July 6th. My last letter informed you of Lord Campbell's death, but the odd part of the matter was that the same week Abinger and Patterson also died—three eminent legal lights extinguished in a week.² Perhaps Zadkiel will tell us that the comet had something to do with this, and that, in point of fact, it was the Devil come to claim his own.

The Queen still remains in a very mouldy state of mind about her mother's death. The other night, when she had a big dinner party at Buckingham Palace, she suddenly went off either to Frogmore or to the White Lodge, where she staid all night, leaving the Prince Consort to do the honours.

The Duchess of Kent died in March, 1861. This disappointed and unlucky woman, who in the ordinary course of events would have been Queen Consort of England, had only experienced humiliations in the dubious position she held in this country. Hated by William IV, who grudged her the use of certain rooms in Kensington Palace, she was disgracefully insulted at his own table at Windsor by that buffoon monarch (see *The Greville Memoirs*, Chapter XXXI). She was humiliated even by her own daughter, who decided that the young Prince Consort should take precedence of the Sovereign's mother, a

¹ See ante, p 28.

² Hardman was in error here. Lord Abinger, the eminent advocate and Attorney General, died in 1844: it was his son, the second Baron, who died in June, 1861.



MARY ANNE (MRS HARDMAN), IN 1861

woman of fifty-three years of age. Secondary to her idolatry of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria was much attached to the Duchess of Kent without yielding her any filial obedience. Mr. Lytton Strachey, in his *Queen Victoria*, thus writes of the Duchess of Kent's position after her daughter's accession :

"She found herself, absolutely and irretrievably, shut off from every vestige of influence, of confidence, of power. She was surrounded, indeed, by all the outward signs of respect and consideration; but that made the inward truth of her position only the more intolerable. Through the mingled formalities of Court etiquette and filial duty, she could never penetrate to Victoria. She was unable to conceal her disappointment and her rage. 'Il n'y a plus d'avenir pour moi,' she exclaimed to Madame de Lieven; 'je ne suis plus rien.'"

Concerning the Duchess of Kent's death, he continues :

"The event overwhelmed Victoria. With a morbid intensity, she filled her diary for pages with minute descriptions of her mother's last hours, her dissolution, and her corpse, interspersed with vehement apostrophes and the agitated outpourings of emotional reflection. . . . Her lamentations continued with a strange abundance, a strange persistency."

On July 2nd the Ethnological Society had a meeting at which the much-talked-of M. du Chaillu was present. This gentleman's credibility was called in question in terms of unnecessary severity and insult by a Mr. Malone upon the subject of a certain harp constructed by the blacks of Equatorial Africa with strings made

of bark. Our Franco-American got his dander up, and at the end of the meeting crossed the benches to where Mr. Malone was sitting; and after shaking his fist in unpleasant proximity to the other's nose, he spat in his face, calling him a coward and talking about pistols. This was a jolly row for a scientific body, but Mr. Malone seems to have been in a beastly funk and quickly pocketed the affront.¹

My attention having been directed by the July number of *The Westminster Review* to a pamphlet on Education in India by Edwin Arnold, M.A., of University College, Oxon, late Principal Poona College, I invested twelve pence in the purchase of the same to my great edification. Mr. Arnold says, "We are clearly a transitory race in India, though we may make our influence permanent. Indeed Nature herself forbids the amalgamation which between races less akin has been possible and powerful. . . . In their bountiful land the monthly stipend of seven or eight rupees is ample to obtain the daily 'stomach-full' which exhausts the ambition of most Hindoos." Mr. Arnold recommends a grafting of Western learning upon "the disposition of the native mind."²

¹ M. du Chaillu brought over from the forests near the Gaboon river, on the west coast of Africa, stuffed specimens of the gorilla, which were apparently the first ever exhibited in England, for they excited much curiosity. Chaillu's narratives of his adventures were much doubted by naturalists and travellers. He seems to have been regarded as an earlier De Rougemont.

² Sir Edwin Arnold's specific has not proved very commendable, judged by the subsequent development of Baboo aspirations. Arnold in 1861 was a young man of twenty-nine, and just arriving in the literary world. This same year he sent his *Poems* to Chapman and Hall, and their reader, George Meredith, remarked :

Yesterday, hearing a smash, I looked out of window. Behold ! a four-wheel cab had turned right over. In explanation of this I may mention that the gate of our street has been undergoing some repairs, and has in consequence been closed.¹ This has been productive of harassing results, for multitudes of cabs have been constantly driving up the street, and not discovering the stoppage of the thoroughfare until about opposite our house, have then turned round and gone back, not without oburgatory remarks. The vehicle in question had done this, but in turning round the wheels became locked and it turned over; there were a gentleman and three ladies inside, and a maid on the box with the driver, with a full complement of luggage overhead. The driver alone was slightly hurt; the insiders were fished out from the door that was uppermost, and the effect was not without its comic aspect: as bonnet after bonnet rose to the perpendicular—we wondered

" I should say this man will do something. . . . He should wait till he has composed a poem likely to catch the public ear." Arnold was a Leader writer on *The Daily Telegraph* at this period, and became Editor in 1873. His *Light of Asia* was published in 1879. He was in India from 1856 to 1861. He died 1904.

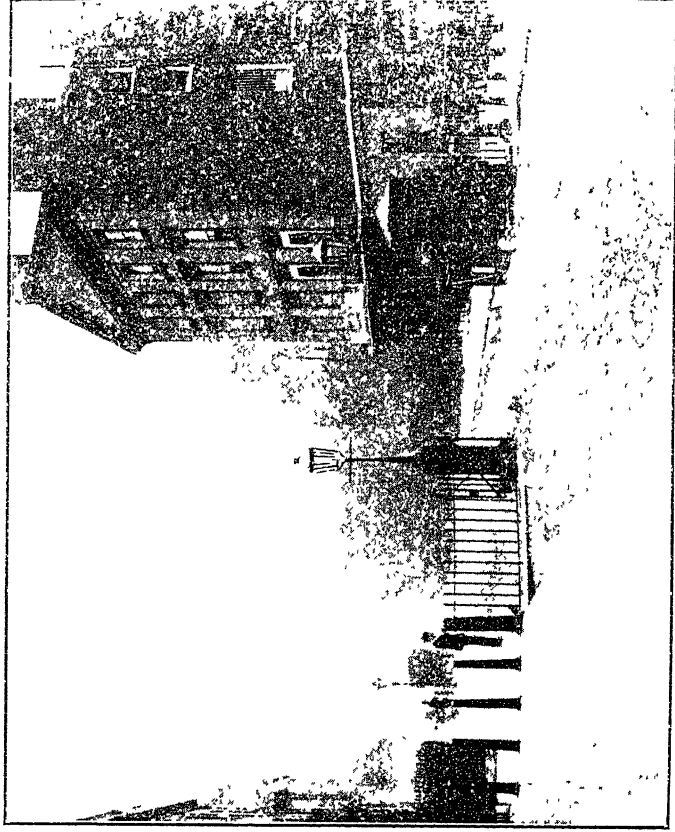
¹ The gate and barriers of Gordon Street were removed in 1894, but the quaint little house formerly occupied by the gate-keeper still stands, though now empty and dilapidated. Mr. Lionel Robinson, who lived at No. 28 with his father, next door to Hardman's house, thus explains the former privilege: 'Down to 1868 or 1871, perhaps later, the Bedford Estate (residential) was jealously protected from disturbance by cabs, carts, and other vehicles between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m., and all traffic to and from Euston and King's Cross had to go round by Gower Street and Judd Street. All the other accesses were closed.' Permission had to be obtained for a funeral to pass the gates.

how many more there might be to come. The occurrence took place immediately under our windows, so we had an excellent view of the whole proceedings.

Lord John Russell is going into the House of Lords. It was at first reported that he would be created Earl of Ludlow, but it seems to be now settled that he is to retain the name of Russell in his title, so I suppose he will become Earl Russell or something of that sort.¹ This, of course, creates a vacancy for the City, and the Lord Mayor, William Cubitt, has resigned his seat for Andover, in order to come forward. Old Pam, like all Whig Leaders, is a capital hand at making Peers. Sir Maurice Berkeley, who has made such strenuous efforts to obtain the Barony of Berkeley by tenure, is to be created a Peer with the title which he has so long coveted.

This creation settled some of the grievances of the celebrated Berkeley Case, which originated in the eighteenth century. The fifth Earl of Berkeley (1745-1810) married in 1796 Mary Cole, daughter of a butcher at Gloucester. There was a numerous family, two of the sons being born before the date in question. The Earl's attempt to prove a previous marriage with Mary Cole in 1785 failed; consequently on his death the elder children were barred by the House of Lords from establishing a claim to the Earldom of Berkeley, though the eldest son had hitherto been styled by the courtesy title of Viscount Dursley. The first son, Thomas, born after the marriage of 1796 became sixth Earl of Berkeley. Sir Maurice Berkeley (1788-1867), G.C.B., was the second of the sons of the fifth

¹ Lord John Russell (1792-1878), third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was created Earl Russell in July, 1861.



THE OLD GATES FORMERLY STANDING AT NORTH END OF GORDON STREET

(Removed in 1894)

From a photograph in the possession, and by permission, of the Bedford Estate

Earl who were regarded as illegitimate; and although he did not succeed in obtaining the Barony of Berkeley by tenure, he was created a peer, as stated by Hardman, in 1861, with the title of Baron Fitzhardinge. He also obtained the family estates of Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire (the place where King Edward II was murdered in 1327), and Cranford House, in Middlesex. The new Lord Fitzhardinge was an Admiral, and in his early naval career served under Nelson. He was a brother of Lady Caroline Maxse, mother of Admiral Frederick Maxse, the intimate friend of George Meredith. Hardman was soon to become acquainted with both these men.

Gladstone has decided not to quit the University of Oxford, in order to contest the new seat which has been given to South Lancashire. The fact is, he was funky, and indeed there is little doubt but my county will return another Conservative in addition to the two already seated for the Southern Division.

We went down to our Esher residence the day before yesterday (July 24th, 1861), and are thoroughly settled now.¹ We anticipate great pleasure, and I

¹ The Hardmans had taken for a few months Littleworth Cottage, Esher, the house of Mr. Orridge, a barrister, who married a daughter of "Pater" Evans, of Bradbury and Evans, the publishers and proprietors of *Punch* and *Once a Week*. Another daughter (Elizabeth) of Mr. Evans married Charles Culliford Boz Dickens, eldest son of the novelist. It was during this visit that Hardman first met George Meredith, who was then living at Copsham Cottage, near Esher, and thus commenced one of the most notable friendships of their respective lives. Robert Cooke, of Balham, brought about the introduction; he was in John Murray's business, and, being a bachelor, lived with a sister in an old-fashioned house near Clapham Common.

have already turned over a new leaf, in so far as retiring to rest at an early hour (10.30 to 11 p.m.) and being up with the lark only a few hours later (6.30 to 7.30 a.m.). Our house may indeed be described as far from the "buzzy aunts" of men!—but so much the better, we can breathe all the more fully. Our happiness would indeed be complete if we could welcome our E. D. H. within our rural home. My eye! Shouldn't we smoke? N.B. Tobacco consumed all over the house *except* in the Drawing-room. In doing this we follow out the customs of the proprietor; he says, "Go thou and do likewise"—and so we do. We expect to have a number of people to see us, and don't mean to be dull. Bless you, my son!

I enclose a Photograph of my noble self—considered to be like me, which I don't think flattering, as the individual in the picture looks much too glum and solemn.

I shall post you a paper of to-day with a full report of the Northumberland Street Tragedy—one of the strangest events of modern times. The verdict of the Jury is one rarely seen, but it seems to me to be the only correct one in this case.

The story of this dramatic tragedy was that on July 12th, 1861, a certain Major William Murray was accosted near Hungerford Bridge by a stranger, who put some inquiries concerning the affairs of the Grosvenor Hotel Company (of which Murray was a director). The Major was induced to accompany his questioner, who proved to be J. Roberts, a solicitor and bill-discounter, to chambers at 16, Northumberland Street, Strand. Murray's subsequent account was that, after a

time, Roberts, getting behind him on the plea of looking for a card, shot him twice, in the neck and temple. The Major feigned death until he had recovered his strength somewhat, and then, seizing the tongs and a wine-bottle, he succeeded in returning the murderous assault of his assailant. The struggle must have been appalling. The door of the room was locked, and Murray eventually escaped by means of the window. Though desperately wounded, he climbed along a narrow ledge and reached the ground by sliding down a water pipe. He was seized by some workmen. When the door of the room was forced, Roberts was discovered in a crouching attitude and most frightfully injured. His skull was smashed in, and his face a mass of pulp on the left side. The hands and arms were also smashed. "Murray did it all," he said again and again. Both men were removed to Charing Cross Hospital. Roberts died a week later, but Murray recovered, although one of the bullets had struck the spine. The Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide—Major Murray having slain the deceased to save his own life." The motive of Roberts's attack was stated by a female witness to be based on the idea that Murray was his rival for the woman's favours, an explanation which hardly seems adequate to meet the mysteries of the case. Major Murray survived until 1907, forty-six years after his terrible adventure. He died at Ossemsley Manor, Hants.

Last Sunday week Shirley Brooks,¹ his wife, and eldest little boy, came down to spend the day with us,

¹ Charles William Shirley Brooks (1816-74) married Emily, daughter of Dr. William Walkinshaw, of Trinidad. They had two sons; the elder one, Reginald, born in 1854, was in later years

and very pleasant it was. I got a deal of information on literary and theatrical affairs, for Brooks is up to every thing in those particular lines. In the course of the next week Brooks sent me a copy of his *Russians of the South*—one of the best things he has written, full of accurate and trustworthy information about the Serfs, obtained when he was acting as special correspondent for *The Morning Chronicle*. He is now an unusually hard-worked writer, but he has too many irons in the fire to do anything very well. No one knows but himself how vast a mass of “copy” he has to produce in the six working days of the week: how he has managed to write his story in *Once a Week* (*The Silver Cord*) I know not, but this I do know, that it does him no credit. We had a laugh at *The Biblical Dictionary* now publishing by John Murray under the editorial supervision of Dr. W. Smith. The contributors to the said Dictionary are given to having little dinners together in town or elsewhere occasionally. The other day they all dined at The Mitre, at Hampton Court, and it was a great joke against John Murray¹ (who, as I have told you before, is a very solemn, pompous man) that on returning to his residence near Wimbledon after the festivity he allowed the train to carry him on to town, and did not get home until one

“Peter Blobbs” of *The Sporting Times*. Shirley Brooks’s early contributions to *Ainsworth’s Magazine* were signed Charles W. Brooks. He later wrote many farces, and edited *The Literary Gazette* and *Home News*. His novel, *Aspen Court*, appeared in 1855. Shirley Brooks’s association with *Punch* commenced in 1851, and he became editor in 1870. He died at 6, Kent Terrace, Regent’s Park. Mrs. Brooks died in 1880.

¹ The third John Murray, see ante, p. 3.

o'clock in the morning ! The word “ Ark ” came rather soon from its alphabetical place, and they were not prepared with an article, the subject, in the present condition of theological opinion, being rather a delicate one¹: so they put “ Ark—see Flood.” This gave them a respite while Vol. I was going through the press. Farrar,² formerly Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb., was commissioned to write the article on “ Flood,” but when it was sent in it was found to be too free in its views and wanting in orthodoxy, so they paid him for it but did not insert it. The religious enquirer who had been referred from “ Ark ” to “ Flood ” found instead of the article he expected the simple words “ Flood—see Noah.”³ What the article on Noah will be like, the second and concluding volume will show us very soon, for I see it is duly announced in the current *Quarterly Review*. I fully expect that we shall find “ Noah—see Shem.”

The session of 1861 has come to an end, and Bethell has had the satisfaction of delivering the Royal Speech in Her Majesty's absence—would that I had been there to hear him. It has indeed been a strange session as regards Government defeats, almost unparalleled, I should think; in fact, defeat was the rule, success the exception. I believe they have been beaten 28 times. As to elections, Aberdeen, Wilts, Cork, and Pembroke counties have returned Conservatives in place of

¹ Owing to the views expressed by Colenso, Bishop of Natal, and other pioneers of “ *The Higher Criticism* ” at this date.

² Frederic William Farrar, subsequently Archdeacon of Westminster and Dean of Canterbury.

³ As a matter of fact, both “ Ark ” and “ Flood ” were referred to “ Noah ” in *The Biblical Dictionary*.

Liberals or Whigs; Selkirkshire also, and Tynemouth and Longford boroughs. The regular Liberals or Ministerialists are much disgusted at the great number of Peelites or Turncoat Conservatives in the Government. Bethell, Gladstone,¹ Cardwell, Sir R. Peel,² Roundell Palmer are all Peelites or *ci-devant* Conservatives. There are only nine Whigs in the Cabinet. As usual, Pam has made a lot of Peers, viz. Fortescue, Sidney Herbert, Lord John Russell, Bethell, Sir Maurice Berkeley.³ The Government has managed to tide over the present session, but I cannot think they will long survive the commencement of the next. What will happen before that time arrives it is difficult to predict, but the affairs of the world have decidedly a very mouldy aspect, and the political horizon is dark and lowering.

We are more enamoured than ever with our temporary abode here at Esher. I never thought Surrey was so beautiful, it infinitely surpasses the Middlesex side of the Thames. The wooded walks and drives are most picturesque. To-day we turned out for a walk to an adjoining hill called "Telegraph Hill," on which stands a house from where the old Semaphore Telegraph used to be worked. It was a splendid afternoon, and the view unsurpassed—Wimbledon,

¹ Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's Ministry.

² Sir Robert Peel (1822-95), third Baronet, and eldest son of the famous statesman. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1861-5.

³ It seems always to be the case that a Liberal Government creates more new Peers than a Conservative one, in a futile attempt to equalise votes in the House of Lords.

Surbiton, Richmond Hill, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, St. George's Hill, with Esher heights in the foreground, and Aldershot, Leatherhead, and Epsom Downs, etc., etc. We were enchanted, and returning home to a capital English dinner did not envy the misguided ones who seek for beautiful scenery in Switzerland amid Alpine passes with all their unpleasant concomitants.

The Conservative triumph in South Lancashire is matter for great congratulation: I am proud indeed to think that the division of the county in which I was born returned *three* Conservative members to Parliament. The question at issue before the Electors was practically, "John Bright or no John Bright;" for Cheetham was the nominee of that damned League. The majority (over 800) was a decisive one. Gladstone (a Lancashire man, confound him!) went down to vote for Cheetham, doubtless to the great gratification of the University of Oxford, for Cheetham is a thorough Radical, anti-Church and State, goes in for Ballot, Universal Suffrage, and all that sort of disreputable balderdash.

The trial of the Baron de Vidil came off on Friday (23rd August), and you will see from the papers that he has got twelve months with hard labour. Our friend Orridge (whose house we have got for seven or eight weeks) was engaged with Ballantine for the Defence. I saw him on the afternoon of the trial, and he did not hesitate to admit to me that the Baron would richly deserve whatever he got. Orridge had left the Court when the Judge commenced his summing up, but, he said, a most terrible anticlimax took place at the end

of the evidence of the witnesses for character called by the Defence. They had put Colonel Tarleton, Viscount Torrington, Prince Demidoff, etc., in the box, and great was the admiration and high was the opinion they expressed for the Baron's "worth of character" during acquaintances of from ten to twenty years. They were sure also that numbers of the Baron's aristocratic friends would have been delighted to bear testimony in his favour had not they been unfortunately absent from town. When they had finished, an elderly individual amongst the audience in Court volunteered to give his evidence in de Vidil's favour: he was allowed to do so, and to Ballantine's horror he described himself as a warehouseman in the City—that he had known the Baron for thirty years, having been accustomed to buy goods of him when he was in business in Regent Street. You must know that this Baron got his title by lending money to the Count de Mornay,¹ one of Louis Philippe's ministers, and the minister being unable to repay, he did the best he could for the Baron.

The facts of this case, which attracted considerable attention, were that the Baron de Vidil, a French nobleman married to an English wife, was in financial difficulties; and, it was alleged, in the event of the death of his son, Alfred, a young man of twenty-three years, he would become entitled to £30,000. The latter point was disputed

¹ Presumably the Duc de Morny, son of the Comte de Flahaut by Queen Hortense, and therefore half-brother of the Emperor Napoleon III. He was born in 1811, and suggested the leading character in Alphonse Daudet's story, *Le Nabab*. The Baron de Vidil's father was a glove manufacturer.

at the trial. However, on a day in July, 1861, the Baron proposed to his son that they should ride out to Claremont, where some members of the exiled Royal Family of France were then living. They saw the Comte de Paris. On leaving, the Baron de Vidil next suggested that on their way home they should call upon the Duc d'Aumale at Orleans House, Twickenham, and accordingly the two rode there. At the back of the stables of Orleans House, in a very lonely lane dividing the estate from Twickenham, the Baron suddenly struck his son a heavy blow on the forehead with a metal-mounted riding-whip, which caused severe injury. Two other violent blows struck the son's head. Young Alfred de Vidil spurred his horse, and rode up to some workpeople in a field and begged them to protect him. Despite these witnesses, the Baron asserted the boy had received his injuries by a fall from his horse. They proceeded to the White Swan inn, where Dr. Clarke attended to Alfred de Vidil's wounds, and sent his assistant back to Jermyn Street with the boy. The next day the latter complained to his maternal uncle, with the result that a warrant was issued; but the Baron de Vidil fled to Paris. He was arrested there, and brought back for trial. However, at the Central Criminal Court, Alfred de Vidil, who seems to have been a curious, weak youth, refused to give evidence against his father, despite the charge he had originally made. The Baron was found guilty of unlawful wounding, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

SEPTEMBER, 1861

I SCARCELY know whether I am on my head or my heels ! Our quiet life at Esher has come to an end and we are suddenly in a turmoil.

Saturday night, Sept. 21st. Southampton.—This morning a letter comes to say that Mary Anne's father, who is staying at Ventnor, has had an attack of syncope ; we left Waterloo by the 3 o'clock train amidst torrents of rain, arriving here at 5.30. The weather cleared at sunset for a short time, and the orb of day retired below the horizon in one of the wildest skies I ever saw. We observed a very strange meteorological phenomenon at sunset. The sun with all its stormy and gorgeous retinue of clouds was half below the horizon, the whole of the eastern sky being tinted with crimson, when suddenly there appeared almost in the zenith a small rainbow in which the prismatic colours were not distinguishable. Its colour was a rich golden crimson, and instead of spanning the horizon from north to south, it was only a small semicircle in the clouds overhead, about the size of a large lunar halo cut in half. It was not visible for more than 40 or 50 seconds, but disappeared with the sun. We expect a devil of a day to-morrow.

Ventnor. Sunday evening.—Our expectations as to the weather have proved perfectly correct. This morning at 8.45 we left Southampton by the *Ruby*,

amid torrents of rain, for Cowes. A wretched landing place. A fellow seizes my wife's box, and carries it off to a pothouse yclept the "Red Lion"—we follow in by no means the best of tempers. This fellow is a tout, and thinks he has secured us, but he has reckoned without his host. I have the box taken out and insist upon being shown the way to the "Fountain," one of the chief hotels, where we get a carriage, of mediæval and Isle of Wight build, whose driver agrees to take us to Ventnor for a sovereign. At 11 o'clock we start, amid torrents of rain driven in sheets before a south-westerly gale. About 5 miles from Ventnor our horse cast a shoe, and we had to pull up at a roadside blacksmith's to get a new one. I took out *The Saturday Review* and read aloud several articles, thereby beguiling the time satisfactorily. The wind shook the ramshackly vehicle and did its best to overturn us. Eventually we arrived at Ventnor in a damp state—for our vehicle was far from water-tight—at 2 o'clock, having accomplished our 15 miles in 3 hours! We found my wife's father better, but still in a very weak state.

27 Gordon Street. Monday night, September 23rd.—I left Ventnor at 7.30 this morning, and arrived in London at 2.30 p.m., and it must be confessed that this evening I feel chawed up and tired by the harassing events and travel of the last three days. I have taken an excellent portrait of your sister Caroline, "carte de visite" size. I consider it a triumph, for your mother, whose dislike to photographic portraits is deep-rooted and well known, actually likes it!

During our stay at Esher we have made the acquaintance of George Meredith, the author of *The Ordeal of*

Richard Feverel, Evan Harrington, etc. He is very clever, original, and amusing. We soon became great allies. He is a widower of thirty-two,¹ with a boy of eight years—one of the finest lads I ever saw. I shall probably enclose you copies of the portraits I took of himself and his "little man," as he calls him. He is immensely proud of this boy, and the boy is well worthy of his father's pride and affection. Your father and sister met Meredith at dinner at our country retreat, and were much amused by him; for, contrary to the usual habit of authors, he is not a silent man, and when he is present conversation goes glibly enough. Although only a new chum, he is quite like an old one. He showed me the place where he composed and wrote the poem beginning as follows—it was on an eminence surrounded by pines on the St. George's Hill estate :

" Now from the meadow floods the wild duck clamours,
Now the wood-pigeon wings a rapid flight,
Now the homeward rookery follows up its vanguard,
And the valley mists are curling up the hills."

¹ Meredith was thirty-three at this date. His wife, the eldest daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, died in October of this year, 1861. She had been separated from her husband since 1858. George Meredith and his little son Arthur came to live at Copsham Cottage, near Esher, in the autumn of 1859. His liking for the Hardmans was as immediate and sincere as theirs for him. Meredith wrote to Mrs. Ross in November, 1861: "I have new friends whom I like, and don't object to call by name. A Mr. and Mrs. Hardman I met in Esher this autumn. She is very pleasant, and is one of the rare women who don't find it necessary to fluster their sex under your nose eternally, in order to make you like them. Also he is a nice fellow: a barrister who does photographs, of his friends principally."



GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS SON ARTHUR

Block by courtesy of Grant Richards, Ltd

Meredith and I had an argument as to whether he ought not to have made the second and fourth line to rhyme, and I think he convinced me that the plan he had adopted was the better one.¹

This accident to the *Great Eastern* is a mouldy thing, but no more than I expected. I always said that nothing would induce me to trust my precious self on board of her. You will see the account of her rolling in the trough of the sea, churning into indescribable confusion cows and chain-cables, mirrors and mankind, furniture and females. The baker and his tins, the cook and his saucepans, the steward and his crockery, were all shaken up together, to the serious disadvantage of the animals as opposed to the minerals. I wonder what the shareholders think. However, the Board of Trade has very properly ordered an enquiry.²

Mary Anne's American friend, Mrs. Jones, has sent her a copy of Mr. Everett's address in favour of the Union, hoping thereby to convert us, for we are sadly heretical on the point, and take part with the South, wishing the Yankees a thorough good licking. The last novelty in the struggle of the Dis-United, the Great Untied, is the mediatorial interference of the Emperor of All the Russias.³ Alexander appreciates

¹ This was one of the Pastorals in Meredith's *Poems*, 1851.

² The *Great Eastern*, originally a troopship carrying about 3,300 persons, was adapted to the purposes of a passenger vessel to America. She left the Mersey on September 10th, 1861. She was caught in a tremendous gale, and the heavy seas destroyed her paddles and rudder-post. The cargo broke loose, but no one was killed.

³ Alexander II, who had succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, the Czar Nicholas I, in 1855, during the course of the Crimean War.

what the States have yet to learn, the advantages of peace, the miseries of war. His first act on coming to the throne was to terminate the war in which his country was engaged; his next, to mature and give effect to the scheme for the liberation of the serfs. He is worthy of respect, and if the United States have any sense, which I doubt, they will give him a respectful hearing and take his advice. We in England have not forgotten that in the Russian War the sympathies of the Yankees went cordially with our enemies, and doubtless the Czar's letter was dictated with the recollection of this in his mind. The result, if any, is still uncertain. We are the last people who could undertake the mediation between the contending parties: we are viewed with too much suspicion and hatred. I am much inclined to the opinion that if the Northerners are successful, they will make an onslaught on Canada. Truly we have fallen upon warlike times, and we yet see but faintly and amid glimmering obscurity the ultimate issues of this great American contest.¹

September 25th.—I see that to-day's *Times* takes my view. In a leader the writer says:

“The first offence undoubtedly came from the South, but that could not have caused the Civil War without the leading men of the North, who suffered themselves

¹ During the American Civil War public feeling between the Northern States and England was much inflamed by the building of the cruiser *Alabama* in England for the Southern States. The Conservative Party in England sympathised with the South, and the Liberals, as a mere expedient of party politics, professed to support the North. Hence Hardman's diatribes, for he was ever a keen party man.

to be led away by the ignis-fatuus of restoring a confederacy *that could only exist by the good-will of all its members*. . . war would never have taken place if the North, instead of insisting on forcing the Union upon some 12 or 13 States no longer united with them in feeling, had recognised the truth that Governments exist solely for the good of their Citizens, and that it was better to break up the Confederacy into two parts than to create a nominal unity by constructing a sham confederation out of the conquerors and the conquered."

Our new iron-plated ship *Warrior* has made a trial trip with complete success. This magnificent vessel is of 6,000 tons burden and can throw a broadside of upwards of 1,400 pounds of metal. She is half as large again as the largest ship in the Navy, and could blow the largest ship aforesaid out of the water. She was gone into harbour at Portsmouth on Monday when I crossed from Ryde, so I was disappointed in my expectation of seeing her anchor at Spithead.

OCTOBER, 1861

I CAN never write the numeral which sums up the tattle of my letters without a passing thought on the flight of time. The Thirtieth Letter ! I have completed our third decade of months, and you have been away from old England two years and a half all but a few weeks. Two and a half is one fourth of ten, and ten years was the time named with such mournful joviality at parting as the period to which you prophetically limited your abiding in the Antipodes. But let us shout Sola ! Sola ! Sola ! By the bye, I heard Buckstone as Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice* the other day, and I thought of you, when, in the last act, he rushed across the stage howling those mysterious words.

There is a wondrous dearth of news, the two principal items being the death of the Emperor of China and the Queen of Madagascar. The death of the dusky dame of Madagascar causes rumours of the probability of French ascendancy in that island ; a fact which will not be without its influence on our Indian prospects and position. And the departure of the Brother of the Sun and Uncle of the Moon to pay a permanent visit to his celestial relatives promises a satisfactory successor. In his case the Chinese will say " The King is dead : Long live the Kung ! " for Prince Kung seems likely

to occupy the vacant throne. He has, we believe, a proper appreciation of our power, and will be more likely to listen to reason, so that our future dealing with China may be on a more satisfactory basis.

We have just returned from a charming little country run of two days and one night. Yesterday morning we left the Waterloo Station at 9.15 for Esher. All our mutual requirements were condensed into a little black bag, which I carried, and we started from the station at Esher triumphantly, regardless of vehicles, for a walk of two and a half miles to Copsham Cottage. We were going to stay all night with our good friend, George Meredith. The heartiest of welcomes awaited us at the really humble cottage—for it makes no pretensions to anything, but performs a vast deal more than many great houses that promise so much. Meredith is a man who abhors ceremony and “the conventionalities.” After our first greetings were over, we turned out for an hour and a half before lunch. We had exhausted all our superlatives in extolling the day and the walk between the station and the cottage, but we had to begin again now. The scent of the pine-woods, the autumn tints on the elms and beeches, the brilliant sunshine exalted us to a climax of ecstasy. We were children again. Luncheon on our return consisted chiefly of home-made products—bread, honey, jams, marmalade, etc., most delicious. Then came a general lighting of pipes and cigars, and off we started for another walk through lanes and wood to Cobham, a good six-mile business. We got back at five o'clock and dined at six. What appetites we had! Gracious goodness! Meredith's two other guests left at eight to walk home

to Walton-on-Thames,¹ and then we put a log of wood on the fire and sat down for a cosy talk. Meredith read some poems which are to form part of a volume shortly to be published. So passed the time till 10.30, when to bed we went, thoroughly prepared to sleep soundly, as you may easily imagine. Up at seven, and away went Meredith and myself for a brisk walk of three or four miles, after taking a tea-cup of hot soup and a slice of bread. After breakfast, Meredith retired to work at his book of poems, while we went to call on some friends in the neighbourhood. On our return he read to me the result of his morning's work—portion of a very pretty idyll called *Grandfather Bridgeman*.² We left Esher by the four o'clock train, carrying with us a pot of honey for consumption in Gordon Street. Hadn't we enjoyed ourselves!

Meredith insisted upon giving me a copy of *Over the Straits* by Mrs. Meredith—no relation of his whatever—but he gets all books published by Chapman and Hall for nothing, being in some way connected with that firm.³ This Mrs. Louisa Meredith resides in Tasmania, and wrote to our friend asking if he was not her husband's long-lost brother; she was with difficulty persuaded that this was not the case. Her letters were impassioned and full of entreaty; she and her

¹ These visitors were James Virtue and his brother-in-law, James Cotter Morison (1832–88), of Lincoln College, Oxford (and subsequently author of *The Life and Times of St. Bernard*, 1863), who married Frances, daughter of George Virtue, in 1861.

² This poem was published in Meredith's second volume of verse, *Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside*, 1862.

³ Meredith was reader and literary adviser to Chapman and Hall, succeeding John Forster in 1860.

husband were dying to take him into their arms. At last our friend favoured them with a sketch of his life and origin by way of explanation. This settled the doubts and extinguished the hopes of the Tasmanian Merediths, and the correspondence terminated with a hope that if they were not relations they might at least be friends. I should not say "terminated," for he still hears occasionally from Mrs. Meredith.¹

If you have not read a work called *Gryll Grange*,² get it. It is from the pen of Mr. Peacock, the author of *Headlong Hall* and *Crotchet Castle*, works published years ago before we were born. The style is peculiar, there is no plot worth mentioning, but the book consists of clever conversations on all sorts of subjects of the day interlarded with well-chosen classical and other quotations. I have just finished reading *Gryll Grange* aloud to Mary Anne: it is a capital book and thoroughly original in method. We have enjoyed its perusal most completely. I cannot sufficiently regret that you, my dear old friend, are not here that I might participate with you in discussing its merits.

Everybody is full of the King of Prussia's³ Corona-

¹ I have dealt in my book, *George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to his Work*, with some curious coincidences relative to Mrs. Louisa Anne Meredith, the Tasmanian authoress.

² This was the last work (1860) of Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), whose first, *Headlong Hall*, had appeared in 1816. Hardman did not yet know that Peacock was the father-in-law of his friend, George Meredith, a curious proof of how reticent the latter was about the facts of his life. Hardman also believed Meredith to be a widower when they first met: as a matter of fact, Mrs. Meredith died a month later. See ante, p. 50.

³ Later, the German Emperor William I, and grandfather of the ex-Kaiser, William II.

tion speech, which has just reached us by telegram. He has distinctly confirmed the despotic principle, having said that he derived his crown from God alone, and from God alone would hold it ! In 1848 the timid predecessor of King William I tacitly abandoned the " Divine Right "—but now that principle is reasserted. After all, what can you expect from a pig but grunts, and similarly, what can you expect from a pig-headed German but that he should " behave as sich " ? We had fondly hoped for better things. The Prussians have got awfully bumptious of late years. They reaped all the benefit of the Russian War without any of the cost. Their powerful neighbour was humiliated, and they are as cheeky as if they had done it all themselves. Russia's difficulties are daily increasing, and the disturbances in St. Petersburg have been followed rapidly by similar doings at Warsaw, which has been declared in a state of siege. Austria is much the same. It rather seemed as if the French Ambassador was to be the only person honoured by any mark of royal favour at the Prussian Coronation, but our minds are relieved from so terrible a slight (!) by the news that the King of Prussia is to dine with Lord Clarendon.¹

October 21st.—I encountered Hamber² this afternoon in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. We met close to the pump in the middle of the open paved space,³ far from the roll of anything save a chance cab, and

¹ The fourth Earl (1800–70), who was Foreign Secretary for three periods.

² Captain Thomas Hamber, then editor of *The Standard*, and subsequently of *The Morning Herald*.

³ The pump still stands, a rare relic now in a London square.

where we could hear each other speak. Standing there we discoursed incessantly for 20 minutes by the clock of the adjoining place of worship *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*, you being included under the latter head. Hamber is (with Mrs. H.) staying down in Suffolk: he took no holiday last year and looked proportionally seedy, but now, on the other hand, he looks a different man. Brown and red struggle for the mastery in his visage, and the line of his shirt collar is very distinctly defined round the back of his neck. He had left his children, two little girls, behind in Powis Place while he and his wife disported themselves the pheasants among. He and I agreed upon most topics that we discussed during that lively 20 minutes, viz. the King of Prussia, the French Loan, Lord Robert Montagu's¹ views upon "party" (simply idiotic), which Hamber tells me are explained by his known jealousy of Dizzy's influence and his, Lord R.'s, self-sufficient opinion that he ought to lead the great Conservative Party and Dizzy be consigned to oblivion.

According to Russell's last letter, the Northerners have 350,000 men in the field, and the Southerners are said to have more—the former are going to increase their army to half a million, while the latter are bent upon raising 600,000 men. The expenditure of the North is at the rate of £100,000,000 per annum !!!²

¹ M.P. for Hunts, and second son of the sixth Duke of Manchester.

² Hardman would have required more marks of exclamation had he lived to learn the cost to Great Britain of the War of 1914-18.

This sort of thing cannot go on long, one would think. America is one vast camp. Everything and everybody, every interest, all trade, is merged in the army. As *The Times* says: "Soldiers are everything, and everybody is a soldier. No party or section of a party ventures to talk of peace." Maryland is only kept down by the presence of an army of 35,000 Federal men, and if so small a State requires so many men to hold it, how can the North ever expect to subdue and retain the Southern States? With all this, there are separate struggles going on in Kentucky and Missouri, and it seems more than doubtful if the commanders on either side are under the control of their respective governments. I don't think Fremont cares much for President Lincoln's rule, but on the contrary he is looking forward, not without some chance, to being an independent military despot before very long. An American, I should say a Federal, Court of Prize has condemned a British ship, the *Hiawatha*, which was captured in attempting to run the blockade in order to get away from a Southern port. On this some curious points arise. The Northerners made it a great grievance that we recognised the South as belligerents, they themselves regarding the Southern States as rebels and treating their prisoners as traitors and not as prisoners of war, albeit they have not ventured to hang any of them for fear of being paid back in their own coin. Now it is evident that unless the South is a belligerent power, there can be no blockade according to the law of nations. Therefore by condemning this ship of a neutral power, the Federals, or at least their Courts of

Law, have recognised the Confederates as belligerents and they are no longer rebels.

Bradbury and Evans have issued the first number of a *Gazette of Bankruptcy*, to be continued at fortnightly intervals, and to contain all information on every case in London and the provinces.

Spurgeon¹ has been lecturing, first on the Gorilla, and secondly on Shrews—the field mice and the human female—giving occasion for much double-entendre and jokes of the very wildest description. You will see them both discussed with much ridicule by *The Saturday Review*. “Spurgeon said, ‘With a view to test the procreative capabilities of the Shrew, a gentleman put several of them into a box, and on looking into it shortly afterwards, found that instead of increasing in numbers, they had decreased, the larger shrew having devoured all the rest. (Laughter.) The Shrew, like the Mole, did everything with fury and passionate energy. He has his pleasurable moments too, and then emits a sound which can only be compared to the grating of a melodious piece of slate pencil on a slate.’ (Laughter.) To do justice to the gentler sex, who greatly predominated on this occasion, we believe that they did not exactly know what this last little fact in natural history meant. But the lecturer knew very well what he was talking about, and what was in his mind. Whether in ‘The Tabernacle’ and from his

¹ C. H. Spurgeon (1834–91), the notorious preacher, was at this date twenty-seven years of age. His Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened this same year, 1861, and the young evangelist had been a constant topic in the public prints since his sensational season at Exeter Hall in 1855.

lips, especially addressed to women, this is the sort of lecture which husbands and brothers ought to think desirable for their wives and sisters is a matter on which we have our doubts; and we should form our own opinion on ladies who could greet with ‘*Laughter*’—say at the Royal Institution—a lecturer who ventured on such pieces of information as this.”¹ So far *The Saturday Review*—and with justice; for the pencil-grating jubilations of Shrews is as delicate a subject as the caterwauling of their natural enemies. A couple of sentences further on *The Saturday Review* uses a most felicitous expression when he says that Spurgeon favoured the ladies with a lot of “soft-sawder wrapped up in a leaf torn out of the Bible.”

26th October.—The chief news of to-day is the “Sudden Death of Sir James Graham”²—politically an infernal humbug, personally a very pleasant old gentleman: he has outlived his greatness, if greatness he ever had, except so far as tampering with letters may be regarded as greatness of sneakery. “*Requiescat in Pace.*”

¹ This is curious confirmation of the artificially virtuous “public opinion” which characterised the mid-Victorian period. Spurgeon’s female auditors were not, of course, so simple as *The Saturday Review* professed to believe. But they belonged to a generation which in polite circles tabooed all reference, in public, to sex and the body, and which in extreme instances even covered the legs of its pianos with decorous garments.

² The second baronet of Netherby, born 1792. As First Lord of the Admiralty, 1852–5, he was prominent in the dispute with Admiral Sir Charles Napier concerning the naval operations in the Baltic. Delane, the editor of *The Times*, was involved too in this matter, which resembled the scandal of “Press Influence” in the dismissal of high officers in 1917–18.

You will see the particulars of Collucci's attempt to swindle Miss Johnstone out of £1,900, and the trial, resulting in three years' penal servitude, to his immense astonishment. This man bears a most striking resemblance to "Ernest Adair," the villain whose machinations are so ably depicted in my friend Brooks's story of *The Silver Cord*.

Vincent Collucci, an Italian artist of thirty-one, had among his sitters for portrait painting, at his studio in Brompton, Miss Frederica Johnstone, a lady considerably older than himself. The two became engaged to be married. Collucci first obtained £250 from Miss Johnstone on the plea of having to go and see his mother in Italy. On his return at the end of 1859, Miss Johnstone explained that she had changed her mind, and did not wish to marry. From time to time she had given the artist £2,000, but on asking for the return of the letters she had foolishly written, a further £2,000 was demanded. A meeting between the former lovers was arranged at the Pantheon (then a bazaar) in Oxford Street, and the man handed over a packet which he said contained the letters; but on its being opened, it was found to be composed of old newspapers. Collucci was arrested on the charge of unlawfully obtaining £1,900, and, as stated by Hardman, received a sentence of three years' penal servitude.

I see that an "Eleven" of British Cricketers have started for your country, and I hope that our men may find worthy competitors among yours. You seem to be very energetic in the matter of sports of an athletic nature.

One of the great topics just now is Fechter's¹ impersonation of *Othello*; the papers speak very highly of the performance so far as he is concerned, but do not think much of the subordinates. He has, as usual, broken through all the time-honoured stage traditions, and has published an edition of the play with abundant stage directions.

Shirley Brooks sent Mary Anne an autograph note of poor Albert Smith's the other day in fulfilment of a long-standing promise. It is very interesting and characteristic, and informs us on a point on which we previously were in ignorance, viz. that Brooks used to write his *Galignani's Messenger* for him.²

¹ Charles Fechter (1824-79), the son of a German father and an English mother. He was one of the best actors of the romantic school, and one of the first examples of the "matinée idol" type. He played *Othello* at the Princess's Theatre; and during his term at the Lyceum, 1863-7, he gave his memorable study of *Hamlet*, and produced *The Duke's Motto*.

² *Galignani's Messenger*, founded in 1814, became a daily paper for English people living or travelling in continental Europe. I cannot trace Albert Smith's connection with this paper, and it would seem Hardman was confusing it with Albert Smith's *Gavarni in London*, which he "edited" in 1849. It was republished as *Sketches of London Life and Character*, 1859. To this work Shirley Brooks contributed three items. There is an alternative suggestion that Hardman was alluding to a song called *Galignani's Messenger*, which was sung at the close of Albert Smith's show, *Mont Blanc*, at the old Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. This included a panorama of the mountain, a piano and songs, and Smith with a pole. No doubt the song *Galignani's Messenger* was topical, and Shirley Brooks wrote fresh verses as occasion required. I am indebted for this suggestion to Mr. Alfred S. West, who recalls seeing Albert Smith and his *Mont Blanc*—the only entertainment that children of religious parents were allowed to attend in those days.

NOVEMBER, 1861

AND now for general topics. Imprimis. The Swindling *Bank of Deposit* : I grieve to say that I knew slightly Mr. Peter Morrison, the Managing Director of that nefarious institution; he used to be a member of my Lodge ! One of the Directors, W. H. Rough, M.A., Barrister (formerly of Trin. Coll. Cam., some years our senior), was *Master* of my Lodge for one year. You will think that my Lodge has numbered among its ranks some of the most unpleasantly notorious men in London—and, upon my word, I think it has. I can assure you, *between ourselves*, that my respect for Freemasonry has almost gone, not for the system itself, which is noble and perfect, but for the way in which its principles are most generally neglected and perverted in this great city. Their balance sheet shows a deficiency of £309,549. The assets will not realise more than £55,086. The sum due to deluded depositors, holders of investment stock certificates, amounts to £362,597. To meet these claims the Bank has £58 at its bankers. Morrison has not been a member of our Lodge for seven years at least, but, ever since he left, we have often wondered at the longevity of the Bank, feeling sure it must smash sooner or later.

November 26th.—Mary Anne left for Liverpool

yesterday. Consequently I dined at the Club, and in a fit of rash extravagance decided to go to Drury Lane to see the "Ammonia"¹ as Medea. The house was crowded in every part except the stalls, which were very thinly peopled. Certainly Miss Avonia Jones is a great success: the audience cheered most enthusiastically, and one old woman, immediately behind me in the front row of the Pit, got so excited that she lost all command of herself and seemed to have become imbued with one idea, to wit, that she could best express her overflowing satisfaction by a constant hammering just behind the small of my back. It may be because we have no great tragic actress in these days, but certainly I was pleased with the Avonia—in spite of your having prejudiced me against her. I think the papers are too full of praise, and I await her appearance as Lady Macbeth, or in some other well-known tragic part, before I give my decision on her merits. She "poses" well, and obtained my sympathy in the part of Medea. She was badly, or at least, indifferently supported. Jason was a . . ., and Orpheus was a fool with bad legs. Whether it was that I was naturally thinking of you when looking at the Avonia, but somehow I was reminded of your face by something in her expression at times and in certain positions. I say this with all deference, for I fear you will not be pleased by the comparison, but will say "Confound

¹ Avonia Jones, an Australian actress. She married G. V. Brooke, a popular Shakspearean actor. He was drowned in the wreck of the *London* in the Bay of Biscay, 1866, and Avonia Jones died of consumption about a year later in New York. Holroyd had told Hardman about these players from the Antipodes before they appeared in London.

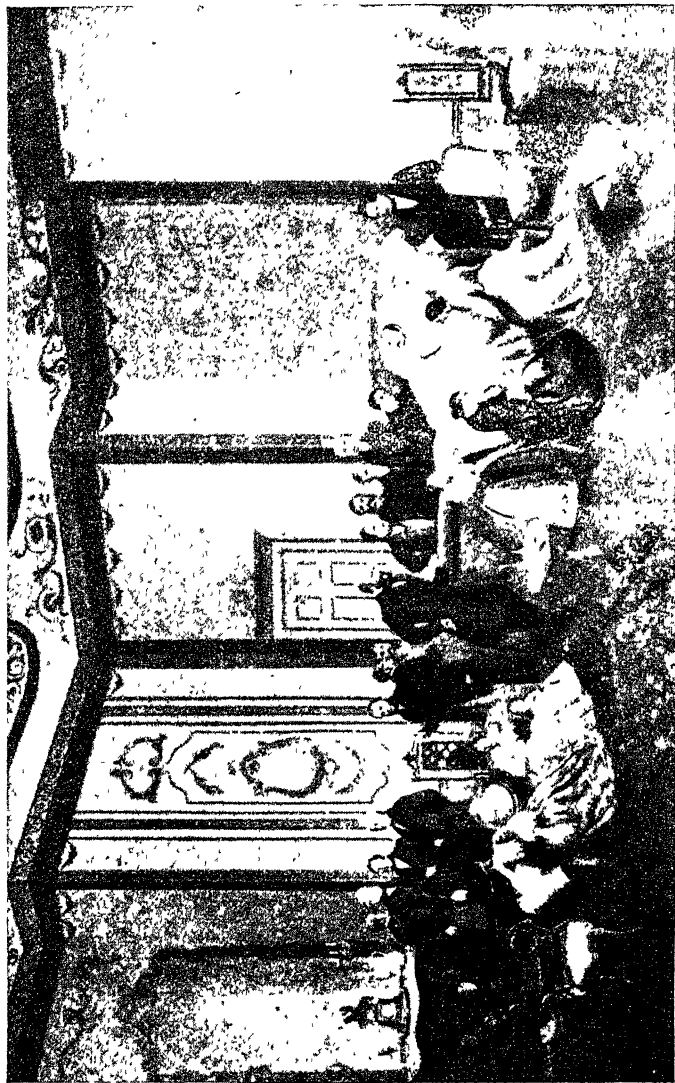
that Friar ¹ ! he is an owl that sees nothing distinctly—why does he not stick to his mice ? ” In case you objurgate, I beg to say emphatically “ Damn you ! ”

¹ Meredith bestowed the nickname of “ Friar Tuck ” upon Hardman, and “ Demitroia ” upon Mrs. Hardman, because her husband had taken five years to win her—half the period of the Siege of Troy. Hardman’s mother was always referred to by Meredith as “ The Great Mother.”

DECEMBER, 1861

THE entire nation mourns the loss of one whose admirable qualities in the position which he filled are unsurpassed, if not unequalled. Poor Prince Albert ! I felt, when the sudden shock of his death paralysed my soul, as if I had lost a near relative. You know he was always a prime favourite of Mary Anne and myself.

The Prince Consort died at Windsor Castle on December 14th. Hardman's generous appreciation was kindly and rare, for the Prince was misunderstood and disliked by the Englishmen of his generation almost without exception. Being extremely German, Albert was unpopular from the outset. But in view of his birth and heredity, his youth, shyness, and ignorance of the world, he, in reality, filled a very difficult and thankless office with tact and success. Brought from an insignificant German town and comparative poverty, at the age of twenty he found himself King in all but name of the most powerful country in the world, and wedded to a very trying wife. He was rendered ridiculous in public by the Queen's adoration and sentimental solicitude; though she was often petulant and excessively exacting. She would constantly summon him from important work of business to perform some trivial domestic duty, and she was jealous, and inferior to him in artistic taste and



THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT WINDSOR CASTLE, DECEMBER 14, 1861

culture. He bore his matrimonial trials most patiently, and when, very occasionally, he gave his wife a lesson, he did it quietly and effectively. This is well illustrated by a story told by E. M. Ward, R.A., but not hitherto published. The Prince Consort was dining with the Council of the Royal Academy, and in the course of the evening a messenger arrived from the Queen to say that she desired his presence at Buckingham Palace. The Prince merely nodded. Half an hour later a second messenger arrived to say the Queen was waiting, and required the Prince's return at once. Again he merely nodded. But half an hour later arrived a peremptory order: "The Queen *commands* your Royal Highness's immediate return to the Palace!" Cool and phlegmatic as ever, even under this final humiliation, the Prince again dismissed the messenger with a nod. He remained with his hosts for the rest of the evening; and when E. M. Ward escorted the Prince to his carriage, he heard the order given: "To Claremont." There, no doubt, the Prince slept.

During the past week every shop in London has kept up mourning shutters, and nothing is seen in all drapers', milliners', tailors', and haberdashers' shops but black. Everybody is in mourning. He is to be buried on Monday next the 23rd, quite privately by his own particular request. This untoward event is by many regarded as similar to the death of the Princess Charlotte and her baby, I mean as regards its untowardness. Great anxiety is felt about the Prince of Wales,¹ and rumours, which I hope and believe are unfounded,

¹ The late King Edward VII was just twenty years of age at this date.

have been freely circulated to the effect that his conduct is becoming loose. *The Times* on three successive days had an article calling on the Prince to take his proper position; now or never is to be seen if he is worthy of the love and confidence of the British nation. This has caused some conversation, for we naturally think the leading journal would not have dwelt so much on this topic without cause. Still, I don't or won't believe anything against Wales without indubitable evidence. By the way, I have heard on good authority that when the Prince of Orange came over to be trotted out as a possible husband of the Princess Alice.¹ . . .

I forgot to mention that the Emperor Napoleon paid the memory of Prince Albert and the British nation a great compliment by having the flag on the Tuileries hoisted half-mast high during the period that elapsed between the death and the interment. On Monday, the day of the Funeral, London was indeed a melancholy spectacle, all shops shut or partially so, and all private houses as much closed as if each owner had lost a near relative. Everybody is in deep mourning, black and white, scarcely any colours such as mauve or violet

¹ It is expedient to omit the reason, as related by Hardman, of Queen Victoria's rejection of this suitor for the hand of her second daughter. The Prince of Orange was William (1841-79), elder son of King William III of Holland, who died in 1890. Both sons predeceased their father, who was succeeded by the daughter of his second marriage, Wilhelmina, the present Queen of Holland.

Princess Alice eventually married, in 1862, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and their daughters were the late Tsaritsa of Russia, the late Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, Princess Henry of Prussia, and the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

being seen. A heavy gloom has been cast on this Christmas, the prospect of War with America not being calculated to improve the general hilarity.

I have got a letter from little "Mossy" Gordon¹ to his father, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon. The youth is some ten years of age and writes from Eton. I shall copy this same letter for your benefit, for it is indeed one of the most characteristic schoolboy epistles I ever read.

"Eton December 4th 1861

"MY DEAR PAPA

"Send me my skates post haste for its freezing like blaisures enough to bite your nose off here I don't know wether it is where you are. There was tugs and oppidents at the wall the other day and Kinglake, P. Follett and Lubbock shinned like blaisures for all the tugs choused so of course we all hollowed now then Follett take Freeth off for he wants one he has not had one yet and that unfortunate tug got taken slik twice and once a fellow took a shot at the ball and caught Freeth such a toe on the ass which made him rub it I can tell you so we all hollowed out how is your ass Freeth which made him fearfully baity. And the other day the queen revewed the rifle corps and then after the Revew they had a jolly sock And the queen asked ~~God~~ (*sic*) Gooddy² and the Provost up to dinner

¹ Maurice Duff Gordon (1849-96), succeeded as fourth baronet 1872, and married, the same year, Fanny, widow of Seymour Ball Hughes.

² The Rev. Charles Old Goodford, D.D., Headmaster of Eton 1853-62, and later Provost.

and asked for an extra week and so we have instead of four weeks five which makes me in awfully high spirits.

“ I remain your affec. son

“ M. D. G.”

There, sir ! I don't think you will beat that epistle in a hurry. I do not know the boy, but Meredith says he is a jolly little fellow.¹

Mr. Eustace E. Grubbe, who was a connection of Maurice Duff Gordon, and his contemporary at Eton, well remembers all the boys mentioned in this amusing letter, though they were seniors, he at that time being a junior in Stevens's house, with Robert Bridges (now the Poet-Laureate) for Captain and his fagmaster. Mr. Grubbe thinks the Lubbock mentioned was Alfred Lubbock (a younger brother of the first Lord Avebury), one of a long line of Etonians,—“ a very good-looking chap and a very nice one, a rattling good athlete, and a sort of Adonis, in a good sense, of the school.” He was Captain of Joynes's house. There were two Folletts, brothers, in the school, and several Freeths, whose father lived in Eton or Windsor. Mr. Grubbe states that Freeth *minimus* was celebrated for a long time as the smallest boy in the school. Later a rival, by name Soltau, appeared, and the two became fast friends. A slight quarrel once caused a challenge to *mill*, and at the appointed time and place, a spot behind

¹ Maurice Duff Gordon was the young brother of Meredith's great friend, Janet Duff Gordon (Mrs. Ross), the original of Rose Jocelyn in his *Evan Harrington*. Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon were then living at Bellvidere House, Esher, and to be near them was one of the reasons that led Meredith to settle at Copsham Cottage.

the Gas Works where "affairs of honour" generally took the field, a large crowd of boys assembled to witness the contest. The seconds were there, but time passed and no principals turned up. The noble and other patrons of the ring waited and waited, and eventually dispersed without a show. It transpired later that the two diminutive principals had made up their quarrel and gone off to amuse themselves elsewhere, the while the ring was waiting for the exhibition of their pugilistic prowess. The R. A. Kinglake mentioned in the letter was probably a relative of A. W. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, who was a great friend of the Duff Gordons.

Mr. John Murray, who was also a contemporary with these boys at Eton, adds that the Follett mentioned in the letter became Colonel of the Coldstream Guards.

Mary Anne is still with her father, who is a little better, so I am leading a mouldy sort of bachelor life, dining at the club and with whoever will ask me. Every Saturday I have been down to Copsham to stay till Monday with Meredith. I am getting more and more into literary, artistic, and publishing circles. It is, as you may imagine, the sort of society which pleases us both.

During my last visit but one to the cottage at Copsham I met one Cotter Morison, an Oxford man, son of Morison of the Pills, a very nice fellow, who is writing a life of St. Bernard.¹ Good heavens! how he and I and

¹ Cotter Morison was on the staff of *The Saturday Review* at this time. Later he wrote the monographs on Macaulay and Gibbon for the English Men of Letters series. His father, James Morison (1770-1840), made a fortune by concocting a vegetable pill, of which gamboge is said to have been the chief ingredient, in 1822. Like James's Powders of the previous

Meredith did talk! Meredith was with Lucas (the principal Reviewer of *The Times*), Editor of *Once a Week*, the other day, when the printer sent in a proof of a picture of The Infant Bacchus for the latter periodical. The Infant was well developed, and the printer had drawn a circle, with a marginal note "Fig leaf?" Lucas turned to George Meredith and said, "The proper thing to write here is 'Stet'!"¹ and did so accordingly. This is one of the best jokes I have heard for a long time, and it is increased in value by being a fact.

century, the pill claimed to be a panacea for every ill. Some contemporary lines burlesqued the claim thus:

"An heir or heiress you may have
As inclination wills,
If dear Mamma will only take
The Vegetable Pills.
Your shattered system they renew,
Your hungry belly fills;
In short, if you would never die,
Try Morison's New Pills."

In *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities*, R. S. Surtees causes "Nimrod" to relate an anecdote concerning Morison's Pills. Exactly opposite to St. Pancras station in the Euston Road is a monument, in the shape of a lion couchant, erected in memory of James Morison, Hygeist, by the People of England. The money was collected by penny subscriptions only, and this unusual tribute was erected in 1855, fifteen years after James Morison's death.

¹ For the benefit of those unacquainted with the technical terms of proof-correcting it may be explained that "stet" signifies that a proposed alteration is not to be carried out, and that the word or picture is to remain as printed. The Bacchus in question, in *Once a Week* for December 21st, 1861, was not an "Infant."



JAMES COTTER MORISON

[Photograph by William Hardman]

Morison having married a daughter of old Virtue the publisher, who is also a great friend of Meredith's, we started off the next Sunday morning to walk over to Virtue's house in Oatlands Park. It is a beautiful place and the Virtues are very nice genuine people. We lunched and spent the day with them, walking back to Copsham for dinner. The distance between the two places is 5 miles good, and we walked it in an hour and ten minutes—smart walking for a man of my kidney, but I frequently do 15 or 18 miles at a stretch now, and am becoming quite a pedestrian in a mild way. I don't intend to enter against “ Deerfoot ” the Seneca Indian, who is the fashion at present. By the way, there is a rumour that this same “ Deerfoot ” is a humbug, and never runs against any man who will not sell the match.

The mail will leave too soon for you to know whether we are to be at war with the Northern States of America, or not. It would be superfluous for me to go into the question of the forcible arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Southern Commissioners, on board the English Mail Steamer *Trent*. I confess I hope we shall have war, and give these blasted Yankees a good licking. Here is a conundrum on the subject. “ Why is the American difficulty like bitter beer? Because it's brewed on the *Trent*.” Not so bad. We shall have the Yankee reply to Lord Russell's note by the next mail, or at any rate we shall have some idea how the rascals have received the news of our excessive indignation.

The case of Dr. Williams (*Essays and Reviews*) is now on before Lushington, Dean of Arches. Fitz-

James Stephen¹ (of Trinity), son of the late Sir James Stephen, is one of the counsel for the defence, and has made a commencement of a very good speech, in which he takes up very broad views. He is one of *The Saturday Reviewers*, and the writer of some of their most amusing articles. In *The Saturday Review* of October 10th (1861) is an article on *Companions of our Pleasures*, well worth reading. It is written by a young Lancashire man of 25, named John Morley.² So also is *The Puff Direct*, October 17th. The one on *Friends' Friends* is (if I mistake not) from the same hand, but I have not heard certainly.

Yesterday I went with George Meredith to see Rossetti,³ the celebrated Pre-Raphaelite painter. He

¹ He was an elder brother of Leslie Stephen. The case of Dr. Rowland Williams (1817-70), Vicar of Broad Chalke, Wilts, who was charged with heterodoxy, expressed by his views in *Essays and Reviews* (1860), resulted in a sentence of one year's suspension and costs. He appealed, and was finally successful in 1864. Convocation condemned his book, but the Lord Chancellor decreed it to be merely an academic verdict and no condemnation. See ante, pp. 4 and 15.

² Now Viscount Morley of Blackburn (his native town). He was at this date twenty-three years of age and then, or recently, at Lincoln College, Oxford. John Morley was about to be introduced by his fellow-collegian, Cotter Morison, to George Meredith, whose trusted friend and executor he became. Morley's *Life of Edmund Burke* appeared in 1867; and his political career commenced in 1883.

³ Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82) was now at his meridian. During the previous decade he had produced some of his finest work, "Mary Magdalen," "Monna Rosa," "Paolo and Francesca," "Cassandra," and as a poet, his *Early Italian Poets* was published this year (1861). Rossetti was living then at 14, Chatham Place, near Blackfriars Bridge. He had married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal in 1860.

had, unfortunately, no finished works in his studio, but his collection of sketches and studies was most interesting and beautiful. He is a very jolly fellow, and we had a most amusing visit. I am going on Friday to his place again, to a social reunion of artists and literary men, short pipes and beer being, I am given to understand, the order of the day.

ROSSETTI'S PARTY

SWINBURNE is a strange fellow, young and beardless, with a shock head of red hair; his parents were of two nations, the father Welsh, the mother French, and this mixture of blood has produced a singular result.¹ Swinburne is strongly sensual; although almost a boy, he upholds the Marquis de Sade as the acme and apostle of perfection, without (as he says) having read a word of his works. Now the Marquis de Sade was a most filthy, horrible, and disgusting rascal, a disgrace to humanity—he wrote the most abominable bawdry books that ever were written.² No one is fonder of good sound bawdry than I (or you), yet the Marquis completely bowls me over. I tried once to read him, but very soon stuck fast. S——y mixed with murder

¹ Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909) was at this date twenty-four years of age. He had already published *The Queen-Mother and Rosamond*, and was then writing *Chastelard* and many of the famous *Poems and Ballads* of 1866. Hardman was misinformed about the poet's lineage, for the Swinburnes were a Northumbrian family, and the Ashburnhams had been settled in Sussex for many centuries. Probably the rumour of French ancestry arose from the fact that the poet's grandfather, Sir John E. Swinburne, had been brought up in France, and in later life much resembled a French noble of the old style

² The Marquis de Sade (1740–1814), author of *Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu* (1791), *Pauline et Belval, ou les Victimes d'un Amour Criminel* (1798), *Les Crimes de l'Amour, ou le Delire des Passions* (1800), etc.

and hideous cruelty are the prevailing features of his writings. The assembled company evidently received Swinburne's tirades with ill-concealed disgust, but they behaved to him like to a spoiled child. He has a curious kind of nervous twitching, resembling or approaching St. Vitus' Dance.

Many stories are told of Swinburne's wild and eccentric behaviour as a young man. He was very soon overcome by wine—one or two glasses of port being enough, according to the entertaining anecdote in Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Memoirs of Life and Literature*, on the occasion when Swinburne was a guest at an undergraduates' luncheon party at Balliol.

I heard the late Mr. Cameron, of Shepperton, relate a scene of which he was an eye-witness. Swinburne was playing billiards, and in the course of an argument about some point in the game he grossly insulted his opponent. That irate person promptly retaliated by breaking his cue on the youthful poet's massive forehead. The terrified and bleeding Swinburne dived under the billiard table for sanctuary from further assault and battery; and the aspect of his ashen face, crowned with its shock of flaming red hair, peeping from between the legs of the board of green cloth was, according to the narrator, indescribably comic.

Another story tells how Swinburne entered a room where there was a large mirror, and seeing his own twitching figure and grimacing face reflected, smashed the glass in an attempt to chastise what he thought was some ill-conditioned fellow imitating his own gait with intent to insult.

Mr. Arthur Severn has related how on one occasion Swinburne was leaving a club and looked for his hat in the hall. He only found four tall

top-hats belonging to other members of the club. He tried on the hats one after another, and as they did not fit his large head, threw them, in turn, on the floor. When the hall porter, hearing a noise, appeared, he found Swinburne executing a war dance on the hats. The infuriated poet went for the hall porter, demanding, with that sanguinary power of invective which was his peculiar gift, where his hat was. The man replied that he believed Mr. Swinburne had no hat when he entered the club that evening.

Rossetti told me a good story or two yesterday. Robert Browning had been to see him the previous day, and said that his Italian valet amused him greatly on one occasion lately. The valet takes a great interest in celebrated Englishmen, and after a visit from Thackeray, the poet told him that the big man who had just left was one of the most distinguished of English authors. "Ah!" said the man enquiringly, and thinking he had made a good guess, "Signor Murray." The poor fellow had been so deeply impressed by the eternal Handbooks abroad, that he concluded the big man could be no other than their author. To myself, who knows John Murray, the mistake is inconceivably ludicrous.

Our English world of letters has been actually convulsed and shattered to its very centre. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins have left the Garrick Club in dudgeon, the former for the third time. On the first occasion Dickens took offence because Edmund Yates (as I think very unfairly) was turned out to gratify Thackeray. The second occasion was when Albert Smith was elected; and the third and

most recent retirement has been brought about by the blackballing of Wills, the editor (under Dickens) of *All the Year Round*. I like not Charles Dickens, whose wronged wife we know very well, and I've no doubt the Garrick will survive the terrible blow of his and Wilkie Collins's abandonment of its ranks. Tom Taylor has also been worsted in an attempt to gain admission to the Athenæum. I hear he was not actually blackballed, but was advised to withdraw his name.

A friend of mine was dining the other night with a man who had just had Lord Lyttelton (Gladstone's brother-in-law¹) staying with him. Lord L. had just arrived from Hawarden Castle (Gladstone's place), and had been at some trouble to find out what was Gladstone's real opinion of the political future of England, and as L. is one of the soundest Conservatives going, his efforts were not probably thrown away. Gladstone says that on Palmerston's death (for he thinks he will die some day) the Conservatives will be unable to form a Ministry, and that the Queen will send for Earl Russell, who, as he has never been known to refuse any mission, will at once undertake to form a Ministry, which may or may not last a session. Her Majesty will then send for Lord Granville, who will fail in constructing a party, as he has done previously, and she will then send for Lord Clarendon, whose term of power may extend over two or perhaps three

¹ Catherine and Mary, daughters of Sir Stephen Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, were married on the same day, 25th July, 1839, to, respectively, W. E. Gladstone and the fourth Lord Lyttelton (1817-76).

sessions. Finally, the Lord of Hawarden Castle will be summoned, who, with the advanced Liberals and probably Lord Stanley, will enter on a long term of office, the results of which will be to bring back the Golden Age to England and the rest of the world.¹

¹ Palmerston died in 1865, and was succeeded as Premier by Lord Russell, whose term of office was short, as prognosticated by Gladstone. Lord Derby, however, came next, and then Disraeli, Gladstone himself becoming Prime Minister in 1868. He remained in office until 1874.

JANUARY, 1862

So we are to have no war with these infernal Yankees this time. I am sorry for it, and in this I find my feelings are not unusual, for the prevailing views among all with whom I am brought into contact are, that we could not do better than give Yankeedom a thorough licking, and that such a fight must come off sooner or later. I remark that our strenuous preparations for war have *rather* smitten the Jonathans with a sort of abject terror. There is no doubt about it, we put them in a precious funk. It has put us to great expense in perfecting our military and naval condition, but it has enabled us to throw a compact army of 10,000 men into Canada.

The latest important news from the Disunited Federal States is, that the New York Treasury and leading Banking Establishments have suspended specie payments. This is, of course, a first step towards national bankruptcy, but I believe the rascals are so utterly lost to prudence and common sense, that they will prove blind to the difficulties which surround them, and will cheerfully tolerate any amount of "chin-plasters," as they elegantly term the notes for small amounts.¹ All the accounts, and they are few, which

¹ Hardman little thought that England would follow the same unholy course half a century later. Happily he did not live to see the disappearance of gold coinage and the advent of flimsy small notes in the horrible years of 1914-18.

reach us from the Confederate States go to prove the extreme unanimity of feeling by which they are inspired and bound together. In my opinion, all hope of a reconstruction of the Union is at an end. The violent hatred between North and South is developed to an extent that is positively terrible: on the side of the North such vindictive passions are aroused and matured, that *civilised* warfare is almost disregarded. The sinking of the granite-laden ships at the mouth of Charleston Harbour by the Federalists is the work of demons, not of *civilised* human beings; in fact, I am inclined to think that it is an offence against the world, and calls for foreign interference. The rising of the Black population, so much hoped for by the North, will certainly prove a chimera. I should not be surprised to see the whilom United States divided into several republics, whose importance will rapidly sink, until they eventually take up a position similar to the Confederacies of South America, constantly squabbling amongst themselves, without exciting the smallest interest among or exerting the faintest influence upon European politicians. The States have arisen like a house of cards, large outside but hollow within, and with no proper foundation to bind them firmly together. As the child architect adds card after card, the structure quakes and totters until an unsteady hand, a puff of wind, or the weight of the last piece of pasteboard, lays the edifice in ruins. Our friend, Archbishop Hughes,¹ agreed with me that want of home

¹ John Hughes, born in Ireland, 1798. Went to America at the age of eighteen, and became a Roman Catholic priest in 1838. Appointed Bishop in New York, and Archbishop in 1850. He

life, absence of historical association, reckless expenditure on dress and show (in short, a want of ballast), combined with Universal Suffrage and an unprincipled and defectively educated Press, were the bane of the United States. The Right Reverend gentleman was very guarded in his expressions and admissions, but he let sufficient feathers fly to show me which way the wind blew as regards himself.

After having been an active member of my Masonic Lodge for more than eleven years, I have decided to retire on my laurels. This step is partly the result of my having become tired of the whole concern ("entre nous" be it spoken) and partly because I really cannot spare the requisite time for it. In addition to our *Australian Book*, I have entered into an engagement to write a heavy Biographical Work for Chapman and Hall. I have had an interview with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, or rather with Messrs. Edward and Frederic Chapman, for there is no longer a "Hall" in the firm.¹ I was introduced to them by Meredith, who suggested to me the subject of my book, thinking it was the sort of thing to suit me. My interview with my publishers (ahem!) proved very satisfactory, and they entered into the notion warmly. The price is to be agreed upon when I have made some way in the work, and they are in a position to judge of my style and capabilities. In point of fact Meredith will be the critic to whom I shall have to submit my manuscript,

was sent to England on a conciliatory mission by President Lincoln during the American Civil War.

¹ William Hall, who was associated with Dickens's early work, had died in 1847.

for he is the "reader of manuscripts" for the firm. But I have not yet told you who is to be the subject of this biography of mine—it is no less a person than the celebrated William Cobbett, and you may picture the nervous condition of my mind and body when the first copy of "Hardman's *Cobbett*" goes forth to the reviewers. Mary Anne rather looks forward with mischievous eagerness to having me well lashed and cut up by *The Saturday Reviewer*. I think I shall be able to take my "W. C." well in hand, and do the thing, I hope, to my own satisfaction *at least*. The amount of reading will be tremendous, for W. C. was one of the most voluminous writers in our language, and, of course, I must go through him. I expect my book will keep me hard at work all this year.¹ The Chapmans published Kelly's *Victoria*, and they told me they had the manuscript of the chief part of a new work of his on Vancouver's Island, but they had some difficulty in obtaining the balance of the book, as he is rather a slippery customer. There is a rumour also of a new serial, in the old green-backed shilling numbers, by Charles Dickens, but they did not say certainly if it was more than a rumour: of course they would be the publishers as usual.² Meredith says I am now fairly launched as a "literary man," and having had "an

¹ Hardman's work on Cobbett was never completed and published despite its auspicious initiation.

² The rumour was premature. It was not until over two years later, in May, 1864, that *Our Mutual Friend* commenced to appear in monthly numbers, in green covers, with illustrations by Marcus Stone. Dickens did not publish much in 1862-3: only *Somebody's Luggage* and *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in the Christmas Numbers of *All the Year Round*.

interview with my publishers," am as much a vagabond as any of the set ! Well, it has always been my aim to make literature my pursuit, to the utter abandonment of that awfully unremunerative " Bar," and as I have now placed my foot, or, at least, my big toe, on the first rung of the ladder, I hope I may succeed in ascending, at any rate, a few steps.

Meredith chaffs me, and says I resemble in many ways the man (Cobbett) whose biography I have undertaken. The reason of his opinion is, that I come down in the midst of his many poetical rhapsodies with frequent morsels of hard common-sense. I interrupt him with a stolid request to define his terms. I point out discrepancies between his most recent sentence and some previous one. The consequence of this is that we get into long arguments, and it was only last Sunday, during one of our country rambles, that, in spite of the raw, inclement January day, we stopped a long time at a stile, seated on the top of which he lectured me, quite ineffectually, on his views of the future destinies of the human race. I should so like you to know him, you would like him immensely, and disagree with him constantly.

You will recollect in one of my previous letters I ventured to presume that our friend Meredith married a daughter of old Mr. Peacock, the author of *Gryll Grange*. Well, sir, I knew that Meredith had published a volume of Poems in 1851, three hundred copies of which he had afterwards destroyed, and they are consequently very scarce. Of course the British Museum has a copy, so I got hold of it, rather against George Meredith's wish, why, I know not ! The Dedication of this volume is " To Thomas Love

Peacock, Esq., this Volume is dedicated with the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his *son-in-law*." So I was right. G. M. has since told me all about his private affairs, but as the communication was confidential, I refrain from saying any more, neither would the recital of them interest you. Some of the poems in Meredith's volume are very beautiful, and I shall proceed to quote a few stanzas for your delectation.¹

The papers for the last month past have been occupied with the daily reports of the great enquiry into the sanity of Mr. W. F. Windham,² of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, before "Master" Warren. It is estimated that the enquiry will cost about £60,000! And I firmly believe that the said Windham, who married the renowned "Social Evil," Agnes Willoughby (real name *Rogers*), is not mad at all, nor an idiot, but simply a damned young spendthrift and fool. His mother, Lady Sophia, who in 1858 (I think) married Giubilei, the son of a third-rate singer of that name at the Opera, a man of some 24 years—young enough to be her son—is mainly to blame for bringing up her unfortunate boy so badly. I also believe, on good

¹ He quotes four stanzas of the original version of *Love in the Valley*.

² William Frederick Windham, born 1840, was the only son of William Howe Windham by his marriage with Lady Sophia Hervey, daughter of the first Marquis of Bristol. Lady Sophia was forty-five when she married her second husband, Giubilei. She died in 1863.

Contemporary exclusive Society strongly disapproved of Lady Sophia Windham's second marriage with Giubilei, the Italian from operatic circles. An unseemly anecdote, which

authority, that the extreme length to which the case has run is chiefly owing to the incompetence of Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C.,¹ the Master aforesaid. I am told that he is snubbed and ridiculed most abominably by the counsel and witnesses engaged, and that the papers very feebly convey in their reports the faintest idea of the stupendous folly and mismanagement of the whole concern. The scenes that take place in court are surprising and unheard of. This young Windham comes of a wild family. I was interested to find in a biography of the celebrated William Windham of Pitt's time (he must have been great-grandfather or grandfather of the alleged lunatic?²) the following passage: "This remarkable man was the son of Colonel Windham of Felbrigg in Norfolk; he was born in London 3rd May, 1750. While yet a child he displayed a strange restlessness of temper which frequently led him into pranks of a mischievous character." He also seems to have combined great Parliamentary talent with a rough taste for the Prize Ring, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and bad language. All this sort of thing seems to have been hereditary in

went the rounds of the town, related how a caller at Lady Sophia's house, on being informed that she was in bed with Sciatica, observed: "What! Another of those Italians?"

¹ The author of *Ten Thousand a Year* and *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*. He lived at 16, Manchester Square.

² William Windham (1750-1810), who was much concerned with Army reforms, left a Diary, which was published in 1866. He was Secretary for War in 1794, and again in 1806-7. He married, but had no children. He was grand-uncle of William Frederick Windham, the subject of the Lunacy Enquiry.

the family. The present enquiry is chiefly got up at the instigation of the notorious General Windham of Crimean pseudo-fame, and Indian disgrace. As you know, this man gained his honours in the Redan business from disobeying orders, and afterwards lost us the only battle in which we were worsted in the Indian Mutiny. The General refuses to enter the witness-box from a dread of having his foul practices exposed. He was once accused of indecent exposure in Hyde Park, and was got off by his counsel on the plea of insanity. I cannot but think that the jury will find young Windham of sound mind. I don't know whether all costs will have to come out of the estate, but it will be infernally hard if they have to.

Hardman was right in his conjecture about the verdict in this notorious case, which occupied many days in court before the Master in Lunacy, Samuel Warren (1807-77), Q.C. The verdict was, "Mr. Windham is of sound mind and capable of taking care of himself and his affairs"—a finding which was received with loud cheers. A full report of the proceedings, together with portraits of the principals in the case, including the demi-mondaine, "Agnes Willoughby," whom young Windham had married, will be found in pamphlets at the British Museum. Miss "Willoughby" or Rogers stated she was the daughter of a clergyman, and was the originator of the jest which attaches similar parentage to members of her profession.

Despite the evidence of Windham's uncles, Lord Bristol and Lord Alfred Hervey, as to his lunacy, he seems to have been merely a youth of low intellect, with gross habits and a lifelong

predilection for the society and manners of his inferiors by birth. Some time after the case, Sir F. C. Burnand came across Windham driving the Norwich coach, and talking in a broad East Anglian dialect with boon companions at an inn. When Burnand reminded him they had both been at Eton, Windham dropped his rôle of coachman and talked, as a gentleman would, about old times. But at the end of the drive, Windham was again the coachman, and touching his hat, accepted his tip with a broadly accented "Good-da-a-y, Sir." See Sir F. C. Burnand's *Records and Reminiscences*, Vol. I, pp. 238-242.

Windham was much attached to Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, which had been the seat of his family for nearly three hundred years. After his death in 1866, at the age of twenty-six, the Hall and estate were purchased by John Kitton, a wealthy grocer of Norwich. He took over everything; and the Windham family portraits, heirlooms, and traditions were adopted by the new owner's daughters, just as if they were members of the original and now extinct race. Augustus Hare visited the place in 1885, and related that the Misses "Catton" (as by a feline error he misnamed the Kittons) were even en rapport with the ghost of William Windham, the statesman, who came to revisit his beloved books in the Library. The ladies spoke of the future time when they themselves would be ghosts, haunting their ancient seat.

This day is Wednesday and I have been suffering most acutely since Saturday last from toothache; the enemy made its entrance through a breach in a double-tooth in the upper jaw, and effected a lodgment in the dexter canine or eye-tooth; my agony during Sunday

night, the whole of Monday and Monday night was terrible. I could eat nothing, I could not sleep, thought on any subject but the one in my head was preposterous, I could neither read nor write. I am better to-day, but am still far from easy; the pain has left the tooth and has shot up the nerve towards the eye along the nostril. It is not often I have to tell you of any ailment of mine, in fact Mary Anne says this is the first time I have been ill since we were married more than six years ago; and I believe she is right.

January 25th.—To-day being Saturday, my hopes about my tooth proved vain; on Thursday last it grew worse towards afternoon. I tried fomentations of Poppyheads and Chamomile flowers. I took a black draught, I staid indoors—no use. I went to bed at 10.30, but was soon in greater agony than ever. I laid linen rags soaked in laudanum on my cheek—I took a dose of the same narcotic internally—still no use. I got out of bed about one o'clock and walked about. This I continued to do at intervals until about six o'clock, going downstairs to my smoking room and generally disporting myself in a travelling rug shawl-fashion. By this time I was as nearly mad as made no matter; never had I endured such agony—it was continuous, without a moment's rest, gradually increasing in intensity. I had tried all the available allopathic remedies; so I roused Mary Anne and asked for the homeopathic Tincture of Aconite. She got up and gave me three drops in two tablespoonsful of water. I drank it in despair. In half a minute the pain was firmly and steadily checked, and in half an hour I was fast asleep. I awoke at ten o'clock very much

exhausted, but quite free from pain, only having a sensation as if I had received a stunning blow from Tom Sayers¹ on my "ivory box." After this I need not tell you that I am a firm convert to the Homeopathic doctrine, when applied in tinctures, not globules—I have no faith in globules.

The other day I met Shirley Brooks at dinner. He is a very jolly fellow. He told me of an epigram or impromptu attributed to the late Lord Macaulay. He was asked by a young lady what he thought of the two great writers of fiction of the day, to which he replied at once :

"Touching Thackeray and Dickens, my dear,
Two lines sum up critical drivell,
One lives on a countess's sneer,
And one on a milliner's snivel."

¹ Tom Sayers, who died in 1865, was the pugilist who fought Heenan, "The Benicia Boy," at the famous fight at Farnborough in 1860. One of the songs sung at the outset of his music-hall career by George Leybourne—"Champagne Charley"—was in praise of Tom Sayers :

"Hit him on the boko !
Dot him on the snitch !
Wot a pretty fighter !
Was there ever sich ?"

FEBRUARY, 1862

Esher.—Good morrow to Saint Valentine's Day, up in the morning betimes, and that we are, and no mistake : train to town at 8.56. We are all busily engaged in gaining health and strength, and have taken lodgings in this dear old village for a few weeks. We have become firmly attached to the place since our two months' summer residence, and believe most undoubtedly that it is unsurpassed for health-giving and invigorating qualities. It is our Brighton. Having come to the conclusion that my condition was weakened and deteriorated by a habit I had got into of going from breakfast to dinner without lunch, I turned over a new leaf, and now take a small rump steak and a pint of stout in the middle of the day, with a couple of glasses of port wine after dinner—port wine that I had not tasted for a couple of years at least. My conclusion was quite correct and I am now in that bright and vigorous condition that I can scarce believe myself the same man.

A most painful event occurred to my friend Rossetti (the artist of whom I spoke to you in a previous letter) the other day. He went out for a walk with Swinburne and on his return he found his wife dead. She was a great sufferer from some direful internal pain, and took an overdose of laudanum. She was a charming, pretty, and clever woman, and poor Rossetti is fearfully

cut up. They hope to avoid a coroner's inquest and to keep the subject out of the papers.

Rossetti married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal in 1860. She was the daughter of a cutler at Sheffield, and had worked as a dressmaker's assistant; but she possessed some poetic and artistic taste and expression. Rossetti, who was devoted to his wife, had often used her face as a model for his pictures, and to signify his grief he buried the sole manuscripts of his poems in her coffin. There the papers remained for seven years. They were recovered in 1869, by Rossetti's friend, Charles Augustus Howell, and what had become illegible was recalled by the marvellous memory of Swinburne, who had read the poems when they were first written. Meredith, Morris, and Burne-Jones also aided in the reconstruction of the poems.

Rossetti is painting John Ruskin's portrait, and has communicated a curious fact gathered during the sitting. The great Ruskin confessed to him that he had lost all faith in revealed religion, that he regarded all he had already written as bosh, that he should write nothing for some years (I think he said *ten*), and that he should then pull vigorously to pieces all his previous writings. This is, of course, a private communication and is not to be rashly made public, although it will soon get known I daresay, still I should not like it to be through my instrumentality. It would be a fearful blow to the excellent old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin if they knew of their son's unbelief, and I fancy he defers publishing his change of opinion until his parents (or at least his mother) are dead.

Ruskin's father, John James Ruskin, died in 1869, and his mother (Margaret Cox) in 1871. His parents were first cousins. Mrs. Ruskin was a determined religious woman of the unbending Puritan type, who even regarded toys as sinful for children. Nearly all Ruskin's best books were written prior to 1862, the date of his alleged change of religious views, including *The Poetry of Architecture*, *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *The Elements of Drawing*. *Unto this Last* had appeared in 1860-2. *Sesame and Lilies* was published in 1865, and *Præterita* in 1885-9.

That prolonged sitting of the Sydney House of Commons all through one night until past noon on the following day has amused and surprised me. You are a wonderful people out in Australia; no half measures go down with you.

I have heard lately that there is every probability of the Duke of Cambridge resigning his post as General Commanding-in-Chief; the reason assigned is that the Queen and he do not agree, or rather that the Queen objects most decidedly to his mode of life, and dislikes being brought so much into contact with him as she necessarily is from his official position. If the Duke does give up this post, it is reported that the vacancy will not be filled up, but that the control of the Army will pass entirely to the War Office, in fact it will cease to be a Royal Army, and will become a Parliamentary Army. It has always been Her Majesty's wish to have it a Royal Army, as has been shown by her reviewing it herself, in scarlet uniform or riding habit, by her Pavilion at Aldershot, and such like. Doubtless

she thinks the Duke sets a very bad example to the Prince of Wales and the younger members of her family. I am told that the Duke is very lethargic at meals, frequently nodding with sleep while eating his dinner.

The report of the Duke of Cambridge's resignation of the post of Commander-in-Chief was curiously premature, for, despite much criticism, he continued to hold this position for thirty-three years longer. He had been appointed in 1856 for a term of five years, but the Duke chose to regard the post as a permanent one, and it was not until 1895 that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman succeeded in accomplishing his resignation.

The Duke of Cambridge (1819-1904), in appearance, manners, and expletive language, resembled the earlier generations of his family; he was, in fact, an interesting survival, in his last years, of an extinct type of both prince and officer. He was a first cousin of Queen Victoria, who disapproved of his morganatic marriage, in 1840, with Louisa Fairbrother (1815-90), a young actress of twenty-five, and four years his senior. Mrs. FitzGeorge, as she was styled, was established at 6, Queen Street, Mayfair, a house still occupied by her youngest son, Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge. Her two other sons by the Duke of Cambridge were Colonel George FitzGeorge and Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge.

The Duke of Cambridge occupied rooms at St. James's Palace from 1840, but in 1859 he removed to Gloucester House, Piccadilly, which was left to him by his aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, daughter of George III. Although the house contained many fine apartments, the Duke preferred to use a suite of three small rooms at the back, where the prospect was mainly

of roofs and chimneys. After his death in 1904 the art treasures and furniture were sold, and later Gloucester House was demolished. The site, at the west corner of Park Lane, is now covered by a block of flats.

Lord Ebury has introduced a startling measure for the revision of the Liturgy, which is very amusingly reviewed in *The Saturday Review* of last Saturday. Excepting so far as it has given an opportunity to the pungent chaff-power of the reviewer, I care not for Liturgies or their revision.

February 26th.—From yesterday's paper I see that the O'Donoghue has been sending a hostile message to Sir Robert Peel, and has thereby committed a breach of privilege and been compelled to retract. It is rather too serious and expensive a matter to be ordered into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms or whoever has the business of incarcerating Members of Parliament.

The O'Donoghue, M.P. for Tipperary, presided at a meeting in Dublin soliciting American aid in the cause of Irish independence. Sir Robert Peel (third baronet), Chief Secretary for Ireland, alluded in a speech to the promoters of this meeting as "a few manikin traitors who sought to imitate the cabbage-garden heroes of 1848. There was not a single man of respectability who answered the appeal." The O'Donoghue challenged him to a duel, and this Breach of Privilege ended in an apology from the irate Irishman.

My reading for my *Life of Cobbett* has carried me into a new and most interesting field. Amongst other things I have been running over a large mass of

American newspapers of the last century. *The Boston Evening Post* has furnished me with some very amusing scraps, while hunting after facts for an article intended for *Once a Week* on *Tar and Feathers*, which suggested itself to me in the course of my reading. Here are some ridiculous notices. "Last Tuesday died in this town, after a long languishment under a palsy, Mrs. Elizabeth Johannot, in the 72nd year of her age, consort of Zechariah Johannot, Esq. She was a gentlewoman constant in her friendships; of elegant œconomy; superior accomplishments; and exemplary Piety." "We hear from Plymouth that on Wednesday the 10th instant was found dead in a most affecting manner, near a pond about half a mile distant from her own house, Lydia Attwood, who, though not exempt from the frailties of humanity, was of a sprightly sense and quick sensibility of soul."

Last Saturday *The Suffolk Chronicle*, the rival journal to the one edited by my friend Meredith, contained a selection of choice epitaphs, among which was the following :

"Here lies the wife of Roger Martin,
She was a good wife for Roger, that's sartin."

It is in Walworth churchyard.

A friend from the North Countree has been to see us this evening, and has amused me by imparting a copy of a bill sent in to him by a carpenter. It is as follows :

Mr. A. B. to C. D., Carpenter and Joiner.

2 Hoak Boxes.	.	.	.	15 shillings.
1 Wooden do.	.	.	.	7 shillings.
1 Wood do.	.	.	.	8 shillings.

The question is, how much had A. B. to pay? You will say, as I said, 30s. Nothing of the kind. He was only expected to pay 8s., for of the two "Hoak boxes," *one wouldn't do and one would do*. So A. B. had only to pay for the latter, which, you perceive, cost this amount.

MARCH, 1862

I PASSED to-day through Trafalgar Square and was greatly arrided and consoled by what I saw. For some weeks past one of the fountains has been surrounded by a high fence of hoarding, and I have been puzzled about what was going on inside. To-day my anxiety was relieved. Evidently the authorities have been strenuously exerting themselves to produce a fountain which would fill the soul of the exhibition-seeking foreigner with admiration. Instead of the single ginger-beer bottle effect to which we have so long been accustomed, they have added a series of squirts playing from the sides upon the centre jet.

We have just had a note offering tickets for the St. James's Hall on the occasion of the presentation of the Kean Testimonial, but Mary Anne has civilly (though with a soupçon of hauteur) declined them, since they were unnumbered and unreserved, and were to join in the general scrimmage. The Secretary has already issued more tickets than there are seats or standing-room. The testimonial is described as very splendid : a set of pieces of plate, epergne, candelabra, and dessert dishes. In fact, it is a style of thing that would ruin most men to possess, for if we take it as the basis of expense, what a fearful superstructure

we should raise ! It will be exhibited at Kensington, of course.¹

I see from the papers that you have been broiling under two days of that tremendous heat which occasionally plays upon you in the Antipodes—117° in the shade ! I am quite curious to get your letter with your experiences in this matter and in cricket. The Australians seem to have fought a better fight against their English brethren than those Yankees : damn them !

The Times of to-day (March 18th) contains a curious letter purporting to come from a Frenchman staying at the Hotel Sablonière in Leicester Square : the epistle is doubtless genuine. Le voilà, or rather voici.

“ To the Editor of *The Times*,

“ Sir, I am told to understand that you go to ask our Emperor to open your exhibition. I hope in charity you will bring him into the building blind-fooled, so he shall save the miserable indignation we have suffered from looking at your horrid building. Hi ! Hi ! we mock ourselves at you when we see from the park the big Dome built on boards and half hid by his shed. Oh ! the ugly brik and the frightful shed to call al Europe to see ! Why you bost so much ? If you only say we build the shed, then no one laugh. Even the little boy the guide he say ‘ dam ugly.’

“ I have, etc., Jules Pिरer.”

¹ The plate presented to Charles Kean (1811-68) was worth two thousand guineas. W. E. Gladstone presided at the presentation, on behalf of the subscribers, former pupils of Eton, Charles Kean having been educated at that school.

And, by the Holy Jingo ! I, John of the Funnels, hereby endorse and give in my adhesion to M. Jules Pirer's opinion, supported as it is by that of the little boy the guide, and I say " dam ugly."

The Exhibition Buildings of 1862 were designed by Captain Fowke, R.E., and stood on part of the site of the Horticultural Gardens, now covered by the Natural History Museum and the Imperial Institute. The main block, which faced Cromwell and Exhibition Roads, was in the form of the letter L, surmounted by two huge domes. Tennyson, in his *Ode at the Opening of the Exhibition, 1862*, apostrophised "the long laborious miles of Palace, lo ! the giant Aisles rich in model and design."

While you Victorians seem to have settled down to a more peaceable state, European politics are more disturbed. Prussia is in a very troubled condition : another attempt to assassinate William I has been happily nipped in the bud. Greece is in a serious state of insurrection. France, in politics, religion, and finance, has a very gloomy horizon. The Italian Revolution is not progressing at all satisfactorily.

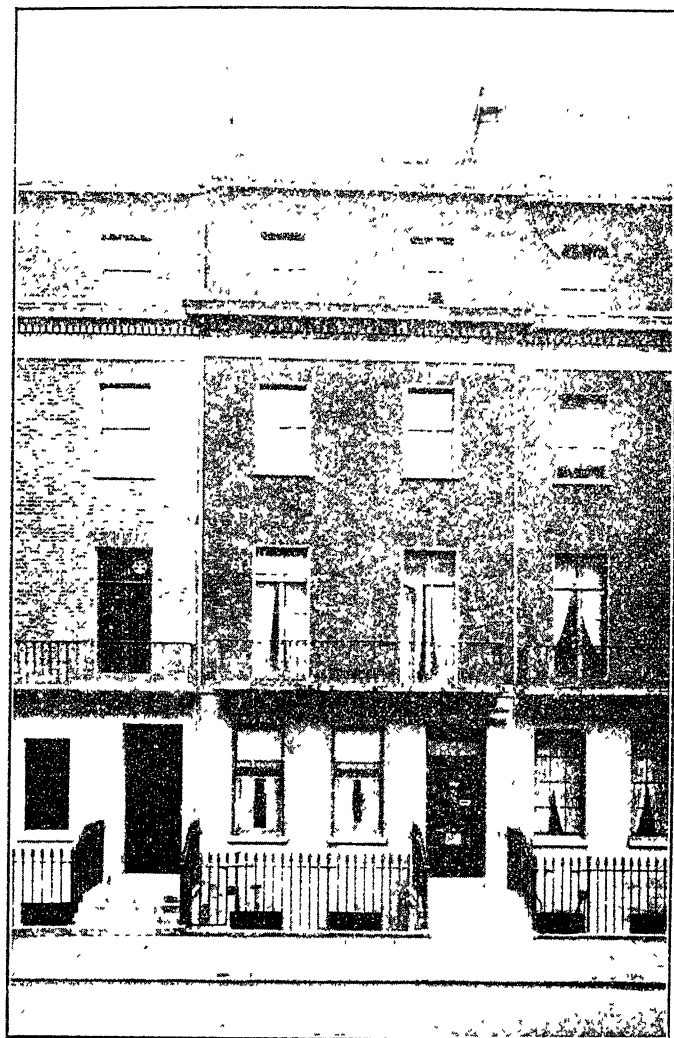
The Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister has met with a serious rebuff, having been rejected by a considerable majority in the Commons.

A meeting of ladies, with a male (and I believe noble) president, has been held for the purpose of abolishing Crinoline. This is a futile sort of measure to adopt, and has given great cause to the ungodly to revile. Crinoline will never be extinguished by public meeting and female combination. The girls of our time

like to show their legs. . . . I don't see why they should be interfered with; it pleases them, and does no harm to us: I speak for married, not single, men.

The men-hating Python at the Zoological Gardens is the great attraction at present. I am now F.Z.S., and very constant in my visits to see how Madame Python goes on. The period of hatching is uncertain, as there are no precedents, so we can only wait, watch, and pray for the success of the enterprise. Mrs. P. is supposed to have about 100 eggs under her, so we may anticipate a large increase to the snake population. She looks like a coil of rope on board ship.

In 27 Gordon Street we are about to make great alterations. We are going to take away the folding doors in the Drawing-room, and in fact we shall remove the entire partition between the two rooms. We shall then paper the walls with pink, white, and gold, introducing the pink and gold into the cornice. In doing this we are taking a very bold step, as people are always nervous about colour in Drawing-rooms. I am having a paper prepared to my own taste. I am giving up my chambers, and shall have all my books, papers, tobacco and pipes in our present library. . . . I was awakened this morning about 6.30, an early hour for me, as you may easily imagine, by the workmen hammering like insane spirits in our Drawing-room. I wished them to get their work done as soon as possible, but I scarcely bargained for such a very early start. I dreamt I was at a séance of troubled spirits; that we had rashly called up the souls of Trinculo, Caliban,



NO 14 (FORMERLY 27), GORDON STREET, BLOOMSBURY
The Home of William Hardman until 1864

Bardolph, Peto, Sir Toby Belch, and King Cambyse, with other whoreson lewd fellows, and that they were all drunk, hammering tables, clinking glasses, and generally conducting themselves riotously. Gradually I became conscious of the origin of the sounds, and then felt uncertain whether I was not an Australian explorer, landed fairly on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria ! Ah ! well, this comes of being a British Householder, as Meredith remarked this morning. He had staid all night with us, and been similarly aroused, to his disgust.

At the British Museum the other day, one of the attendants called my attention to a curious book—for my Pantagruelian fancies are well known to one or two of the Museum people—called *The Sack-full of Newes*. It is a reprint of a very scarce and unique tract of 1673. Mr. J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S., has had 40 copies struck off. By the way, while I was reading it, a young man of 25 or thereabouts came to the next place, carrying with him many books—*The Theological Library* was the only title that caught my eye—and before opening any of the volumes, he buried his head in his hands, and engaged in prayer (evidently) for half a minute or so. His face was staid and solemn, and his manner deeply reverent; he handled his books as if they were sacred. But this by the way. *The Sack-full of Newes* consists of short stories and merry jests such as used to arride our ancestors. I need not say that most of them are terribly dry, and most boshy. There are two, however, which I will set down for your consolation, damn you ! . . .¹

¹ The stories are omitted here.

Have you ever seen a rhyme to "Timbuctoo"?
If not, these lines will amuse you :

" If I were a lion wary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd devour the missionary,
Hat and boots and hymn-book too."

Wind and rain, rain and wind ! varied by dull brown misty calms, with a slight puff from the East; that is the weather the Gods favour us with at present. Goroo ! Goroo !

Sunday, March 23rd.—A devil of a wet day. Steady downpour without the smallest intermission from morning to night. I never set foot outside the door all day, a rare thing for me. In the evening, Rondibilis Valpy¹ came to have a jaw in the Den : he convulsed me with an account of a dinner he had had this afternoon. For some business and financial reasons, as a medical man with an eye to patients, it had suited his purpose to honour a certain publican with his company at dinner in the bar parlour of his " public " at Hackney. The dinner-hour was 3 o'clock, and V. found on his arrival that his fellow guests were two, a farmer who had been unfortunate in business—the sale of his stock being delicately hinted at—and a linen-draper's assistant from Baker Street, named Weekes. The host was jolly, much impressed by the honour of the Doctor's company, and in his shirt sleeves. He immediately asked V. what he would take; but V., whose digestion and liver, small thanks to yellow fever and the Brazils, are in a shady state,

¹ W. H. Valpy, of Craig's Court, Charing Cross, a doctor.

declined. "What, won't you take a drop of gin and bitters?" Valpy preferred waiting for the "wittles." "Ah! sir," says mine host, "I have got that for dinner that will just suit you!"—with a knowing wink and luscious smacking of lips. This turned out to be roast pork—"Country-fed, sir, prime country-fed: none of your town stuff." A fearful quantity of cauliflowers and potatoes completed the first course. Valpy's plate was duly heaped up with a selection of these viands, conceived on the Blunderbore or giant scale. Again the question, "Now, sir, what will you take?" V. turned to the linen-draper's assistant, and politely suggested that he should name the drink, as a man experienced in the specialities of the house. Weekes replied, "Well, sir, they are celebrated here for their 'Cooper.'" V. was fain to confess his ignorance; he knew not "Cooper." This namesake of the whilom tutor of Trinity turned out to be a mixture of stout and porter, half and half. Instantly a quart pot of the beverage was placed beside each guest. The first course, with all its attendant rich and strong stuffing, was happily got rid of. Then came a cold open raspberry-jam tart with most inauspicious-looking paste, and a hot rhubarb pie, fresh from the "bak'us." Mine host loquitur, still and ever in his shirt sleeves: "Now, you gen'lemen, who is taking rarsberry? I should recommend you to try some rhubarb, and wisy wersy." No sooner said than done; V.'s plate was crowded with a mixture of the two utterly incongruous samples of pastry. He trifled with these, and sent them away almost untasted, much to his host's disappointment. Then

the cheese was brought in from the bar, a lordly mass some 20 lbs. weight, and a dish of celery. Valpy assured me that he counted 30 half heads of the latter viand, and that was not the sum total. Recollect there were only four people and not forty to dinner. Now followed hot spirits and water, strong and well sweetened; and smoke, of course. About this time there entered a facetious timekeeper, whose usual station was outside the public, marking down the buses. This worthy was afflicted with a desire to drink people's healths; and finding the landlord had company, thought this a favourable opportunity to indulge his propensity. He was treated to a glass by each of the guests for the good of the house, and then, in an access of hilarity and daring, offered to drink thirty glasses of anything they chose to offer, right off, one after the other. This suggestion was but coldly received; so the timekeeper retired to his avocations outside. At seven o'clock, tea made its appearance, and with it the young lady from the bar, blooming and (V. hopes) virtuous, to preside over the urn and tea-tray. The pile of muffins was measured by Valpy's hand above the table; suffice it to say it was in proportion to the celery, as also was the store of cresses and "srimps." The linen-draper's assistant enlightened the company as to the singular condition of his digestive organs, which prevented him from eating "srimps" at breakfast. Interesting fact. But he certainly laboured under no incapacity in that matter at tea time. Valpy regarded his own inside as given over for that day to the dominion of Satan, and calmly took four cups of tea at the reverentially pressing suggestion of the

fair barmaid. Of muffins, cresses, and "srimps" he took his share: the last named especially haunted him, for if he turned his head for a moment, Hebe took the opportunity of replenishing his plate. No sooner was this meal over, than the question came again, "What will you take?" The other guests said "Cooper," and Cooper it was. About this time Valpy said that he had an engagement with a friend (myself) at half-past nine, and must consequently depart at 8.30. Great was the host's consternation and disgust. "What, sir, won't you stay and have some supper? You'll not go without *finishing the pork?*" The prospect was too terrible, so Valpy, refusing all entreaties to take all sorts of "nips" before starting, mounted to the summit of a bus, and happily escaped, rejoicing to feel the cool night breeze on his heated forehead. On arriving in Gordon Street he seemed better than might have been expected, and I hope he is none the worse this morning.

Now, I ask you, as a reasonable man, "What is to be hoped from a class of people who thus cram their stomachs with such awfully heaped-up masses of indigestible stuff?" Can we be surprised that they are Radicals? For my part, I feel convinced that political tenets are traceable in no small degree to food; the man who crams pork, vegetables (cooked and crude), cheese, "Cooper," tea, muffins, cresses, "srimps," hot spirits and water, and "Cooper" again, into his poor stomach in the short space of four hours must be a leveller. The noblest political principles seen through such a medium must appear distorted and unsound.

Hardman, as an ardent Conservative, could never forbear an attack on the Radicals, however thin the pretext. And the above diatribe was scarcely justified by the bountiful feast provided by the worthy publican of Hackney for his medical friend. He simply meant to be hospitable according to his lights. It was an age of hard eating, and much solid food was consumed by all classes of society. Hardman himself was an epicure, and gave excellent dinners. In professional and civic circles the dinners of sixty years ago were gargantuan. Thackeray wrote in his sketch, *A Dinner in the City*: "A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony. . . . We can eat no more. We are full of Bacchus and fat venison. . . . Pilkington and I quitted the banqueting hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces."

By which it will be seen that the eating of muffins and drinking of tea soon after a huge dinner was not a practice peculiar to publicans in mid-Victorian days.

The papers to-day tell us of a naval victory to the Confederates; Bravo! They have tried ironclad steamers against the old-fashioned wooden frigates, and have proved the advantages of the modern appliance. There appears also to have been an advance of the whole Federal army and a consequent retreat of the Confederates, wasting the country as they abandoned it.

I shall post you a paper or two of to-day, from which you will see the munificent gift of £150,000 by the

American merchant, Peabody, to trustees for the benefit of the poor of this metropolis. In the midst of all these failures and frauds, some honest fortunes are made yet. A Mr. Duncan Dunbar died the other day leaving an enormous property; but few millionaires do as Mr. Peabody has done, and give away hard-earned cash in such quantity during their lifetime.

George Peabody (1795-1865) made his original fortune in America in the Dry Goods trade. He came to London in 1843, and established himself as a merchant and banker. His benefactions to the poor of London amounted to £500,000. The first block of Peabody Dwellings was opened in 1864 in Spitalfields, and others followed in Chelsea, Bermondsey, Islington, and Shadwell. But, as in the case of all philanthropic funds, there was dissatisfaction expressed by those who would have preferred doles of actual cash, and "Where is Peabody's money?" became a catch-phrase of the period.

APRIL, 1862

ON the 8th April I attended a meeting of the Geological Society, and acquired much interesting information. Amongst other things a missionary (Dissenting) named Thompson had sent some imagined crocodile skulls. Mr. Thompson's story is curious. Some thirty years ago his father and mother went into the interior of Africa, in order to endeavour to conciliate certain savage tribes. Their infant son went with them, and shortly after their arrival at their destination the parents died of some malignant fever. An old chief took the little child in his arms and swore with great solemnity that the child should be restored to his tribe. The child was passed from tribe to tribe until he was safely placed in the hands of people of his own nationality. When he grew to years of maturity he determined to search for and find the members of the tribe who had been so kind, and he has done so. Well, I did not think I should ever write missionary news to you.

I heard a strange account of the sisters of the celebrated J. S. Mill the other day. Their father¹ brought them up in the most rigid training for unbelief, subjecting them to daily examination, and was constantly dinning infidelity into them. Would you

¹ James Mill (1773-1836), Utilitarian philosopher, author of *The History of India*, 1818, and contributor to *The Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*. His religious unbelief was mainly caused by the influence of his friend, Bentham.

believe it ! They used to esteem it the greatest possible treat to steal away with some excuse to go to Westminster Abbey with my friend Morison's sisters. And yet it is not surprising when you consider the perversity of human nature.

I enclose you a letter sent by Hinchliff¹ to *The Times*. I am quite familiar with Mr. Ledger's name in *The Yeoman*, but I have not seen any mention of this story. Hinchliff has suppressed the most interesting part of the narrative, but still the letter excited some interest, for yesterday he showed me a letter received from Mowbray Morris of *The Times* enclosing one from Bentley, the publisher, asking for the name of the owner of the initials "T. W. H.," as he thought the entire story would be valuable, and he would gladly pay well for it. Whether "T. W. H." will contribute anything to *Bentley's Miscellany* I know not. It seems that when Ledger found that Australia was peculiarly well adapted for the Alpaca, he had no funds either to return to Peru, or to buy Alpaca when he got there. His Indian, finding a man boastfully backing himself to run anybody for a wager, volunteered to contend with him, and asserted his certainty of success. Ledger backed him largely, but was horrified when he saw the Indian shouldering his *pack* as a preliminary to the race. He couldn't run so well without it. On coming to a stream of water he lay down and took a refreshing draught; the odds became anything to one against him; Ledger took them, and

¹ Thomas Woodbine Hinchliff, of 64 Lincoln's Inn Fields, a pleasant bachelor with many friends. Author of *Over the Sea and Far Away*; *South American Sketches*; and other books.

the Indian winning by forty-five seconds, potted a large sum of money. During his four years driving of the flock of Alpaca, and just as he was about to cross the frontier into the Argentine Republic, he found that the military were on his track; he sent his Alpaca under the care of his Indian down a quiet valley, and awaited the arrival of the military. It was "Hail, fellow, well met" with them, but always carrying *morphine* pills with him, he quietly dosed their drink, and while they were all asleep he took his flock over the frontier.

I had a very select dinner-party at the Club last night. Meredith, Dante Rossetti, and Dr. Liveing¹ were my party, and I flatter myself they never sat down to a better selected meal in their lives. They were enthusiastic, and I have added fresh laurels to my fame as a dinner giver. An enviable notoriety, but expensive. The following was the dinner :

MENU	Wine
Oysters, bearded, brown bread and butter	} Chablis
Côtelettes de Saumon à l'Indienne	
Filets de Bœuf grillés au beurre d'Anchois	} Amontillado
Épinards au jus	
Côtelettes d'Agneau à l'Italienne	} Sparkling
Fricassée de Poulet à la Marengo	
Choux-fleurs au gratin	
Omelette aux Fraises	
Maccaroni au gratin	} Hock

Wine after dinner : Chambertin.

Coffee : Dry Curaçao.

Cigars : *ad libitum*.

¹ Dr. Robert Liveing, of 11 Manchester Square. He succeeded to Erasmus Wilson's practice, and married Miss Hawker, sister of Hardman's friend, the Rev. W. H. Hawker.

We kept it up until 2.30, and Meredith (whom I with difficulty piloted through the Haymarket, he was so very *rampant*) came home and staid all night with me.

In the Sixties the Haymarket was the centre of the night life of London, particularly the north end and Windmill Street, where (on the site of the present Trocadero) stood the notorious Argyll Rooms, the chief resort for drinking and dancing. In the Haymarket itself were the "Blue Posts," "Barnes's," "Barron's Oyster Rooms," "The Burmese"; in Panton Street, haunts known as "Jack Percival's" and "Rose Burton's" were to be found, together with houses of ill-fame for the practice of every kind of vice; Arundel Place also had its notoriety. The dancing saloon kept by the adipose Kate Hamilton had its long, tunnel-like entrance at the south-east end of Coventry Street, the premises extending back to Leicester Square. On the site of the present Criterion was "The Pic.," a dancing saloon of a much inferior grade, where smashed hats, rows, and bloody noses were nightly events. Adjoining it was the Café Riche, the haunt of the gilded youth of the town, where sanguinary rows also were not unknown. In those delectable times, the drinking saloons were kept open all night, and from them and the other resorts mentioned lights blazed until morning, when, in the dawn and sunrise, the roysterers and rowdies dispersed.

Dr. Liveing told us how he performed a very unusual operation the other day. A foreigner who had been round London to try and get somebody to embalm his dead friend, applied at last to Liveing, who

for the small consideration of £20 agreed to do it. The body of a very fat Italian arrived in due course, in a green state, having been dead a week; the coffin bore the name of Jean Babtiste or John the Baptist. Liveing spent a whole day and night in the dead-house at King's College Hospital operating on the deceased. He stuffed him with arsenic, camphor, tow, etc., having previously taken all his inside out. His heart was embalmed separately. When finished, the corpse was dispatched to Italy. Liveing described the stench as fearful, but he is used to that sort of thing.

Mary Anne and the children are staying at West Drayton¹ out of the way of the smell of paint. My decorations and alterations at 27 Gordon Street are not completed, and I am getting into a state of despair, for the finishing of the Exhibition takes all available workmen away, and everybody is putting his house in order in this great Metropolis.

Letter to George Meredith acknowledging the gift of his *Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside*, published in May, 1862.

*The Den,
Sabbath Evening,
May 4, 1862.*

MY DEAR MEREDITH,

Many thanks for the Poems, which arrived safely yesterday morning. If I admired them much when I have listened to your recitation of them, detached and in fragments, my admiration is now enhanced a thousand-fold. Consider yourself slapped

¹ With Mr. and Mrs. Bower.

with forty British house-holder power right between your shoulder-blades. They are glorious, superb (*i.e.* the Poems, not the shoulder-blades).

Demitroïa¹ does not appreciate *Odes*, but I have made a convert of her in the matter of *The Spirit of Earth in Autumn*. I read it to her like one inspired; I threw all the feeling of which I am capable (not much, you will perhaps say) into the reading; I carried her away with me; our opinions are one again. Now, think you deserved this after the fearful Anathema in your last letter? ² I almost give that poem the palm over any other in the book. One passage in it struck us so forcibly that we have solemnly agreed that the survivor of us shall place it on the tombstone of the other. It is this :

“ Into the dust that gives the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall? ”

In a poem which is so exquisitely beautiful it is impossible to single out special passages : we discussed it dispassionately and apart from our friendship for its author, and we agree that it is unsurpassed in our own or any other language. You know I am not one to praise indiscriminately.

As to *Grandfather Bridgeman*, you know my opinion; let it suffice to say that Demitroïa wept at the recital of the scene on the battlefield and I—the stern B. H.—well, no matter. . . .

This evening we have read *Modern Love*. Need

¹ Mrs. Hardman, see ante, p. 67.

² Dated May 2nd, 1862. See *Letters of George Meredith*, Vol. I. p. 68.

I say with what pleasure? No other man but yourself could have written it. No other man possesses that wondrous knowledge of the human heart, that weird power of analysis of feelings, that deep and pitiless probing of the soul. . . . By the bye, I remark that you have omitted the stanza over which we held friendly dispute; I mean the one containing the passage "Can Starving Peter fill Paul's Stomach?"¹

We have also read *Margaret's Bridal Eve*, *Autumn Even-Song*, and *The Young Usurper*, the two latter being new to me.

I only hope the public may appreciate the volume as heartily as we do. It is so superior to your first volume of *Poems* that I can scarcely believe it is the production of the same pen.² I have no doubt now who ought to be Tennyson's successor in the Laureateship.³

How excellent *The Saturday Review* is on "The Irrational Exhibition," as Shirley Brooks called it this afternoon. We met him and his little boy, Reginald, at "The Zoological." We took Nellie there, having heard that the Japanese were to be present; and sure enough there they were, and a rum lot they are. I kept to windward of them, so had no oppor-

¹ Apparently no copy survives of this omitted stanza of *Modern Love*.

² Yet the *Poems* of 1851, despised alike by the author and his friends, contained the first version of the exquisite *Love in the Valley*.

³ Meredith would have had to wait thirty years for the office, for Tennyson did not die until 1892. Alfred Austin then succeeded him as Poet Laureate.

tunity of judging of their rank. We regretted so much that "Sons"¹ was not with us.

Our experiments in Cookery have recommenced. Yesterday we tried Francatelli's recipe for Chickens à la Romaine, with Maccaroni à l'Italienne served separately. The result was enchanting.

Yesterday I did a little of the old Adam; I gardened vigorously; my plot of ground is now neat and effective. . . . We shall expect you, of course, on Thursday. The piano will be tuned, and our condition will be "all serene," I trust.

The cold east wind of yesterday made me rejoice that "at Copsham there was no Tuck"—but to-day must have been charming.

No more, at present, from your sincere friend,
WM. HARDMAN (Tuck).

¹ Meredith's boy Arthur, then eight years of age. The Japanese visitors were the special representatives of their country who had come to England for the opening of the Exhibition of 1862, and to obtain a general idea of Europe, particularly of its commerce and requirements. The party consisted of thirty-six—two ambassadors, two secretaries, and so on—two representatives of each office or grade. They went to Paris first, where they were regarded as "objects of curiosity rather than admiration." They landed at Dover on April 30th, 1862, and proceeded to London, where they were lodged at Claridge's. *The Annual Register* states they were "not a very interesting party." In London also the Japanese were looked upon as a new variety of curious savages. They left England on June 12th.

THIS is the 14th of May : look in the advertisement sheet of this day's *Times*, and in the column adjoining the "Imports, Sales, and Exports," or "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," you will find a request to "Pousse" to return home without delay the maternal will that knew nothing about his (or her) absence, and, strangest announcement of all—"The monoptic will kill the fatted calf." Truly "Pousse" must be the child of a one-eyed father, who is known familiarly as "The monoptic."

Well, Sir, as I said before, this is the 14th of May, or rather the 15th, for it is 2 o'clock a.m., and I have just returned from a swell party at Lord Ashburton's,¹ where there was much for the amusement and instruction of the guests. The first face I knew was that of my masonic friend, little Jabez Hogg, the celebrated man for microscopical investigation. He kindly told me what to see, and directed me to a room upstairs where certain experiments were to be made showing the spectra of various metals with the electric light. . . .

I amused myself by going the round of the rooms,

¹ The second Baron Ashburton (1799-1864). His reception at Bath House, Piccadilly, was for the members of the Royal Geographical Society and the Foreign Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862.

looking at the different objects, the splendid collection of pictures, statuary, etc., and was just stepping back from some novel stereoscopes, when I stumbled against a little gentleman, bowed and begged his pardon. He turned out to be the gentleman interpreter attached to the Japanese Embassy, and was accompanied by the four principal ambassadors, who, seeing me bow to him, all bowed solemnly and with a pleasant smile as they passed in single file, to my no small embarrassment.

A stand-up supper was served about eleven o'clock, with no end of excellent champagne iced to a turn. There I discovered my friend, Robert Cooke, who knows everybody, and under his guidance learnt who was who at Lord Ashburton's reception. That gentleman with the red, frizzy beard and the ribbon and star is the Duke of Newcastle,¹ that tall, distinguished-looking man is Lord Eversley, the late Speaker. There you see Earl Grey; that red-haired, ferrety man is the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, and he is talking to Lord Lyveden (that damned Vernon Smith). And here, towering high above the rest by a head and shoulders, with grey hair and handsome, good-humoured countenance, comes Jacob Omnium² of *The Times*.

¹ The fifth Duke, Secretary of State for the Colonies at this date.

² Matthew James Higgins (1810-68), a constant writer of letters to the Press. His work, *Jacob Omnium, the Merchant Prince*, appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1845. He married Emily, daughter of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, and a first cousin of Roger Tichborne of the celebrated Case. Higgins was a valued friend of Thackeray, who dedicated *The Adventures of Philip* to him.

I enjoyed myself immensely, and only regretted that I could not have my wife with me. It was now time to move homewards; so I commenced a fearful struggle in the cloak-room, which was densely crowded and entirely devoid of arrangement. After half an hour's patient but wearisome fight, I got what I wanted, and clapping my hat on my head I made the best of my way home. While walking with easy dignity along Piccadilly, with the flavour of the great folks I had just left still pervading me, a cad with a short pipe accosted me politely: "You have got something on the top of your hat, sir." Suddenly it flashed upon my mind that I had not removed the ticket, "No. 98," which had been pinned to it. I raised my hand, and the fatal conjecture was confirmed. I thanked the cad as urbanely as I was able, but my easy dignity was gone. Crestfallen I wended my homeward way.

The next morning, or rather this morning, I note with a thrill that my name appears in *The Morning Post* with all the other distinguished men and savants who were present. At this point a moral reflexion would be appropriate, so I say with excellent Mrs. Gamp, "Sech is life; vich also is the hend of all things."

To-day (16th) I presided, in Mary Anne's absence, at the family luncheon or children's dinner. Your god-daughter¹ is just developing considerable spirit of her own combined with a large amount of the humorous. Meredith says she has more of the humorous in her composition than any child he ever saw. I was lecturing her on certain malpractices with

¹ Hardman's younger daughter, Ethel, aged three.

her plate, spoon, and fork, at which she became exceedingly mouldy, but, doggedly, through her tears, she retorted upon me with the following startling sentence: "You are a Japanese ambassador!" Great Heaven! what are the children of the present day coming to?¹

Much as I object to laughing under such circumstances, I could not stand this attack, and roared inextinguishably. She calls me "Mr. Pa," and will say "Please, Mr. Pa, I want some more pudding, sir."

The chief topic of the moment is the extraordinary challenge given by the House of Commons to the House of Lords. A couple of days ago the Speaker met the Chancellor in the lobby, and on behalf of himself and the Lower House challenged the Upper House to a contest with rifles at Wimbledon.² Lord Westbury accepted it immediately, and Speaker Denison, with eleven M.P.'s, is to shoot against the Chancellor and eleven peers on the fifth or fifteenth of July. I confess I rather like the notion, although some of the papers are very severe, and write about the dignity of Parliament and such-like.

You will see from the papers that the Parliamentary Rifle Contest turns out partly a mistake. Lord Elcho seems to have made a sad mess of the whole affair, but methinks Bethell has behaved somewhat ridiculously.

¹ Each generation, in turn, professes to be shocked by the manners of its children. The unfortunate Japanese envoys to the Exhibition of 1862 were regarded as a species of savage by English people. Visitors from Japan were rare in those days, and little was known of that country and its inhabitants. See p. 119 and note.

² England was then in the high fever of the Volunteer Movement.

The Lords and Commons duly had their shooting contest at Wimbledon in July, 1862, during the Third Prize Shooting Meeting of the National Rifle Association. There were eleven competitors on each side, and the Lords won easily by a score of 411 to 349. Many eminent spectators were present.

May 19th.—The first part of your most interesting letter has just been delivered, in which you give us the circumstances of your engagement to Miss Annie Compton. It was the day we went down to Esher to stay with George Meredith until Monday, and our first exclamation to Meredith, who was waiting for us outside the station, and who takes great interest in you from hearing so much about you from us, was that you were going to be married.

Mrs. Hardman, who also wrote to Holroyd about this incident, added: "Poor George Meredith after his marital unhappiness congratulates about as cheerfully as if he saw a victim in the clutches of an irresistible Alma. You and Annie will see what he had to endure in his (almost) Autobiography, the poem *Modern Love*, and you will excuse—as I did—his seeming coldness. I trust some day, when you come to England, Annie will prove to him, as I endeavour to do, that all women are not hypocrites and deluding actresses: we are not of those angels in the Honeymoon who turn into fiends before they have served an apprenticeship to matrimony. I trust you and William have chosen women whose good qualities will last and bear the wear and tear of ordinary daily life."

Mrs. Hardman was a good friend of Meredith's,

and so her judgment on the tragedy of his first marriage was a trifle partial—in his favour. Meredith acknowledged that he was equally to blame with his wife for the ruin of their marriage; and after much reflection and heart-searching his regret and remorse found expression in *Modern Love*, which is a drama of misunderstanding between two temperaments, alike highly strung and passionate and super-sensitive—as were those of both George Meredith and Mary Ellen Peacock.

I have posted you a copy of George Meredith's Poems. They will well repay the most careful perusal. *The Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn* is my favourite, and I think you will agree with me that it is the finest in the book. I take a good deal of credit to myself for having pointed out the great beauties of this poem to divers people, amongst others to the writer of the review in *The Parthenon* (late *Literary Gazette*) of last Saturday. It is written by my friend Morison, aided by another friend of mine, Hamilton of the British Museum.¹ Meredith says he wishes that "Friar Tuck," as he calls me, would be a popular lecturer for a season to read his poems to the public. The article in question so exactly embodies my opinions, that it would be superfluous for me to say any more here. (Since writing the last sentence I have posted *The Parthenon* to you, and have thereby made acquaint-

¹ N. E. S. A. Hamilton of the Manuscript Department; author of *The Shakespearean Question*, 1860. Curiously enough, it was Hamilton who, in 1863, introduced George Meredith to the Vulliamy family, and so brought about the second marriage of the author of *Modern Love*, this time with happy results.

ance with our new 3d. postage stamp, which I regard as the prettiest yet issued.) It is a grievous fact, but we must make the best of it, that the *Ode* contains a very awkward grammatical error. I wonder if you would have remarked it. Of course I have only to say that it occurs in the two following lines for you to see at once that "her" ought to be "she":

"For once, good souls, we'll not pretend
To be aught better than *her* who bore us"

I have not seen G. M. since I discovered this mistake, but I shall know to-morrow if he has seen it himself. He will be desperately put out, but I know what he will say—"Only let my public drive me to a second edition, and then——"¹

George Meredith has a fancy for writing to me the wildest letters you ever read. Not infrequently they contain a short poem, as in the following example. This was written in consequence of having been obliged to postpone a promised visit to Copsham Cottage (Mem.: "The Mound," line 6, is a conspicuous eminence hard by the cottage.)²

"Since Tuck is faithless found, no more
I'll trust to man or maid;
I'll sit me down, a hermit hoar
Alone in Copsham shade.

¹ The offending word "her" still survives in the *Ode to the Spirit of Earth*, as reprinted in the collected *Poetical Works of George Meredith*, 1912.

² See Chapter V of my book *George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work*, where also will be found a view of The Mound.

The sight of all I shun,
Far spying from The Mound,
I'll be at home to none,
Since Tuck is faithless found."

I told him I would immortalise the words by setting them to music, but he begged me not to, as he would rather write me something fit to read. No, I would not be persuaded, and I have yesterday composed the music in madrigal style for three voices.

"Tuck! Tuck! Once you would flatter me,
Saying that I in due season should fatter be.
Here is Asparagus—what can the matter be,
Why don't you join in the Fair?

Ripley's the place with the jolly old Talbot Inn.
Once we two passed there, you know, and were all but in.
Rhyme now commands me to throw here a small 'but' in.
Why don't you join in the Fair? "

He and I have arranged, weather permitting, to take a pedestrian excursion on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday next (May 23rd, 24th and 25th) in the region of the Surrey Downs from Dorking along the ridge to Guildford, and where fancy leads.

.
*Notes of a Walking Trip of Meredith and Myself
in Surrey, May, 1862.*

On Friday, May 23rd, after dining at Copsham we started about seven o'clock in the evening to walk to Mickleham, intending, if we failed to obtain beds there, to walk on to Burford Bridge. I had no bag or pack of any kind, carrying all my necessities in the capacious lined pockets of my shooting-coat. Meredith

had what the Germans call (I believe) a "Ruck-sack," a sort of bag slung by a strap over the back and hanging under the left arm: a very convenient article. In it he carried amongst toilet necessities a Murray's Handbook to Surrey, etc., and some capital brandy (from Justerini and Brooks). I may as well mention that we never addressed each other by our real names; he called me "Tuck" and I called him "Robin." Having enjoyed a good dinner before starting, we walked at a pace befitting the victuals, steady and sober, enlivening the way with snatches of song, reminiscences of overtures, frequent shouts of laughter, and absurd rhymes as occasion suggested. The evening looked dubious and stormy, and the sunset was red and lowering, but on we went nevertheless. We avoided Leatherhead by a cut across the fields, coming into the main road by the church. It was quite dark when we reached Mickleham, about twenty minutes past *nine*; the landlady was very obliging and promised us the accommodation we required.

After making arrangements, we strolled out to listen to the nightingales in the meadows on the banks of the Mole. While enjoying the cool air, drinking in their music, mingled with the croaking of frogs, the monotonous "clattering of the brown eve-jar,"¹ and all the varied sounds of a summer night, Robin recited Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, one of the poet's gems. We talked of Hawker, and I described the charms of

¹ "Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar."

Meredith's *Love in the Valley*.

Horndean, the night we had "sugaring for moths," and all the excellences of my friend and his wife. We returned to our inn,¹ singing my music to Robin's madrigal addressed to myself, *Since Tuck is Faithless Found*, amid renewed peals of laughter. After large potations of soda-water flavoured with the brandy aforesaid, we retired to rest about eleven o'clock. Our bedrooms communicated by a passage, being shut out from the rest of the house, and we lay shouting to each other, and joking about the joviality of the whole affair. My window was wide open, and I could hear the nightingales singing in the trees by the meadows. About three o'clock I was awoke by a pertinacious sparrow who had his home under the eaves close by my window; this was followed by the ringing of the stable-yard bell by some very late or early traveller, with no apparent result to himself. I could hear the stamp of his horse's feet in the distance, but the bell was close under my window. After a troubled doze, vainly trying to deaden the sparrow with one ear on the pillow and the other covered with bed-clothes, a busy cock took up the wondrous tale, and after a few loud crows, commenced a very noisy commentary on the egg-laying work of one or more of his wives; this sound resembled a much-magnified and more andante sort of night-jar. I have omitted the mention of an earnest dispute between certain village tipplers in the bar, on the merits or demerits, sayings and doings of one Charlie Andrews, all of which

¹ Hardman and Meredith stayed at the old "Running Horse," just opposite Mickleham Church. The inn still exists as described by Hardman, and is quite unchanged since 1862.

was audible to me and assisted in keeping me awake when first I went to bed. At last the sparrow wandered away to seek for food, the eggs were laid (*one* at least was cooked for breakfast), and I had a snooze in peace, when about 5.30 enter Robin with a suggestion that we should get up: I recommended him to go to bed again, and he did so. We eventually got up about seven, and strolled out to see the immediate neighbourhood while breakfast was being got ready.

The church is nearly opposite to the inn, and into the churchyard we went. A pet lamb came to us, expecting a gratuity of some kind, but got nothing. Beyond the churchyard, which is very lovely, a stile road leads across some meadows up the Mickleham Downs. Meredith declares that here may be obtained one of the most perfect bits of rustic scenery in this country, and consequently in any other. The church spire is seen embedded in rich foliage, backed by the hills crowned by Norbury Hall, with all their noble trees placed there by dear old Evelyn. The most critical artist—and Meredith has an artist's appreciation of landscape—need not modify one iota of the landscape; every tree is in its proper place, and the spire just where it should be. Higher up the scene broadens, and with all the varied greens of May made another view of surpassing beauty. In the midst of our enthusiasm the church clock struck eight, and warned us that breakfast would be ready.

After breakfast I wrote a short note to my wife (Demitroïa as we call her), for which I was duly chaffed by Robin, who called me an "uxorious old Tuck," and finally wrote a note to her himself to tell

her that I never thought of writing to her until I had eaten I know not how many chops, kidneys, eggs, and the etceteras. I posted the letter at 9, and on we went for our day's walk. Striking into the meadows by the Mole, we crossed the bridge near the "Swallows," and so back into the road near Burford Bridge, revelling in the glory of the morning and the lovely scenery. We followed the high road to Dorking for a short distance, and then struck into a bye-path across the fields into the town.

After making vain efforts to obtain a *Saturday Review* or any other "weekly," we went on towards Guildford, soon emerging on a heath rich with nutty smells of gorse all ablaze, on the right of which was a tumulus, from the summit of which we got a beautiful view in the direction of Box Hill and Reigate. Presently a sudden descent brought us to "The Rookery," the birthplace of Malthus,¹ a quaint old house embedded deep in foliage. Here we turned from the main road, and entered under the cool shade of an avenue of chestnuts and beeches. This road led us close by the front of the house, and up a steep hill beyond. Looking back from the summit we admired the house from another point of view. Advantage had been taken of a little brook called "The Tip" to dam it up in a series of ponds (the upper one being almost worthy of the name of a lake) with islands covered with rhododendron, and here and there a coot making a straight line in the water as it crossed from point to point.

We soon lost our way, but asking certain tillers of

¹ Thomas Robert Malthus (1766-1834), Political Economist.

the ground, we were put on the right road, by dint of scrambling over hedge and ditch. Emerging from dense thicket of underwood, we found ourselves on a carriage road which led past Wotton House, an irregular brick building of large extent. It was formerly the residence of the well-known John Evelyn, and is still in the possession of the family. *Murray* says that among the treasures of the library (which is not shown to visitors except by special favour) is the prayer-book used by Charles I on the scaffold.¹ The house is most picturesquely situated, amid deep woods with the Tillingbourne (a small rivulet here) running through. Passing through a village called Gomshall, with a very nice, clean-looking inn, we came to Shere, with a very prettily situated church. Shere rhymes with beer, so we turned into the inn and indulged in large potations and cheese; after which we started up a very steep ascent through a deeply embowered lane, terminating in an avenue of beech trees. From the summit we had glimpses of a magnificent view, St. Martha's Chapel being a very prominent object. The ascent of the hill took away all my spare breath, to Robin's great amusement. Presently we began an abrupt descent into a place called Combe Bottom, one of the most lovely spots in creation.

¹ The Prayer-book came to John Evelyn, the diarist, from his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne. It had been presented to the latter by a Royalist named Isaac Herault, who secured the book on the day of the King's murder. The fly-leaf contains this note in the writing of John Evelyn: "This is the booke which Charles the First, M.B. (Martyr Beatus), did use upon the Scaffold . . . Jan. 1649, being the day of his glorious martyrdom."

Combe Bottom is one of those basins hollowed out of the chalk, with almost precipitous sides, covered with short grass at the base, but crowned with the most luxuriant foliage in every variety of tint. On a bare projecting knob we lay down and smoked a pipe while enjoying the prospect. A stream running along the bottom was the only thing wanting to make the picture complete. Here Robin overhauled his notebook and read me a mass of the aphorisms hereafter to be published in "*The Pilgrim's Scrip*, by Sir Austin Feverel, edited by Adrian Harley." We discussed them at our ease, for such terse sayings naturally give rise to remarks, and are good provokers of conversation. As Sir Austin says, "A proverb is the half-way house to a thought."

Having finished our aphorisms and our pipes we descended to the bottom and crossed to the opposite side, on to the Merrow Downs, along which we walked as far as Newland's Corner. Immediately below us on our left lay Albury, where Drummond's house and the first Irvingite church peer above the tops of the trees. Albury, as the Guide Book informed us, is "the abode of the celebrated author of *Proverbial Philosophy*."¹ Our landscape also included Leith Hill, Ewhurst, St. Martha's Hill, and the Hindhead. At Newland's Corner by crossing twenty yards to the right we obtained a magnificent view over Ripley towards St. George's Hill and the great valley of the Thames. Returning to the path, we descended to the valley and mounted St. Martha's Hill to the Chapel at its summit; then, consulting our map we

¹ Martin F. Tupper (1810-89).

again descended by a most lovely path for a mile or more until we emerged on the road to Guildford. After pausing to admire St. Catherine's Hill, and the old ruin which surmounts it, we strolled along the road into Guildford. It was market day and the town was crowded with militia; and here I may remark that the Surrey militia consists of the most weedy, stunted, and disreputable set of vagabonds I ever beheld.

When we had ordered a cold dinner, we went to the Railway Station to get copies of *The Saturday Review*, *Public Opinion*, and *The Spectator*. The latter contained an article on Meredith's *Poems*, *Modern Love*, etc., and a regular stinger it was.¹ Robin was naturally annoyed, for the review was most unreasonable and was, in my opinion, written with a very decided personal bad feeling. Robin did not agree with me, and eventually concluded that it was written by a woman. As a specimen of style it was itself quite beneath contempt. The writer spoke of the moon as "that admirable planet." Enough of this disagreeable topic, which interfered very slightly with our pleasure: in fact, we were too much determined to enjoy ourselves to permit so shallow a critic to put us out, and Robin's annoyance soon passed off.

¹ In the course of the review it was said: "Mr. George Meredith is a clever man, without literary genius, taste, or judgment. The effect of the book on us is that of clever, meretricious, turbid pictures by a man of some vigour, jaunty manners, quick observation, and some pictorial skill, who likes writing about naked human passions, but does not bring either original imaginative power or true sentiment to the task."

Swinburne's famous reply to this review and his spirited defence of Meredith appeared in *The Spectator*, June 7th, 1862.

After our cold collation we started again for Godalming, intending to pass through that town and sleep at a place about two miles beyond. The evening was very fine, and our view from St. Catherine's Hill, which we ascended shortly after leaving Guildford, was delightful. Defying the critic of *The Spectator*, we descended to the road, and, after a pleasant walk, reached Godalming, a long, winding town, chiefly consisting of one street. We did not stop, but went on to Milford, merely remarking the number of patriarchal dogs which frequented doorsteps on our route. Robin was much tickled by my styling one in particular as an "ancient dog"; he said it sounded so very old. At a small inn a short distance out of Milford we found a civil and obliging hostess, who recollected Robin, he having been there last year with Maxse.¹ She said she could give us beds, so we ordered tea and took a stroll to an eminence on the wild common adjoining, from whence we obtained a very fine but desolate view. It was now about nine o'clock, and as we had been on our feet for twelve hours, and my heels were very sore, we were not sorry to rest. The house filled with hilarious rustics, who sang old tunes with very dolorous choruses, for it was Saturday night. They kept it up until midnight. Our bedrooms were very plain, for the house was but a poor and small one, but they were clean and the beds well aired. I slept with my window wide open, and

¹ Captain (later Rear-Admiral) Frederick Augustus Maxse (1833-1900), grandson of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, see ante, p. 38. In later years Meredith presented him as the hero of *Beauchamp's Career*.

enjoyed the delicious night air and the distant song of the nightingales. The following morning (Sunday) we were both up by seven o'clock, took a stroll in the garden, and awaited our coffee, chops, and unlimited bread and butter. Our hostess was very reasonable in her charge, only 3s. 6d. each! We gave sixpence to the little maid who waited upon us, and she was greatly pleased.

Our course now lay by Thursley over heath and through hedges white with hawthorn bloom, most beauteous to behold. The sun streamed hotly down upon us. In due time we reached the Devil's Punch Bowl, a wild hollow basin. After inspecting it we left the main road (which winds round its southern edge or rim) and ascended to the summit of the Hindhead, where is a pillar or cross of antique form but modern date (put up, as Hinchliff has since informed me, by Mr. Justice Erle).¹ We lay down and smoked

¹ It is curious Hardman does not allude to the other memorial, on the edge of the Devil's Punch Bowl, the stone which commemorates the murder of a nameless sailor, on September 24th, 1786. The three murderers, Lonegon, Casey, and Marshall, were all apprehended the same day, and after trial and execution were hanged in chains near the spot.

Dickens mentioned it in Chapter XXII of *Nicholas Nickleby*: "They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and . . . Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore, and the blood of the murdered man had run down, drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name."

Meredith, of course, was very familiar with the road to Portsmouth (his birthplace), and described it in *Evan Harrington, Harry Richmond*, and elsewhere.

several pipes, enjoying a prospect of from 15 to 30 miles in every direction. We thought we could distinguish the sea through a distant break in the South Downs. At our feet lay Haslemere, and the Black Down, in the distance was Baker Hill, and the high ground about Ashford, and Selborne. We could see the Hog's Back, St. Martha's Chapel, and the ridge of downs stretching to Box Hill and Reigate. It was most glorious.

About noon we started down towards Haslemere, so as to get there by one o'clock, when folks would be out of church and inns open. We knocked at the hostel of the White Horse about ten minutes to one, and had a cut at the family dinner, a breast of veal, washed down by copious draughts of the best pale ale Meredith and I had ever tasted; it was draught too, a notable point. After dinner we sat on a wall and smoked. About 3 o'clock we started, ignominiously, as Robin would have it, in a four-wheel chaise for Godalming, to catch the train at 5.15, there being no train from Haslemere before 7.20. I arrived in town at about 7 o'clock, having dropped Meredith at Esher.

JUNE, 1862

THIS is an unusually busy time in London. Last week was the Derby week, and that fact combined with the Exhibition has filled us to the brim. "Mossoo," as poor old Albert Smith called our lively neighbours, has come out in force; never have I seen so many foreigners in this great metropolis. Only think of an outsider of so very decided a character winning the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, and that, too, on such an important occasion, with the eyes of all Europe and especially of "Mossoodom" upon us. You will learn from the papers that Caractacus, the fortunate horse, the property of Mr. Snewing, a publican (and sinner), was not named in the betting on the day of the race. The odds were 40 to 1 against him.¹ I hear that the owner has given his jockey £100 per annum for life, said jockey being at this present about sixteen years of age.

The past week was also signalised by a Parliamentary mess cooked by Disraeli, Walpole, and the Conservative Party. This is the second hash we have made this session. I am beginning to entertain serious doubts of Dizzy's capacity as a leader. The wing-flapping and dung-hill chanticleering of the opposite party have been loud and galling. It was a great pity

¹ Other records state the odds were 100 to 15 against Caractacus, who won the Derby by a neck.

that Mr. Walpole should give notice of an amendment, which would undoubtedly have been carried by a large majority, and then ignominiously withdraw it on Lord Palmerston's threatening a dissolution.¹ It required no large stock of foresight to perceive that Pam would take such a course, and it was simply ridiculous for the Conservatives to make this demonstration if they had no intention of abiding by the consequence. It is all very well to say that a change of Ministry at the present juncture would be most inconvenient, that the very dubious prospects of the International Exhibition would be irretrievably damned, that the feelings of Her Majesty should be respected, and such like. The Conservative Party is a loser rather than a gainer by the Premier's move, although it does undoubtedly show his weakness.

The principal event of the week, however, was our first visit to the Domes, the Dishcovers, Guy Fawkes's Palace, the "Irrational," or whatever you may prefer to style the Great Exhibition. Thinking, poor deluded wretches as we were, that there would be probably few people present on the Derby Day, we decided to go : it was a shilling day, and we found to our disgust that more than 50,000 of our fellows had thought much the same as we had. The place was densely crowded, and we were proportionately bored. We made a day of sightseeing. Hawker² and his wife were on a visit to us, and we started after breakfast

¹ The incident related to the financial policy of the Government.

² The Rev. W. H. Hawker, Vicar of Steepe, son of Admiral Hawker and godson of Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence (later King William IV).

on Wednesday morning, June 4th, to the Royal Academy, where we arrived at 10 o'clock, finding the rooms nearly empty. The Exhibition of the Academy is poor, for all the most striking pictures of the year are exhibited in different places for a corresponding number of different shillings. The Council have therefore opened it at night at half price, with what pecuniary results I am unable to state. We spent an hour and a half in looking at the pictures, and then set off to Brompton,¹ where we arrived at 12.15, staying until nearly half-past six, so you see, in spite of the crowd, we did a good day's work.

The first object that met our gaze was the Australian gold trophy, which is certainly one of the most interesting things in the Exhibition. It is placed close to the East entrance, under the Dome, by Minton's Majolica Fountain. This gold pyramid is a great centre of attraction, and is the great rendezvous for friends. "We will meet at the Gold Trophy," or "We will be somewhere about the Gold Trophy between 3.30 and 3.45 (or as the case may be) if you like to look out for us. . . ." ²

As to the Exhibition itself, apart from the colonial part of it, it is too mercantile to please me, too much of a great medium for advertising. It is too crowded with things to be pleasant : there are no long sweeping aisles, the "vista" is a thing unknown : the nave is blocked up with all sorts of monstrous abominations. Our joint opinion is that it falls far short of the Paxton

¹ Cromwell Road, see ante, p. 103.

² A description of the Australian and New South Wales exhibits is omitted here.

Palace of 1851. Of course it is larger, and contains many more things, but it wants the beauty imparted to the last Exhibition by the glass roof and sides, and by the trees enclosed in the transepts.¹ Nature is shut out, and Art obtrudes itself upon us on all sides. The opaque roof, albeit beautifully decorated, is still opaque, and although the Domes at each end are the largest in the world, and glazed entirely, their brilliance only makes the dull light of the nave that joins them more observable. The Picture Galleries are unsurpassed in the world, I should say, and you are no sooner in them than you see at once that they are the main object of the whole affair. Prince Albert's pet scheme was to move the National Gallery, etc., down to South Kensington, and these Picture Galleries were his first step of any great importance in the direction of his aim. But it will not do: the place is too far off: none would ever go to see the national collections if they were placed there.¹ The Roman Court is very full of interest, but it is also too full of objects, for the space allotted to it is too small. Of course we looked at Gibson's tinted Venus, which Mary Anne had seen in the artist's studio at Rome: she did not like the

¹ The Exhibition Building of 1851 covered about twenty acres of Hyde Park between the Serpentine and Prince's Gate. It was removed to Sydenham in 1852, and has since been known as the Crystal Palace.

² The passing of years and the growth of London westward have proved Hardman to be wrong on this point. A part of the Prince Consort's great scheme for housing the National Works of Art in one splendid building has been realised in the Victoria and Albert Museum; and South Kensington is not now regarded as an out-of-the-way situation for the site of public buildings.

effect of it then, and her opinion is confirmed now, I entirely agreeing with her.

We went to the "Irrational" again on Saturday (the 7th), which was a 5/- day, with my mother, who came to us the previous day. There were only about 17,000 there, and consequently the company was more select, and we saw the place with ease and comfort. To-day (Whit Monday) I see from the evening papers that at one o'clock over 60,000 folk were in the building, and 16,000 "Foresters" were momentarily expected! The number was expected to reach 100,000 in the course of the day. I am very curious to see the paper to-morrow morning, for I feel sure the packing of such a multitude will be next to impossible, and I shall not be surprised to hear that accidents and damage have resulted. However, after seeing the place quietly and comfortably on Saturday, our opinion of the bad management and of the failure of the general effect remains unaltered.

Thursday, June 12th.—The return of visitors to the Exhibition on Whit Monday was not so great as was expected: the turnstiles seem to have got inwardly disordered and won't work properly—all owing to some piece of false economy on the part of the Commissioners, who from faults of omission and commission have stultified themselves most completely. This piece of economy about the turnstiles saved the pockets of the guarantors about 25/- per turnstile, and doubtless the loss of head money to be paid by the Refreshment contractors will have exceeded the amount saved. These refreshment people pay five-eighths of a penny per head on all visitors to the building,

the turnstiles being the proofs of the numbers. The crowd was so great that they had to open unusual entrances without turnstiles, and with ye British Peeler as money taker.

There is a good story, and I believe a true one, of a case of thief-catching at the Exhibition the other day. Various trifling matters had been missed from the Austrian Department, but the purloiner could not be discovered. At last a dodge was suggested and carried out. A policeman was wrapped up in green baize like a statue when off duty for the night, and placed in a convenient position. In due time enters the thief and lays hold of a pair of boots, when suddenly the officer seized him, and thereby so frightened the poor wretch (a Frenchman), assistant to another exhibitor, that fears were entertained lest he should lose his reason.

Last night I dined at the Castle, Richmond,¹ with the Alpine Club. We found a jolly party round William Longman, the publisher, who is vice-president of the club, Anthony Trollope sitting next to him. Longman is a glorious fellow, full of jokes and story, and beaming with good humour. Anthony Trollope is also a good fellow, modelled on Silenus, with a large

¹ The original Castle Inn at Richmond was a famous rendezvous for literary people. It is not generally known that in 1826 Charles Lamb dined there as the guest of Harrison Ainsworth, then a voluble and rather forward young man of twenty-one. After dinner they adjourned to the Bowling Green for a game, but, unluckily, Lamb, in attempting to catch the "Jack," which Ainsworth threw to him, put his middle finger out of joint. Ainsworth related: "Never shall I forget his look of surprise and horror as he gazed at the injured finger."

black beard. There was a call for Trollope,¹ and Silenus made a funny speech, assuring the Club that he was most desirous of becoming a member, but the qualification was the difficulty, and both time and flesh were against him. He added that not very long since, in the city of Washington, a member of the U.S. Government asked him if it were true that a club of Englishmen existed who held their meetings on the summits of the Alps. "In my anxiety," he said, "to support the credit of my country, I may have transgressed the strict limits of veracity, but I told him what he had heard was quite true." (Great cheers.)

Some interesting letters were read to the company, the original letters of application for the hangman's situation when it was rumoured some time back that Calcraft was about to retire. The most noticeable feature about the applicants was their youth (mostly from twenty-one to thirty-two) and the extreme goodness of their characters. As Meredith said, they had far better characters than any man present could produce. It was very curious to remark the different forms in which each worded his application—how they for the most part softened down the harsh title of the office, to wit, "common hangman." It was "for that office under the Sheriffs of London which Mr. Calcraft has so long filled," or something of that sort.

¹ Anthony Trollope (1815-82) was at this period at the most eventful point of his career. He was an important official at the Post Office, and had already written his most famous novels, *The Warden* (1855); *Barchester Towers* (1857); *Doctor Thorne* (1858); *Framley Parsonage* (1861); whilst *Orley Farm* appeared in 1862.

We roared with laughter while they were being read. Calcraft did not retire, but one of the applicants was selected as assistant; he was the one who wrote most practically and to the point.¹

Edwin James² has been in difficulties with the American Bar at New York, who refuse to admit him to practice, or rather, I think, wish to expel him or make him withdraw. The rascal's defence is glorious, and, much as I despise him, I cannot but admire the consummate impudence with which he has denied, even with tears, the charges against him, and has tickled the Yankee prejudices by asserting that he was the victim of a strong aristocratic dislike to his origin. He says that his fate was sealed in this country after he had made that memorable speech in defence of Dr. Bernard,³ for which I certainly never forgave him. By the way, that same Dr. Bernard is now the inmate of an asylum, having lost what little wits he possessed. The Benchers of the New York Bar, if I may so call their council, are decidedly opposed to the ex-member for this illustrious borough, but the more numerous body of juniors are apparently influenced by his tearful periods, and considered his explanation as satisfactory and sufficient.

¹ William Calcraft (1800-79), originally a shoemaker, was Chief Hangman for the long period of forty-five years, 1829-74. The last public execution, outside Newgate Prison, was in 1868.

² See ante, p. 30.

³ Simon Bernard was implicated in Orsini's attempt to murder the Emperor Napoleon III on January 14th, 1858, when a bomb was thrown at the Imperial carriage as it arrived at the Opera in Paris. In his speech for the defence of Bernard, James made a personal attack on the Emperor, whom he termed "the prosecutor."

You will see by the papers that Henry Thomas Buckle is no more, having succumbed to typhus fever at Damascus. Poor fellow ! I am very sorry, for his writings, in spite of his many faults, have given me and Mary Anne a good deal of real intellectual enjoyment. His mastery of the English tongue and his power of composition were unsurpassed. His effort at the *History of Civilisation*¹ will stand out as a noble fragment for future generations to carry on and complete; it has already been translated into French and German, and, I am informed, into other languages. The death of his mother, to whom he was most enthusiastically attached, was a very severe blow, and he seems never to have recovered from it. You will recollect that he dedicated his first volume to her. It appears that he was successful, at the age of thirteen, in gaining a prize for mathematics at Dr. Holloway's academy, Gordon House, Kentish Town; and his mother thereupon desired him to name what additional reward he would choose : he asked to be removed from school and permitted to receive the rest of his education in private. This request was granted, and various masters were engaged to instruct him, but in a few weeks he persuaded Mrs. Buckle to dismiss them all, and let him be his own master. This accounts for much that is peculiar in his first volume, for it was evidently the work of a man who had undergone no

¹ The first volume of *The History of Civilisation* appeared in 1857, and the second in 1861. Buckle was the son of Thomas Henry Buckle, a ship owner, by Jane Middleton, of the Yorkshire family of that name. They lived at 25 Mecklenburgh Square. Later, Buckle resided with his mother (who died in 1859) at 59, Oxford Terrace.

rubbing with his fellows. Probably if he had gone for a few years more to school, and eventually to college, he would have been quite a different man, and we should never have had *The History of Civilisation*. He was born 24th November, 1822, and was therefore in his fortieth year. He worked ten hours a day for twenty years before he published a word, and all his materials were digested and arranged for the whole of his stupendous work. I shall be curious to hear more of this unfinished portion. His handwriting is said to have been a model of neatness and as clear as print, without a blot or erasure. Peace be to his soul!

That fellow George England, of whom I wrote to you some mails back, has been parading his improprieties before the Crystal Palace shareholders, washing his dirty linen in public, as the saying goes. I am informed from a private source that he is, or was lately, the largest shareholder in the company; of course he was a director and leading man in the concern. After the disgraceful exposure of his family affairs,¹ which resulted from his indicting his son-in-law, Fairlie, for perjury, the board of directors wished to abolish England, and they have succeeded in inducing him to resign. He asserts, and I daresay with reason, that his earnest wish to root out incapable officials and put the Palace on an economical and remunerative basis

¹ George England had an illegitimate daughter by a lady whom he subsequently married after the death of his first wife. The daughter married a man named Fairlie, who was charged with swearing falsely that he had his father-in-law's consent to the marriage. But the legal decision was that England was in law no father, and the son-in-law was acquitted.

has made him many enemies, who use his family affairs as an excuse for trundling him out. In fact (to make a pun which was unaccountably overlooked at the meeting, and is all my own!) England expects every man to do his duty! Sola! Sola! Sola! *The Saturday Review* deals with him in its usual style last week (June 14th). By the way, *The S. R.* is said to have lost the best of its contributors, they having joined *The London Review*. This is one of the bits of gossip in the literary world at present, and I believe it not far from the truth. I have no respect for *The London Review* whatever. Sheddon, of Trinity, who now is (*mutato nomine*) Ralston, is one of its contributors, and will, I hope, review G. M.'s *Modern Love*; he is a great admirer of our poet and will do him favourably. The more I know of the way in which reviews are written, the less I care for them. They are all bosch!

We are passing at this present (June) through our rainy season. The International lets the water in most fearfully, to the disgust of the exhibitors.

June 23rd, 1862.—ON Thursday we had one of our weekly dinners, and very well it passed off. Shirley Brooks and his wife were of the party. The former was in great force and excellent spirits. After dinner some one mentioned "Mrs. Jones's" as a euphemism for a certain spot. "Excuse me," said Brooks; "Mrs. Herbert's, we call it *Herbert* now." You will see from the papers the absurd case of one Jones who changed his name to Herbert. We of the ruder sex sat smoking a long time after dinner, and our talk was chiefly of literary matters, criticisms, Meredith's *Poems*, and the

prospects, shortcomings and successes of literary papers (e. g. *Parthenon*, *Critic*, *London Review*, etc.). *The Parthenon* is the property of James Virtue, who was of the party. The flow of conversation and chaff was brilliant and uninterrupted.

I heard a capital Latin joke the other day. The question to be asked is: "Do you know what is the Latin definition of a hearse?" The reply is "*Mors Omnibus*."

I had a fatiguing visit to the Great Exhibition this morning. Meredith's little boy (my son-in-law that is to be, and husband of your god-daughter!) is staying with us, and his father came up to accompany him on his first visit to the Great Ex. We took Nellie and Ethel and the nurse, so that, with my mother, we made a party of eight, filling two cabs. We arrived soon after 10, at which hour it opens, and we stayed until 1.15—quite long enough, especially as it began to be very crowded. There were over 60,000 people there yesterday. It is odd to notice the objects which most charm young children. Arthur Meredith admired most the statue of the Georgian slave, a veiled nudity by Monti (I think). Nellie fancied a model of Milan Cathedral, because she could see into the inside of it; and Ethel would have liked to remove the Centrifugal Pump to her nursery. I think the greatest astonishment was excited in Arthur by seeing ice manufactured in his presence.

The Savage Club has evidently been playing off some tricks on one of the French correspondents sent over from Paris. He describes a convivial dinner with the club, and speaks feelingly of the fact that James

Watt occupies an indistinguishable grave beneath the turf of the Green Park !! and regrets that no monument has ever been erected to his memory. If a French correspondent trusts for his facts to the Savage Club,¹ he will be liable to be fearfully deluded.

¹ The Savage Club was started at the Crown Tavern, Drury Lane; later it removed to rooms next the Lyceum; and at the date Hardman writes it met at the Gordon Hotel, Covent Garden

JULY, 1862

COBBETT takes up a very large share of my time, and I really seem to have scarcely a moment to spare during this exceedingly busy season. Mary Anne and I are getting slightly tired of the hurry and bustle, the visitors, the parties, operas, theatres, fêtes, exhibitions, "the Great International," and the Crystal Palace, cum multis aliis.

Yesterday (19th) we went, according to annual custom, to the Dramatic Fête at the Crystal Palace.¹ I had four ladies to take charge of, and managed the difficult operation satisfactorily. The day was dull at first, but cleared into a beautiful evening. The whole thing was very successful, and was well crowded. I am no judge of numbers, but I have estimated the visitors at about 25,000. The Railway Company were much to blame for their utterly insufficient supply of first-class carriages. The admission at the Crystal Palace being 2/6, of course very few if any of the passengers took second-class tickets and none *third-class*: yet did the second and third-class carriages exceed the first in number, and we, having taken first-class returns, went to the Palace in a third-class open at the sides (sheep-truck is a more appropriate name for it) and returned in a second-class carriage.

¹ This seems to have been an early form of the Theatrical Garden Party, now held at Chelsea every summer.

To return to the Dramatic Fête, it is very remarkable that actresses, charming on the stage, are mere simpering dummies off. Yesterday there were very few indeed who seemed able to talk or extemporise any observation whereby to tempt people to purchase their wares. Miss Herbert, possessed of a singularly handsome face, and capable of posing to perfection, has no conversational power when placed behind a stall.¹

¹ Miss Louisa Herbert was at this period at the height of her fame and beauty. Miss Ellen Terry has described her thus: "Miss Herbert looked like the Blessed Damsel leaning out 'across the bar of Heaven' . . . her appearance was wonderful indeed. She was very tall, with pale-gold hair and the spiritual, ethereal look which the æsthetic movement loved." She was introduced by Rossetti into several of his pictures. Miss Herbert was also the original model for the lady holding a purse in W. P. Frith's picture "The Derby Day." But the artist found he could not do justice to the lady's particular style of beauty, so he erased the figure he had drawn, and substituted one of his own daughters as the model. When Miss Herbert discovered the alteration she was extremely angry, and an amusing account of the scene will be found in Mr. Frith's *Autobiography*: "I listened to a storm of well-deserved abuse, delivered in a style that would have 'brought down the house,' if the audience could have appreciated true passion."

Miss Herbert made her first London appearance on the stage at the Strand Theatre, in 1854, in *A Roland for an Oliver*, and two years later achieved much success at the old Olympic Theatre as a member of Mr. A. Wigan's company. She went with him to the St. James's Theatre in 1860. Later she entered into the management of that theatre, and played the leading part in *The Merry Widow*. She was very successful in dramatic versions of Miss Braddon's novels, *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Eleanor's Victory*. In 1866 she gave Henry Irving his first important engagement in London, when he played Dorincourt to her Letitia Hardy in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and also the villain in Dion Boucicault's *Hunted Down*. Miss Herbert also played

Mrs. Stirling,¹ Mrs. Alfred Mellon,² Mrs. Howard Paul,³ and Miss Lydia Thompson,⁴ on the contrary,

Lady Teazle, Miss Hardcastle, Beatrice, and Lydia Languish at this period. In 1867 she was at the Adelphi, but returned to the St. James's in 1869 under Mrs. John Wood's management. A few years later Miss Herbert married Mr. Edward Crabbe, and retired from the stage. She lived until April, 1921, and died, at the age of eighty-nine, at Brighton, probably the last survivor of the theatrical party Hardman describes in 1862.

¹ Fanny Stirling (1816-95) principally won her fame as a comedy actress, though she gave a fine performance in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and other serious rôles. She retired from the stage in 1868, but returned in 1882 to give a wonderful performance of the Nurse to Ellen Terry's Juliet at the Lyceum, which she repeated in 1884 with Mary Anderson as Juliet. She was the wife of Edward Stirling, the actor, and after his death in 1894, married, in the same year, Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, an old friend and admirer. Both were septuagenarians. Lady Gregory died the following year, and Sir Charles in 1898.

² Mrs. Alfred Mellon, formerly Sarah Woolgar (1824-1909), made her début in London at the Adelphi in 1843. Her chief successes were in comedy and domestic drama. No actress was more versatile.

³ Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul originally gave entertainments at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, of the German Reed type. But Mrs. Paul (Isabella Featherstone) developed into a distinguished light operatic singer. She sang the title-rôle of *The Grand Duchess* (Offenbach) at Covent Garden in 1867, and had a part in Jules Riviére's famous *Babil and Bijou* in 1872. Mrs. Howard Paul died in 1879, at the age of forty-six.

⁴ Lydia Thompson, the famous blonde, born in 1836, made her first appearance, as a dancer, in London in 1852. She became a notable burlesque actress, two of her best-remembered performances being in H. J. Byron's *Der Freischütz* in 1866, and as Robinson Crusoe in the burlesque of that name by H. B. Farnie, produced at the Folly Theatre (later called Toole's) in November, 1876. She went to America, taking with her a troupe of blondes, and is reported to have horsewhipped the editor of *The Chicago Times* for having published an article not

had crowds of customers with whom they exchanged pleasant chaff. A new actress, Miss Tungate, of whom we know a good deal, was charming in both manner and looks. Meredith is an old friend of hers, but we don't know her personally. Mary Anne and I were passing near the stall of Miss Kate Carson, whom she was assisting, when an old boor from the country was showing his good manners by suggesting that she might require a pair of baby's shoes (which she was offering for sale) for herself. Not satisfied with saying his impertinences once, he repeated it three times. She coloured dreadfully, but bore it very well. We were exceedingly angry at the vile behaviour of this boor in gentleman's clothes—he had a lady on his arm—and Mary Anne stepped up to the stall and made a small purchase, as she took care to inform Miss Tungate pointedly, for the sake of having the pleasure of purchasing from her. M. A. thought it was her duty to do something complimentary after the rude conduct of the boor. Actresses as a body are not of loose character, but under any circumstances they appear and act at the the Fancy Fair as ladies, and are mostly unprotected: no man ought to say a word to them that

complimentary to her company. On her return to London she appeared in *Bluebeard* and many other plays. As late as 1895-6 she played a small rôle in *An Artist's Model* at Daly's, towards the end of the run of that musical play; and G. R. Sims records in *My Life* how anxious she was to be engaged for *The Gypsy Earl* at the Adelphi in 1898. In 1899 she was given a memorable benefit at the Lyceum. Lydia Thompson married, first, John Tilbury, a member of the coachbuilding family who invented the Tilbury, and, secondly, Alexander Henderson, the manager of the Folly Theatre. She died in 1908, at the age of seventy-two.

he would not say to ladies of acknowledged position and reputation.¹

People from the country come up to London for a few days or weeks in a season like the present; they have lived for years never extending their researches beyond their own or the adjoining county; they have sat on the magisterial bench of Slosh-in-the-Marsh until they have left a deep dint in the judicial leather and horsehair; they have grown to think that the sun shines, and the rain falls, solely for the benefit or injury of their own turnip-field; they have occupied weekly their well-cushioned and curtained pew in the Village Church, and have sonorously led the musical efforts of the villagers with 40-cannon power, until they have felt persuaded that in them resided the very beauty of holiness. To them, London is the Metropolis of Hell. We, the unfortunate inhabitants, are lost in dissipation, the men go nightly to Cremorne, Casinos, the Play, the late oyster-houses, the Cyder Cellars, the Music Halls, etc., etc. The women are emburthened by reputation, their lives are made up of dress, vanity, enamelling, intrigue, dissipation, extravagance, and all folly and uncleanness. These rascally "country cousins" tear themselves away from the parochial business of their beloved Hollows and come up to this little village of ours. Of course

¹ Hardman's picture is very typical of the Mid-Victorian point of view in its assumption that actresses were generally regarded as persons of immoral life and still, more or less, in the old phraseology applied by the law to players, "rogues and vagabonds." The detail of the respectable lady on the boor's arm is further suggestive of the actress's peculiar and "unprotected" status at that date.

they must see the places where Londoners are supposed most to resort. They find the Casinos, Cremorne, and the Haymarket crowded—but who form the crowd? Every seat in the Haymarket Theatre is engaged a week beforehand—by whom? A new trial—"The Ladies of New Orleans, or General Butler"—is produced under the auspices of Baron Nicholson's successor at the Cyder Cellars—for whose benefit? Why the *Country Cousins*, of course. We regular Londoners rarely go to much sight-seeing; the dissipation of the London Season is mainly carried on by people who reside for nine months of the year on the Continent or in the country.

"Baron" Nicholson, mentioned above, was Renton Nicholson, born in Hackney Road in 1809. He commenced life as a pawnbroker's assistant, and in 1830 opened a jeweller's shop, which brought him into contact with many people connected with the Stage and the Turf and the Bohemian life of London. In 1837 he started *The Town*, a scurrilous paper, specialising in libellous personalities, which included Dr. Maginn among its contributors. In 1841 Nicholson sought new activities, and instituted at the Garrick's Head Hotel, in Bow Street, an entertainment called "Judge and Jury," in the course of which salacious humour and indecent double-entendre ran riot. Nicholson, in correct judicial attire, presided as judge and certain satellites of his acted as counsel and ushers. The audience, drinking the while, were the Jury. The mock trial would deal with some cause célèbre of the day—for preference one concerned with crim. con. (as adultery was then termed) or sexual offences. The impropriety of the

language and jests that were tolerated would be inconceivable to-day. The "Judge and Jury" show was moved in 1851 to the "Coal Hole" in the Strand, which was partly on the site of the later Terry's Theatre (now a cinema), abutting on to Fountain Court. In all probability this was the resort described by Thackeray as "The Cave of Harmony" in the first chapter of *The Newcomes*. Anyway, the improvisator there, Mr. Sloman, resembled Little Nadab, and a certain Joe Wells sang disgusting songs in the manner of old Costigan. From the "Coal Hole" the "Judge and Jury" proceedings migrated across the Strand to another well-known song-and-supper place, the "Cyder Cellars," in Maiden Lane, next door to the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre. This resort was also described by Thackeray—as the "Back Kitchen" in *Pendennis*. Bon Gaultier voiced its speciality:

"Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh
Heavens!
Brandies at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking-hot at
Evans'!"

"The Lord Chief Baron" Nicholson, who at one time ran Cremorne Gardens, and who spent a good part of his life in prison for debt, died in 1861, but, as related by Hardman, his "Judge and Jury" show was continued by a successor at the "Cyder Cellars." It finally removed to a house on the east side of Leicester Square, where in addition were shown Tableaux Vivants or Poses Plastiques—more or less nude women posturing on a revolving wheel. This entertainment resulted in the proprietor, Henry George Brooks, being arraigned for "disorderly conduct," and fined, in January, 1869, and presumably after that, "Judge and Jury" tried no more.

We returned to town to-day from a little country run. On Monday (21st July) after my mother, sister, and the children had gone to Lancashire, we were tempted by the fine weather to make a bolt from the noise, dust, bustle, and sight-seeing of London to some quiet spot. We selected the little inn at Mickleham, near Dorking, known as the "Running Horse." After spending a quiet afternoon on Mickleham Downs, basking in the sunshine, we walked to Leatherhead, and took a carriage to Copsham Cottage, dropping on Meredith as it were from the clouds, to his great astonishment. He arranged to come over the next day, and we went together over some of the ground where we had taken a pedestrian excursion some weeks back. I wanted Mary Anne to see Wotton, the Rookery, Shere, Combe Bottom, and the Merrow Downs, with which we had been so much charmed. We returned to a late dinner at eight o'clock, after a delightful trip, wherein we mixed much hilarious converse with a thorough appreciation of the scenery. Unfortunately it rained unrelentingly the next morning, else should we have gone to Leith Hill. It cleared up partially about one o'clock, so we walked to Leatherhead station, but instead of going back to town, we acceded to G. M.'s proposition that we should take carriage to Copsham. There we dined, and staid all night, of course. Meredith read us some chapters of his novel, *Emilia Belloni*, which he is writing.¹

¹ Owing to dissatisfaction with his work, and much consequent rewriting, this book of Meredith's was not published until nearly two years later, April, 1864, when it had the title changed to *Emilia in England*; later it was renamed *Sandra Belloni*.

I have been reading Anthony Trollope's new work on America—or North America, I should say. It is amusing, but much too lengthy. He has manufactured two fat volumes of nearly 500 pages each out of a few months' tour. This will tell you at once how much he has said which had been better left unsaid. The women and children of the States seem to have impressed him very unfavourably. Of the latter he says: "I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please, they are never punished, they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the background as children are kept with us, and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling by the hour together in agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favourable to laughter and soft childish ways than beef-steaks and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks." The frightful infantine consumption of pickles seems to have produced a profound impression upon him. In fact, this stands out most prominently in my recollections of the two fat volumes, filled up by a background of gigantic hotels, towns with vast untenanted and tenanted blocks of buildings, West Fourteenth Avenue, and North Twenty-First Street, heaps of grain like coals in Lancashire, hot stoves, disagreeable be-crinolined women, hard-featured unpleasant men, railway cars without distinction of class,

and a large amount of immature twaddle about the American Constitution and the War.

I have posted you a *Times* of to-day, July 26th, with the latest news from America. Things are evidently in a devil of a state. Exchange on England at 129½! Silver at 10 per cent.! Bounty given to induce men to enlist in the new draft of 300,000 is absolutely 150 dollars, or about £25 English! Tennessee and Kentucky rising against the Federals; McClellan's army driven into a corner, and of no avail; general damnation in Wall Street and mouldy apprehension of evil everywhere in the Northern States. If President Lincoln does not veto the Confiscation Bill, it will be the blackest day of his life.

AUGUST, 1862

THE season is well-nigh over, and we begin to think seriously of seeking fresh air and repose in the country. Verily this hath been a busy time. Nearly all one's friends have been up in town, and the feeling of surprise at the announcement that some utterly unexpected visitor has called has long since been worn out. We accept everything with equanimity and resignation. I merely remark as heretofore that "Man is a shadow" or that "Life is a Vapour." We have been singularly lucky in getting tickets for the Opera given to us, and have had the satisfaction of hearing most of the operas from boxes or stalls.

Parliament has been prorogued without having done any mischief, and without having effected much good. It has repealed the Hop duties, passed an Act for facilitating the Transfer of Land, and rendered the Embankment of the Thames a certainty. The Queen's Speech, which that paper of Yankee proclivities, *The Morning Star*, chose to call the Queen's *Message*, contained little worthy of remark, except that, in my opinion, it was a mistake to say anything about the "conversation with the United States" for the suppression of the Slave Trade, and to express hopes that with the aid of the United States navy it would be effectually prevented.

Wednesday last (the 13th) was thy Friar's birthday.

As we are the same age,¹ nothing need be said on that score, save and except that the score in question is becoming a long one. However, we started by 9.40 train to Esher, having arranged to spend the day with Meredith. We spent the day among the woods and commons we love so well, and dined with considerable jollity at 6.30. Our poet produced a bottle of champagne, and made me the neatest possible speech in drinking my health. "Tuck," said he, "among all the things I have to thank God for, I know of none for which I am more grateful to Him than for the pleasure of knowing *you*." At 10 o'clock we strolled to the Mound adjoining his cottage, and all three reclining on the heather, we enjoyed the cool south-west night breeze for an hour before turning in. Of course "Robin" and "Tuck" smoked. It was a day to be remembered.

Last week a party of 400 excursionists came from Vienna to see the Exhibition and London generally. Amongst them was a friend of George Meredith's, a Doctor of Laws named Sana. The consequence of this was that Meredith and Arthur (his son) occupied our spare bed from Thursday to Monday. Sana was so delighted to see Meredith that he kissed him on both cheeks in presence of the 400 and the attendant waiters at the London Pavilion.² I need not say that

¹ Thirty-four.

² The London Pavilion was first opened on March 25th, 1859. It was built on the site of the stables of the "Black Horse" tavern in Tichborne Street, a dismal little street connecting Coventry Street with the Quadrant, and which disappeared in 1885, when Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue were constructed. The original London Pavilion was literally a music

the operation was not by any means pleasant to the patient. On the Friday, Sana, in Meredith's absence, was tempted to eat some *fried fish* (cold, I believe) at some late fish shop in the Strand, the viand being washed down by half-and-half. Foreigners surely eat strange things and have novel experiences in this country. The result was that Sana was violently seized with English Cholera. Strong doses of opium and hot fomentations on his poor stomach restored him, but he spent the better part of Saturday in bed. On Sunday he spent the day with us, for we wished him to be favourably impressed with that English Sabbath which foreigners usually regard as being so very *triste*. Sana can speak fluently French, German, and Italian, and all the numerous dialects (or languages) of Italy : but he does not know a word of English, so we had to muster up all our French, and very amusing it was to hear us. Our unfortunate foreigner's system had been fearfully shattered, so we made it our business to restore him. We had a cold luncheon,

hall annexe to the adjoining public-house, as were all the early music halls—merely subsidiary adjuncts to the more important business of drinking. It was known as No. 4½ Tichborne Street ; No. 4 was a trunk maker's , and No. 3 was Kahn's " Magnificent Anatomical Museum," opened in 1857, Kahn having been previously a German barber. There was thus no connection between the music hall and " Dr." Kahn's museum, as has erroneously been stated—one writer even asserting that " visitors to the Pavilion could hear the shrieks of the women who saw some of the horrors of that disgusting show." The old London Pavilion, said to have been rather like a coffin in shape, lasted until 1885, when it was pulled down at the time of the Piccadilly Circus improvements, but the new building was erected on the same site, and this again was reconstructed in 1900.

with brandy and water at eleven o'clock, then G. M. and I took him in a cab to Hampstead Heath, where we "threw in" draughts of fresh air and "exhibited" a distant view of London. We returned by omnibus, and sat down to our regular luncheon in Gordon Street at 2 o'clock. The Doctor of Laws was visibly mending. In the afternoon we took him to the Zoological Gardens, with which he was delighted. I believe the Gardens at Amsterdam are the only others that bear comparison with ours at all. We had determined to give him a thoroughly English dinner; and we had the great delight of seeing a man taste the "ros bif" for the first time in his life. It was a piece of ribs, and Sana was in an ecstasy. He had never tasted such a viand before, and had not imagined such a delicacy existed. A dish followed, which of course he had never seen before, neither had Meredith. It was a "plat" devised by myself, viz. "Curried Maccaroni." This novel treatment of an article of food with which, in other forms, he was so well acquainted, amazed him. I can assure you it is most delicious, and is far the best method of employing curry. This dinner entirely restored our friend, and, after tobacco and music, he left us, escorted by Meredith, for his lodgings. We feel that we have done a patriotic service in sending back a foreigner, of considerable influence to his own country, overwhelmed with the hospitality of England. He could not find words to express his gratitude and delight. On Monday he insisted upon taking G. M. up and down each side of the Strand, to see if he could point out to him the marvellous "poisson" (poison?) which

had effected such a revolution in his system. Robin described this to us on Wednesday, and we all laughed ourselves into hysterics. Sana was convinced that he had eaten the only specimen of the "poisson" that existed, and we, with yells of laughter, did not dispute his opinion.

Our friend, Shirley Brooks, has taken a house in Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, and he and his wife asked us to join a boating party on the ornamental water of the Park the other day. We had an earlier dinner than usual at 5 o'clock, and arrived at his house at 6. We filled two boats, and I naturally, after all my experience, distinguished myself as an oarsman.¹ At sunset we returned to Kent Terrace, and had music and chat. Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold (a daughter of Laman Blanchard's² and wife of Douglas Jerrold's son) sang with great taste; she is quite a musical genius in a small way. At 10.30, we sat down to supper, and were a right merry party, our exhilaration not being diminished by champagne cup. I told Shirley Brooks a good but slightly blasphemous story before supper, and he and I laughed so much about it, that the ladies wanted to hear it. I refused to be the relater, but Brooks at

¹ One would dearly like a photograph of this water party; the men, no doubt, wore top hats and frock coats, and the ladies voluminous crinolines and poke bonnets or "pork-pie" hats, and boots with elastic sides.

² Samuel Laman Blanchard, who died by his own hand in 1845, was in turn editor of *The True Sun*, *The Courier*, *The Court Journal*, and Cruikshank's *Omnibus*. By the aid of Forster, Bulwer Lytton, and Ainsworth, Blanchard's three sons were placed in situations, and the daughter at the Royal Academy of Music. Her husband, Blanchard Jerrold, was later the author of *The Life of George Cruikshank* (1882).

last acceded to their urgent solicitations. They were slightly shocked, but laughed nevertheless most heartily. This is the story: "The Enemy of Human Souls" was playing at dice with "the Second Person in the Trinity," for what stake I know not. Of course, the devil, who can do all that doth beseem a man, threw sixes with perfect facility. But the other party instantly threw *sevens*. "Come, now," said ye Devil, "play fair: let's have none of your damned *miracles*!" This story is one that will grow upon you the more you think of it in all its bearings. To me, it seems most admirable, and, with slight modification, might be made the text of a telling essay on miracles.

The Brookses are great friends of Bellew, whom you will recollect as the popular preacher. He has lately given up his church in Hamilton Terrace, and retired to the neighbourhood of Walton-on-Thames. His farewell sermon produced a profound effect. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were present, and, the church being closely packed, Brooks had to be content with an improvised seat near the altar rails, in fact I am not sure if he was not on the steps. Bellew remained during the service in a chair of state inside the railings, but when he rose to go up into the pulpit, as he passed Brooks with solemn step, without moving a muscle of his countenance he said: "I should recommend you to take my chair," which Brooks accordingly did. The pet preacher then delivered a sermon which left not a dry eye in the church, men and women cried alike. Verily he is a consummate actor, and a great humbug. The Sunday following, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks went down to spend the day with him on the banks of the Thames. Instead of going to



SHIRLEY BROOKS

[*Photograph by William Hardman*]

church, they all (Mrs. Bellew included, for he has married again since his divorce) went on the river; the popular preacher being clothed in a scarlet flannel shirt, with gorgeous braces worked by the fair hands of some female admirer among his congregation.

The Rev. John Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew during his brief career in London was one of the most prominent and discussed personages of the time. Certain startling, or rather scandalous, events connected with him added to his notoriety as the most popular and affected preacher of the day. He was a constant topic of gossip, much of it untrue; but the real facts of his life and character were sufficiently remarkable to warrant attention then and some record here, for his personality is indissolubly associated with the social history of the early 'sixties in London. He was the son of Captain Robert Higgin by the daughter of John Bellew, of Castle Bellew, Co. Galway, a cousin of Lord Bellew. Born at Lancaster, on August 3rd, 1823, and educated at the Grammar School there, and later at Oxford, he took the name of his mother in 1844. He was curate at St. Andrew's Church, Worcester, in 1848, and at Prescott, in Lancashire, two years later.

Bellew married, in 1847, Mrs. Palmer, a widow, she being Eva Maria, daughter of Vice-Admiral Money.

Mrs. Hardman, when writing of the Bellew family, relates :—

“Bellew has his admirers in the pulpit, his personal friends out of it, but few combine the two relationships towards him. I do to some extent; he is the best preacher I ever heard, though not the greatest scholar, and a pleasing, handsome, distinguished man in Society; but he has little

repartee, still less conversational powers, and is not at all a sympathetic listener. He is, however, a thorough, straightforward, jolly, Lancashire man who speaks his mind very plainly, and I can easily believe makes many enemies and offends not a few. Mrs. Bellew is his second wife, the first was young, pretty, and very flighty—she was cousin to Mrs. Samson, the rector's wife of Prescott, to whom Bellew was, in 1850, an unknown curate. Some friends of ours at Prescott knew them all well. Mrs. Bellew ran away with, I think, some officer, but subsequently showed great penitence, and for the sake of their young children Bellew took her back. They then went to Calcutta.¹ I should tell you the Samsons quite exonerated Mr. Bellew, and said the whole blame rested with their relative, his wife. In Calcutta, Mrs. Bellew eloped with the Hon. Mr. Eden,² son of Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells, after which Bellew procured a divorce from her. Subsequently, and

¹ Bellew was appointed chaplain of St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta, in 1851. By his first wife he had four children; the youngest son, Harold, later became well known as an actor, under the name of Kyrle Bellew.

² The Hon. (subsequently Sir) Ashley Eden (1831-87), at that time in the Civil Service of the East India Company. He became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (1876-82), and K.C.S.I. Bellew brought an action for Crim. Con. in the Supreme Court of Calcutta in November, 1853, and obtained damages of 5,000 rupees and costs from Mr. Eden. In England, the divorce proceedings dragged on for many years. Bellew returned to London in 1855, and intended to get a Bill passed through Parliament for the dissolution of his marriage, but he eventually abandoned the proceedings owing to lack of funds. On the establishment of the Divorce Court his case was mentioned several times. Finally it was heard, with full evidence, in January, 1861, and the decree nisi was granted in the following April. Mr. Eden later married Mrs. Bellew, and she died in 1877.

comparatively recently, he married his present wife, who was a Miss East, of good family in one of the western counties, but whose first husband, Captain Wilkinson, treated her so shamefully she was able to get a divorce from him (for cruelty and adultery), and she and Bellew, the injured spouses, made a match. All this is a fruitful source for gossip! The Prescott episode is little known in London Society, except among personal friends of the Bellews, like Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Brooks. I am constantly hearing fresh stories, but those which I know are false make me more sceptical every day about those I can neither prove nor refute. Bellew's sermons are remarkable for their clearness, beautiful language, good delivery, poetical thoughts, and sound doctrine, but above all their chief charm in my estimation is their practical truth, the Religion of Common Life. Last Sunday was an instance—he gave us a grand lecture on 'Idle Words.' 'For every idle word that men shall speak,' and it seems by 'idle' we are to understand 'injurious,' so that in effect the sermon proved a discourse on calumny. Imagine the effect in the hands of one who so well knows the world, has been so greatly its victim, and is a master of elocution and modern literature, and the best actor of his time! His sermons are always well studied and, though written, almost spoken by heart; they are *chefs d'œuvres*, and going to hear them is a pleasure, not a drudgery. Lionel Robinson, who rejoices in sarcasm, finds his stories now only meet with the disagreeable check, 'Idle words, idle words'! "

Mr. Bellew commenced his famous ministry at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, in 1857. His vogue became extraordinary. Mrs. Panton (a daughter of W. P. Frith, R.A.) says he

“ was a singularly handsome man with very fine white hair¹ which, after his second marriage, all the ladies of his congregation declared he had had bleached, and he furthermore possessed the most beautiful hands and feet. The former he used to wave gracefully over the heads of his congregation. The latter he encased in open-worked silk socks and patent leather shoes with broad steel buckles, and he used to raise his cassock to show them as he went up the steps of the pulpit.”

Bellew was considered by his contemporaries to be also an admirable preacher for children, and accordingly there were special sermons for children, attended by the young families of most of the artistic people of the time. The late Sir Leslie Ward used to relate how as a little boy he had to walk from his parents' house, Kent Villa, in Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill, to Mr. Bellew's church, St. Mark's, St. John's Wood—and a very long walk it must have been, across the fields and rough roads just being laid out in Westbourne Park and what is now the Elgin Avenue district. However, Leslie Ward appreciated the sermons, and said Bellew's manner “ took enormously with children.” Both he and his mother, Mrs. E. M. Ward, had many stories to tell of the flamboyant preacher, one concerning the marriage of Albert Smith with Miss Keeley. The bridegroom did not appear for the ceremony, and Bellew dashed round to his lodgings and found the lagging groom calmly reading the newspaper. He was seized and hustled into a cab, and the church was reached just in time for the marriage to take place.

Perhaps the most characteristic story told of him is to be found in the late G. A. Storey's *Sketches from Memory*. After resigning the living of

¹ He was only thirty-four years of age.



THE REV J. M. BELLEW

St. Mark's, in 1862, as related by Hardman, Bellew became minister of Bedford Chapel,¹ where he remained for six years. He desired to have a new altar-piece representing the Crucifixion, and engaged the future Royal Academician to paint the work for £40. To continue in Storey's words :

"I had made considerable progress with the picture when Bellew came to see it, and suggested some alteration in the expression of St. John, showing me, by clenching his own hands and looking up, what he meant. I said if he would remain in the attitude I would make the alteration at once, as I saw the criticism was sound. He did so, but after a few minutes he asked me if he might smoke. He lit a cigar and resumed his impersonation. It struck me that St. John contemplating the figure on the Cross with a 'Flor de Murias' in his mouth was 'un peu bizarre,' not to say comic."

"The Crucifixion," by Storey, was duly put up in Bedford Chapel in May, 1868, but its stay there was short, for in the same year Bellew caused a new sensation by leaving the Church of England, and, together with his wife, becoming a member of the Roman Catholic Church. He presented Storey's picture to the Carmelite Church, Kensington. His change of faith must have been sincere, for it meant the loss of an income of about £1,000 from his pew rents. He now became a public reader, for he had long been noted for his elocution. His readings from Shakspeare were particularly fine; he had

¹ Bedford Chapel stood on the south side of Oxford Street, at the north-west corner of that part of Bloomsbury Street adjoining Bloomsbury Chapel and the French Church. Bedford Chapel was demolished in 1896, and the site is covered by Albion House. Stopford Brooke was minister of Bedford Chapel 1876-94.

great histrionic gifts in addition to his elocutionary power. He also essayed literature, and produced a novel entitled *Blount Tempest* in 1865. He was the first to introduce the poetry of Bret Harte to John Camden Hotten, the publisher; and *The World* had its origin at a dinner-party in Bellew's house, when Edmund Yates met Grenville Murray, who eventually put up half the capital required for the new paper.

Edmund Yates was one of Bellew's firmest friends. They were near neighbours in St. John's Wood—Yates at No. 3 Abbey Road, and Bellew at No. 6 Marlborough Place—in those days of the 'sixties when the Wood of the Evangelist was such a pleasant retreat, adjoining both London and the country. Yates related in his *Recollections*:—

“It used to be said that Mr. Bellew was a born actor, but in the days when I knew him he was too portly and too unwieldy to have shone on the stage. Undoubtedly he was never seen to such advantage as in the pulpit, where his figure loomed large and his aspect was commanding; his ecclesiastical millinery was perfect, and he wore, when preaching, cuffs of French cambric—such as used to be a portion of a widow's dress in the days when widow's mourning was in vogue—round his plump white hands. I do not think I ever heard a voice of such magnificent *timbre*, and he knew exactly how and when to employ every note in its gamut. He never read anything so well as the Church Service—a straightforward, appreciative bit of magnificent declamation, free from intoning or sing-song of any kind. In his ordinary readings he was best in Shakespeare.

“I do not think there was ever a man more thoroughly misunderstood by the majority of people, even by those who thought they knew him,

than John Montesquieu Bellew. He generally passed for a sharp, shrewd, scheming man of the world, always on the look-out to better his position, and not very scrupulous as to the means; much of a lady-killer, and not a little of a charlatan. There were never more mistaken notions than all of these, though I am bound to state that they were mostly, if not entirely, due to the man himself. Never was a man so wholly and completely his own enemy as Bellew; never did a man so persistently and yet so unintentionally do the wrong thing in the wrong place. He was not much given to mixing with professional divines, but had he been he would have reserved his strongest and most piquant story for his Bishop's ear. Half the stories told to his detriment were not seen in that light himself, and, though perfectly false, were left uncontradicted, owing to a curious feeling which left him somewhat flattered by being considered the hero of them. He was not very firm, or very strong-minded, or very decisive; but he was frank, kindly, generous, and hospitable, a kind and affectionate husband, an excellent friend, and a good father. I lived in closest intimacy with him for years, and in his best, freest, and happiest days during his ministry at St. Mark's; later, when he was gradually slipping into what he called the Charles Honeyman line at Bedford Chapel; latest of all, when he renounced his sacred calling and abjured his old faith, when he had christened himself 'Poetry on Wheels,' and was perpetually engaged in travelling in England and America in delivering his recitations. Some of his friends blamed him, and some pitied him; but to a few good and staunch and true who knew the man, his affectionate disposition, his warm, generous heart, he was lovable to the last. By those his memory is still cherished."

Bellew wore himself out by his incessant public readings, particularly in America. His strength and vitality failed. On the eve of his departure for a reading tour in America he wrote to Mrs. Hardman :

“What can you have *constructed* with your own fair hands for me? I am all curiosity. N.B. I don't wear night-caps. . . . My heart sinks within me when I think of this impending trip to America. I am not at all in A Merry Key (good, but hardly fresh). So no more for the present, from your exceedingly weary friend,

“J. M. BELLEW.”

He returned from America in an exhausted state; he had made £6,000 and more out there, but continued his public readings in England. In 1870 he was living at 162, Holland Road, Kensington, but his last home was in St. John's Wood, where his happiest years had been spent, during his ministry at St. Mark's, and it was at 16, Circus Road that he died in June, 1874, at the age of fifty. Thus ended early his restless, eventful, but rather sad life. As a contemporary observed, there was something of both Sterne and a French abbé in him. Although at one time of his brilliant promise the world seemed at his feet, his life proved to be a failure; and the dark shadows overcame the gleams of fitful sunshine.

My friend, James Virtue,¹ has gone to-day (the 16th), by the *Great Eastern*, to New York, I believe. He has a branch house in that city and the affairs require looking after, as you may easily imagine. I told him the other

¹ The publisher, see ante, p. 56.

day that, to parody worthy old George Herbert's well-known lines :—

“ *Virtue* stands on tip-toe in our land,
Readie to passe to the American strand.”

In the original it is “ Religion,” but “ *Virtue* ” is easily substituted and does not make a bad hit.

A letter in *The Times* the other day, signed “ Confederate,” and dated from Paris, states, on the authority of a private letter from a friend in the Confederate Army, that the following is a correct list of military supplies and prisoners taken by the South in the recent series of battles before Richmond : 80 large guns ; 200 spiked guns (destroyed) ; 1,700 mules ; 2,500 horses ; 62,000 stand of arms ; 6,000,000 dollars worth of various stores, including the balloon and all its tackle ; 2 major-generals ; 6 brigadier-generals ; 13 colonels ; 180 commissioned officers ; and 11,000 prisoners (I presume non-commissioned and privates). These particulars are interesting. You may probably see a long letter of Lieutenant Maury (Scientific man, Hydrographer, Deep-sea sounder, and Confederate), in which he distinctly charges the Federals with forging Southern newspapers : they copy the advertisements and general body of news, but substitute such paragraphs as suit them. I have just had a hunt after *The Standard* of Wednesday in which Maury's letter was published, and I now recollect that I put it in my pocket and took it down to Meredith's, where I must have left it.

Here is a story tending to edification. The Bishop of Oxford¹ was conducting a theological examination, and

¹ Wilberforce, see ante, p. 3.

one question in the paper was this : " Do you consider God to be a reasoning and intelligent being ? " A good, but stupid, youth replied : " *No*. Man reasons because he is fallible : *God* is infallible, and therefore does not reason." Well, you will say, that is a notable answer ; but it was surpassed by a clever and naughty student who wrote the following reply : " *Judging from his writings*, I should say he is not." Sola ! Sola !

A startling advertisement has been appearing in the papers lately. It commences : " What shall a lodger do with a corpse ? " ¹ and of course is inserted by some undertaker who recommends him or her to go to so and so. Apropos of corpses, a double suicide, or murder and suicide, came off on a favourite piece of ground which George Meredith and I had vainly tried to obtain for building purposes near Cobham, on the Pains Hill side. These people (two brothers, Bittlestone) squizzled themselves, and were not found until the stink of their bodies attracted notice. We not unnaturally take it as a great grievance that any persons should rashly intrude themselves on a choice and picturesque spot for purposes of murder or suicide,² and should leave their wretched bodies there to be discovered by their decomposition. Instantly a mob invades our chosen building site ; they come down from London in herds to see the place, and in their eagerness to carry away memorials of the foul

¹ This is rather like the advertisement in Richard Middleton's bizarre story, *The Coffin Merchant*, which was worded : " You will soon be wanting a coffin ! "

² Possibly this incident suggested to Meredith the suicide of Purcell Barrett in *Sandra Belloni*, which he was writing at this time, for the scene of that tragedy was laid by the pollard-willow near the picturesque Black Pool in Copsham woods, Cobham.

deed they leave every tree in the immediate vicinity not only leafless but branchless.

Monday, August 18th (1862).—This morning I am astounded by a wild letter from Meredith, dated Ryde Pier Hotel. He has accepted an invitation to go a yachting excursion with Morison and his wife (in James Virtue's yacht) to Weymouth, Torquay, the Channel Islands, and wherever else Æolus may list. His letter is to announce the fact, and (knowing that I shall be in town for the next fortnight) to ask me to do his newspaper work for him.¹ So my hands and brains will be pretty well occupied for a time, with my own work as well. I must really quote some of his letter to show you the style :

“ Beloved Tuck ! To-morrow we sail ! We're off to the west ! ” (Here follows a song to the following tune. . . . It's all wrong, I am writing it from memory without an instrument, but no matter, I will proceed. It is a popular melody of the nigger character.)

“ To-morrow, I am going,
I cannot tell you where ;
The wind is stoutly blowing
The ladies' —— bare.

.

“ And now for a toast !
(To Tuck the toast shall be),
I'm off along the coast,
I would he were with me.

“ Here's Morison drunk with salt water. Mrs. M. ditto. G. M. ditto ditto. We swear we'll live on it

¹ Meredith said : “ Will you write for this week's *Ipswich Journal* a summary of the week's news ; and an article—on America, if you like ? ”

till we come home pickled. I've got a pea-jacket, and such a nautical hat, and such a roll of the legs already." (Here follows the business matter, and then the chant continues.)

" For I'll be in a cabin
Just 3 feet long, 4 square,
So ponder on your Robin,
The figure of him there
I don't care a damn, etc., etc."

Of course, I wrote (Post Office, Weymouth) to ease his mind by undertaking the work; and added a wish that he might be thoroughly sea-sick, that he might, in fact, be reduced to a condition like unto Sana's.¹

There have been two unsuccessful attempts to scale the Matterhorn. A man named Whymper had got higher than anyone else, but on returning alone (for I suppose no guides would accompany him) he found some steps he had cut in the ice melted, and in attempting to restore them he slipped, and falling down a precipice 800 feet deep, was fortunately arrested on a ledge, much bruised but not fatally injured. Professor Tyndal, availing himself of his tools and experience, ascended to a yet higher point, but was compelled to return, leaving the mountain unscaled, for he found that he should have to mount a sheer precipice of several hundred feet, with nothing to hold on by. After this, I suspect the Alpine Club will abandon any further attempt. It is well that one mountain at least in Europe should be too much for them, lest they become too cheeky.

¹ See ante, p. 163.

This page is written at Copsham, where we have taken up our abode in the absence of the master of the house, Meredith. I have taken G. M.'s newspaper work for him, and am the pro-editor of *The Ipswich Journal* for the time being, a strong Tory paper in which I can ventilate my views on the recognition of the Confederates, the metropolitan constituencies, especially with reference to the great frauds and confessions of the ex-member for Lambeth. By the way, I will send you a full report of the case referred to in the last sentence, *Roupell v. Waite*, tried at Guildford about a week since. It is indeed a cause célèbre.

In this Roupell case, the evil is traceable to one single plague-spot, which has infected the man's whole being. He was illegitimate. But there was another complication which must not be overlooked. Old Roupell, the lead smelter and dealer in marine stores, got four illegitimates out of his young woman, then married her and begat a legitimate son.¹ This always creates a state of things that is sure to lead to evil results. If a man gets a woman with child, let him

¹ Richard Palmer Roupell, of Aspen House, Brixton, at his death in 1856 left the bulk of his fortune of £300,000 to his youngest and legitimate son, Richard. But his elder and illegitimate son, William, forged a will which purported to leave all the property to the testator's widow, with William as co-executor. The latter was thus enabled to deal with the estate, and squandered most of the money, for he had long been involved in financial difficulties. The forgery came to light through an action about part of the property, the Norbiton Park Farm estate. William Roupell, ex-M.P. for Lambeth, was tried on 24th September, 1862, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. But he proved such an exemplary convict that he was released after serving twenty years.

marry her before it is born; or else let him live with her and beget youngsters until his quiver bursts with its fulness, and when she has ceased bearing children, then let him make an honest woman of her if he likes. But don't let him have a mixed family, born, some on the wrong side and some on the right side of the blanket. Evil is sure to be evolved if he does. The late Sir Charles Palmer (or Robert, I forget which) acted very sensibly. He begat an illegitimate family, but would not make his mistress Lady Palmer until she had done bearing children, although he sacrificed the baronetcy by so doing. The consequence is that all the family, being freed from odious distinctions among themselves, are quite jolly. He made deeds of gift to each of his children of their respective shares before his death, and so avoided the 10 per cent. legacy duty.

Mary Anne and I are delighted to have your wife's portrait. You ought to have sent your own as well, carte de visite size, for these sized portraits are all the rage here, as they most likely are in Melbourne. Of course we have an album, or rather several, for we separate our friends from royal and public people.

August 26.—I have altered my opinion about the Roupell case: that is to say, as regards the invalidating of the reputed forged will. The question will be, can the survivor of the two witnesses upset a will established by a decree of the Court of Probate, and proved on his own oath, by afterwards asserting that the other two signatures are forgeries? There will be some fine fighting for the lawyers, and great pickings.

Garibaldi is puzzling everybody most terribly just

now. In fact, it seems to me he is playing the devil with the welfare of Italy, and stands a good chance of undoing all his former services, and reducing the peninsula and Sicily to a state of anarchy. Silly fellow! he has no head. Cavour could do what he liked with him, but no one remains now he is dead. I heard that Lord John Russell had left Ireland suddenly, earlier than he intended, for London. I now find that the Baron Ricasoli ¹ has also made his appearance in London yesterday. By putting two and two together we see the origin of the milk in the cocoanut in this instance. Depend upon it, the Italian Government is in a very anxious state of mind, and they are desirous of having the views of our Foreign Secretary clearly and promptly.

We came back to town by an early train this morning. I have to write an article on the Bicentenary which occurred last Sunday. The two hundredth anniversary of the day when the Church of England was purged of a loathsome mass of Puritan maw-worms who had crept in during the Commonwealth.²

Hardman notes that his letter of September, 1862, was written from Brighton, where he had no facilities for copying it, but that it contained little of interest. The next letter contains a long exposition of his views upon George Meredith's

¹ Presumably the Italian Ambassador.

² The Act of Uniformity, 1662, which required all holders of benefices to be ordained by a bishop, to use only the Book of Common Prayer, and to take an oath that resistance to the king was unlawful. As many puritan ministers refused to comply with these conditions, they were deprived of their livings on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662.

Modern Love, written in reply to Holroyd's criticisms of that poem. It is unnecessary to quote it, but there is a characteristic moment when Hardman speaks of Tennyson's *Guinevere*, which Holroyd had claimed to be finer in pathos than *Modern Love*: "Now I will just state that my admiration of *Guinevere* is enormous; that I threw so much pathos into my reading of it to Mary Anne that she went into hysterics and wept copiously."



WILLIAM HARDMAN AND HIS WIFE, MARY ANNE

OCTOBER, 1862

WE have got back to Gordon Street, and are, if possible, more overwhelmed with visitors during these last few weeks of the Exhibition than we were afore-time. "The last state of this couple is worse than the first." (Search the Scriptures, and when found, follow Cap'n Cuttle's directions.) Entre nous, I shall be heartily glad when London returns to its normal condition once more. I would that I had thee here, caitiff.

Last Saturday night (October 18) I went to Hamilton's¹ rooms in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to have a chat and smoke. C. W. Goodwin (of *Essays and Reviews*), the Editor of *The Parthenon*, was there; also Stirling Coyne,² the dramatic author; a French cousin of Hamilton's named Clark (or some name that sounded like that), who has lived ten years in Melbourne. Morison (who is writing a life of St. Bernard, as I have told you before) was there, also Ingleby (formerly of Trinity in our time, but a year our senior),

¹ N. E. S. A. Hamilton, of the British Museum, and author of *The Shakespearean Question*.

² Joseph Stirling Coyne (1803-68), a native of Birr, King's County. Dramatic critic of *The Sunday Times*, and author of fifty-five dramas, burlesques, and farces, now nearly all forgotten. His plays included *Black Sheep*, *The Hope of the Family*, and *Binks the Bagman*.

and a Dr. Brown, the embodiment of John Bullism, a man who bathes after Turkish fashion at least three times a week, and is overflowing with health and spirits, with myself formed the rest of the party. When I got in they were busy with "miracles" and the evidence necessary to establish them. My known acquaintance with the subject caused an instant appeal to me, and I sided with Goodwin, who was battling with Ingleby, who was relating inexplicable spirit-rapping experiences. A few well-directed questions from either *The Parthenon* editor or myself elicited from Ingleby some little, but most important, fact which he had overlooked. After he left, Goodwin and I agreed that no evidence could possibly attest a miracle, and that Ingleby's stories only proved to us more clearly how easy it was for a man whose word is above suspicion, and whose honesty could not be disputed, to be deceived by a clever humbug. Of the honesty of belief of the Howitts¹ and others in spiritual manifestations there can be no doubt. Hamilton told us he was at a man's rooms in Gray's Inn one evening; among the company was a literary man (whose name has escaped me) who believed in spirit-rapping; while they were sitting talking quietly about spirits, but ridiculing the believer in them, a decanter on the table split from top to bottom. This startling result was of course brought about by change of temperature or something of that sort: but the believer immediately turned pale, and became very nervous, saying, "We have offended the spirits present by our conversation."

¹ See ante, p. 14.

Goodwin said he had seen Colenso's¹ work on the Pentateuch, which is expected to appear in a few days, and that it would undoubtedly cause an enormous sensation. Colenso had asked Goodwin some time ago, when first *Essays and Reviews* appeared, to send him out all sorts of books, for and against the orthodox view, to Natal (of which place he is Bishop). Goodwin did as his friend desired, and heard no more about the matter until Colenso came home and announced his intention of publishing the forthcoming work. In his Preface, I am told, he relates how a Zulu Caffir, who had been reading the account of the Deluge in the Bible, asked him if he really believed that it was

¹ John William Colenso (1814-83), author of *Algebra* (1841) and *Arithmetic* (1843), works well known to schoolboys of a generation or two ago. He was rector of Fornsett St. Mary, Norfolk, from 1846 to 1853, when he was appointed Bishop of Natal. The first portion of his work on the Pentateuch, which caused such a sensation in 1862, sought to prove his conclusions that *Numbers* and *Leviticus* were written by men who lived many centuries later than the events described, and that *Chronicles* was falsified deliberately in order to exalt the Priests and Levites. As a result of his heretical opinions (which to-day would be considered mild by clerics of the Higher Criticism), Colenso was deposed from his see by his metropolitan, Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, in December, 1863. But the Bishop of Natal appealed to the Crown, which pronounced these pontifical proceedings null and void. In spite of this, the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and for Promoting Christian Knowledge chose to regard Colenso as deposed, and paid their contributions for the benefit of his diocese to the Bishop of Cape Town. In later years, Colenso was associated with the history of South Africa during the time of Sir Bartle Frere and the Zulu War. His name survives in the designation given to a place in Natal, which became historical during the South African War of 1899-1901.

all true, and the birds, beasts, and creeping things, big or little, from hot and cold countries, came by pairs to Noah, and went into the Ark, and that Noah got food for them, and for the birds and beasts of prey amongst the rest? Colenso felt, naturally, that it was impossible for him to require his pupil to believe as a matter-of-fact history what he himself believed to be untrue, so he was obliged to say so, and put the Caffir off with some platitude for the time. Colenso regards the whole story of the Exodus as a fiction, and that no such groups of laws were laid down in the Wilderness: in fact, that the whole five books attributed to Moses are fictitious! That is pretty strong for a Bishop!

On Monday evening, October 20th, I dined with Morison and met Goodwin again. He is a very nice fellow, some nine or ten years our senior, very quiet and gentlemanly, with a considerable fund of humour, and an extended knowledge of literature ancient and modern. By the bye, I should tell you that I was greatly disappointed in Stirling Coyne, who is a well-known writer of farces and petites comedies; he is an Irishman of portentous appearance, with a big head covered with grey hair; black moustaches of large size overshadow his mouth and form a striking contrast to the greyness of his hair: he had very little to say, and what he did say was said very badly.

I recommence my work on *Cobbett* on Monday morning. I have a great deal to do yet, the collateral reading being so extensive; however, I am glad to say that *three* chapters are happily completed, and a lot more exists in a fragmentary and semi-digested

shape. By the bye, I was told the other day that when Bancroft¹ was writing his *History of the United States*, he paid no less a sum than £350 for transcripts of papers in the English State Paper Office, at the rate of fourpence a folio! He gave the collection, after it had served his purpose, to Harvard University or some place of that kind. Yesterday I wrote an article on Universal Suffrage and Conservative reaction in Australia for *The Ipswich Journal*.

Having discussed Meredith in his public capacity as an author in the earlier part of this letter, we will now go in for a little recital of the chaff that passes between us as friends. On the 5th of this month I received the following from Cambridge, whither he had gone to attend the meeting of the British Association.

“MADRIGAL WRITTEN IN ST JOHN’S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1862

“Tuck, sweet charmer, tell me why
I’m at ease when you are by?
Have you had a ‘round’ with Care,
Left him smoshen, stript him bare,
That he never more can try
Falls with me when you are by?

Ah, but when from me you’re screened
Atrabiliar glows the Fiend:
Fire is wet and water dry:
Candles burn cock’d hats awry:
Hope her diamond portal shuts,
Grim Dyspepsia haunts my—Ahem!”

¹ George Bancroft: the best edition of his *History of the United States* appeared in 1885.

This forms the commencement of a wild letter in which he says : " I've wandered up and down Trinity, thinking of Tuck, the radiant, and of others, mooning by Cam, into which classic flood drop numerous dead leaves. I've dined with Fellows, and am to dine with them again; have been cordially received, and inhabit chambers of an absent undergraduate whose slave is my slave. Jessopp"¹ (Master of King Edward's School, Norwich, where little Arthur Meredith has gone) " brought me : we return to Norwich to-night." (Here follows a description of the school and its habits and government.) " We have a good deal of prayer. Oh, Tuck ! have we not led thoughtless lives and snuffed our own conceit ? Tuck ! . . . I particularly wish thee to know them. Tuck ! it would do thee good, for, an I be not deceived, thou art but a lost sheep, and one of the ungodly." (Here follow praises of Mrs. Jessopp.) " Jessopp may well praise her fine qualities. The Lord decreed to him a helpmate. I say, Tuck ! does praying get us wives of this sort ? If so—but it's clear that it doesn't, for Tuck never goes on's marrow-bones, as I've been doing 24 times per diem of late." And so on, for G. M. never takes up a sheet of paper without filling it, even to odd scraps in vacant corners and along the sides sometimes. Apropos of his prayers and worship, I will tell you an incident. At Morison's the other night, having

¹ Dr. Augustus Jessopp (1824-1914), formerly Rector of Scarning, Norfolk, and author of *The Trials of a Country Parson*, became one of Meredith's most trusted friends. He officiated at the novelist's second marriage, in 1864, with Marie Vulliamy, whom Meredith had become attached to during a visit to the Jessopps at Norwich in April of that year.

been to church *three* times the previous day and attended family prayers twice, of course he had begun to flatter himself that he knew a little about religious matters and books. The consequence of this was that Goodwin and I were thrown into convulsions by his talking of having heard a chapter of *Micaiah* read, and that the text of the evening sermon of the previous day was something of this kind: "And Jesus said, 'When ye think most of yourselves, then are ye least worthy'!" We have not found the text yet! We all roared, he himself as heartily as anybody. Visitors and settling down on our return home prevented my replying so soon as I otherwise should, so on the 10th of October he writes a respectful and ludicrously formal letter to me, as follows:—

"To William Hardman, Esq.

"Dear Sir, I take the liberty of writing to you, requesting a line of information concerning one, Tuck, a ruddy man and a lusty, with whom I suppose you to be acquainted, and about whom I have recently been feeling a considerable anxiety. . . . I have written to him and can get no reply. You will acknowledge that I have cause for anxiety when I tell you, that in a work I have lately been reading it is said with regard to flesh-pots, that he who giveth his heart to them is on the high road to perdition. Which was truly and sadly the case with this named Tuck. A dangerous man, Sir! for he tempted us to love this life, and esteem it a cherishable thing: yet withal one whom to know once is to desire ever. For indeed such an one is seldom seen. Pity that such roseate

healthful bloom as that he wore upon the cheeks of him should be a banner of Repletion! Alas! and that the snowy perfection delighting us in him signified verily that Nature, though proud of him, struggled greatly, whereof came these hues of her desperation! Even so, the noble rotundity, the fine protuberance was excess of Potato! Yea, and also the very frankness of him partook too largely of Francatelli.¹ Hence my fear for the man: in that he, who was good himself as an egg fresh laid, had the love of things good, and did attract them to him profusely, which is against one of the decrees."

With a lot more. Of course I replied in the same style, writing to him as "George Meredith, Esq." and "Dear Sir," and attacking with all the humour in my power himself under his pseudonym of "Robin." Letters of this kind, as you will agree, form one of the greatest of the amenities of life.

We have had a week of tremendous weather; the coast has been strewn with wrecks, in spite of Admiral Fitzroy's storm signals and warnings.² I don't think we have had such a violent time of Equinoctial Gales

¹ Hardman was ever a great epicure. When only twenty-eight he wrote an article, *The Roll of Cookery*, which Dickens published in *Household Words*, June 6th, 1857.

² Robert Fitzroy (1805-65), son of Lord Charles Fitzroy and grandson of the third Duke of Grafton, a naval officer who became Vice-Admiral in 1863. In 1854 he was appointed Chief of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. He invented the Fitzroy Barometer. In his *Weather Book*, 1863, he instituted the system of storm warnings which has developed into the modern weather forecast. Admiral Fitzroy committed suicide when mentally deranged.

as we have had this year since the "Royal Charter" storm. The Queen has been detained several days at Läckén, the Belgian Royal Residence, being unable to cross the Channel in consequence of the storm.

Garibaldi Riots have been all the rage lately. Hyde Park and Birkenhead have been the scenes of very serious disturbances. A display of public out-of-door sympathy for that most idiotic of Generals is met by a violent onslaught of rabid Papists, chiefly Irish. The authorities at Birkenhead showed great imbecility, and the riot assumed very serious proportions. By the bye, the said Garibaldi is not recovering from his wound : the ball seems to be still in his ankle, in spite of Dr. Partridge's¹ assurances to the contrary. His age, gouty condition, and worn constitution combine to retard, if not to prevent, his recovery. I should not be surprised to hear of his death, although at present he is not dying, but simply loses flesh, and does not recover. He is said to be busily engaged in writing, so you may be sure he is making a fool of himself as usual when he has pen and paper before him. With his sword he is a Bayard, with his pen he is a Bombastes.

One of the most noteworthy facts of the present time is a letter written by Mrs. Thistlethwayte (some time Laura Bell) to *The Inverness Courier*, in reply to some observations of Dr. Begg and Mr. Kennedy of Dingwall on the addresses delivered by Mrs. Thistlethwayte at some place called Garve. Mrs. T. lectures every

¹ Professor Partridge, of King's College, London, was sent to act as surgical adviser to Garibaldi during his imprisonment at Varignano.

Sunday at Garve, and hundreds flock to hear her. Writing from Loch Luichart, Dingwall, October 4th, she says :—

“ Dear Sir, You will favour the cause of truth by kindly stating in your next report that I have not appeared in any pulpit here. At the request of many I have, through grace, humbly declared the plan of salvation by faith in a risen Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ—my object being to enlighten the poor and not the rich. Dr. Begg and Mr. Kennedy are both ignorant as to what the true Church of Christ is founded upon. It certainly is not brick and mortar, but living stones, bought with the precious blood of a Lamb without blemish.” And so on for about twice as much more, signing herself “ A sinner saved by grace through faith in the Lamb of God, L. Thistlethwayte.”

I have only one copy (from a Northern paper), it has not yet been republished by any London paper : however, what I have transcribed will serve to show you the sort of thing it is. I have no reason to doubt of the quondam prostitute’s sincerity, for I believe her conduct is most scrupulously correct, and her whole existence is given up to prayer and doing good to the poor. She chose (at Dingwall) a very out-of-the-way field for her exertions, and it was not good taste for Begg and Kennedy to make objection. At any rate, her letter is a settler to them : the latter part is full of Scripture references. Is it not strange to recall the time when she was Queen of London w—dom and had the Nepaulese Ambassador in her meshes. . . . But I have lived almost long enough

to cease to wonder at anything, save great scientific discoveries.

Laura Bell was one of the most conspicuous demi-mondaines in London some seventy years ago, and her sensational repentance added to her previous fame. Born in 1829, she was the daughter of R. H. Bell, of Glenconway, Co. Antrim. Her father was bailiff on the Irish estates of the Marquis of Hertford. Laura Bell became a shop-girl in Belfast, where her amours were numerous. By the time she was twenty she was established in Dublin, with a barouche and pair of white horses. She came to London in 1850, and lived at Wilton Crescent. Sir F. C. Burnand has preserved a vivid impression of Laura Bell in his *Records and Reminiscences* :

“As a ‘boy about town’ I remember several notorious Hetærae being pointed out to me as they rode in spanking style in the Row, were driven in open landaus, or charioteered themselves about Hyde Park in the season. The most memorable of these was Laura Bell, whose name, strange to say, Thackeray chose for his virtuous, quiet, and rather insipid heroine in *Pendennis*.¹ Clearly do I call to mind Laura Bell’s pretty, doll-like face, her big eyes, not ignorant of an artistic touch that added a lustre to their natural brilliancy, and her quick vivacious glances as she sat in an open phaeton, vivaciously talking with a variety of men, all ‘swells’ of the period, of course, at the corner of the drive near the Achilles statue, while her smart little ‘tiger’ stood at the horses’ heads. What strange stories I used to

¹ *Pendennis* was written in 1848-9, long before the vogue of Laura Bell, the demi-mondaine, so it is not likely that Thackeray was indebted to her for the name of his heroine.

hear of her recklessness, her prodigality, her luxury, and her cleverness! Was not her *liaison* with the chief of the Nepaulese princes, Jung Bahadoor, who alone was a temporary fortune to her, the theme of 'songs of the period' such as were sung by one Sharpe, after midnight at Evans's, when all the fresh-voiced boy-choristers had retired to bed. . . . Her name cropping up in the course of conversation many years after, I was reminded that she had married a Mr. Thistlethwayte, and was further informed that this 'prodigal daughter' had become an earnest and fervent preacher, that at her tea-table it was her custom frequently of an afternoon to welcome several eminent, staid, and learned individuals, receiving with especial favour a certain great orator and statesman,¹ who could, when he saw fit, be 'all things to all men,' and most things to most women, if only they were his rapt admirers."

Laura Bell was at the height of her notoriety about 1852, when it is related that she created a sensation at the Opera, everybody standing up to watch her departure. In the same year, on January 21st, she had married Augustus Frederick Thistlethwayte, son of Thomas Thistlethwayte of Southwick Park, Hants, by his second wife, Tryphena, a daughter of Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich. The marriage was not a particularly successful one. Laura was terribly extravagant, and her husband on more than one occasion gave public notice that he would not be responsible for her debts. They lived at 15 Grosvenor Square, and Thistlethwayte died there on August 9th, 1887, a victim of a mysterious accident. He was in the habit of keeping a

¹ W. E. Gladstone.

loaded revolver on a table by his bedside, and it is supposed that being seized with a fainting fit, he fell and knocked over the little table, thus causing the revolver to fire, with fatal results to himself.

With regard to Laura Bell's *liaison* in her earlier years with the Nepalese prince, Jung Bahadoor, a picturesque story used to be told (and printed) that, before returning to India, the Prince gave his frail friend a ring, with the promise that if she ever desired his aid or services, he would carry out her commands on receiving them with the ring as token. In 1857 came the Indian Mutiny. Mrs. Thistlethwayte sought an audience with the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII) and told him her story. On his advice, and with his aid, the ring was despatched to Jung Bahadoor in India with a letter reminding him of his pledge in the amorous past, and begging him, in view of that fond memory, to grant her one boon—to cast in his lot and that of the State of Nepal with the cause of England. And the noble native did her bidding, with the result that Nepal rendered signal aid to England in quelling the Mutiny, and the late King Edward VII “never failed to show what gratitude he could to the lady” who placed her reputation at the service of her country. It is a touching romance, but there is unfortunately one weak spot in it. In 1857 the Prince of Wales was scarcely sixteen years of age, and the rigid scheme of education he was then enduring under the supervision of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort certainly did not provide facilities for audience with ladies of Mrs. Thistlethwayte's order who desired to relate tender *contes* of their unregenerate days.

Lady St. Helier, in her *Memories of Fifty Years*, gives an interesting account of Mrs. Thistlethwayte's visit to Loch Luichart at the time Hardman mentions her letter to the local paper. She says :

"At first the county looked askance at the new arrival, and she was not visited. Rumours, which reached my grandfather's ears, of her extreme repentance and great spiritual gifts, backed up by an entreaty from my aunt, Lady Ashburton, that she would recognise her tenant, produced a great sensation in our family; and after many consultations and heart-burnings, my grandmother consented, in order to please my aunt, to receive Mrs. Thistlethwayte. We children were all sent out of the house the day when she paid her first visit, and only gathered from the mysterious whisperings of the maidservants that someone who ought not to have come to the house had been there, and that we had been sent out of the way to avoid meeting her."

Of Laura Bell's revivalist services, Lady St. Helier relates :

"Mrs. Thistlethwayte, beautifully dressed, and standing at the end of the building, so that all the light which entered through the small windows was thrown on her, illuminating the spot where she stood, poured out an impassioned address, not eloquent nor convincing, but certainly effective. She spoke with great facility, and with a good deal of emotion in her voice, and an evident air of sincerity and personal conviction. This, added to the remains of very great beauty, an influence largely increased by her great generosity to the poor people, made a vast impression on her congregation, and after the first meetings she succeeded in producing all the effects of other revival

preachers, and many conversions were supposed to have been the result of her ministrations. Had she been content with her success in the mountain recesses of Ross-shire, she might have been handed down to posterity as a sainted Magdalene. But not satisfied with her minor triumphs, she appeared one Sunday in the county town of Dingwall, and in defiance of the warnings of the Free Church minister there, attempted to hold a large meeting, which was not a success. Her crowded congregation was attracted more from curiosity than religious ardour, and after a second attempt, during which time she was exposed to the uncontrolled criticism of the minister and the elders, she contented herself with her Sunday meetings among the hills. She was a very striking-looking woman, and the large black mantilla which covered her masses of golden hair, the magnificent jewels she wore round her neck, and the flashing rings on the hands with which she gesticulated, added to the soft tones of a beautiful voice, made a great impression upon those who listened to her. She was joined afterwards by Lord and Lady Kintore, Lord Kintore being a very religious man, and he and Mrs. Thistlethwayte conducted services for many weeks."

The late Sir Willoughby Maycock recollected hearing Mrs. Thistlethwayte preach at the Polytechnic in 1874, where she attracted crowded houses. He said :

" She was getting on in years then, and inclining to be obese. But the lustre of her beautiful eyes, her most distinguishing feature, was only surpassed by the sparkling of an array of large diamond rings, which adorned her fingers, as she raised them in eloquent exhortation to her

audience to follow the path that alone leads to salvation."

Laura Bell was the model for the well-known picture of "The Nun," and a portrait of her painted by Buckner made the artist's reputation. Another portrait of her, by Girard, is in the Wallace Collection. After the death of her husband in 1887, Mrs. Thistlethwayte removed from 15 Grosvenor Square to Woodbine Cottage, Hampstead, where she enjoyed the society of a small but select circle of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. She was much in the confidence of Gladstone, who went to announce his resignation of the Premiership, in 1892, to her before he placed it in the hands of the Queen. After Mrs. Thistlethwayte's death at Woodbine Cottage on May 30th, 1894, Gladstone's numerous letters to her were found, and they filled a large box. She was buried at Paddington Cemetery in the vault of the Thistlethwayte family, where her husband and his mother, Tryphena, the Bishop's daughter, had preceded her.

The Americans go on slaughtering each other on a scale far greater than the world has yet known. But the end of the struggle seems as far off as ever. No one attempts to predict the result, nor the time when it is likely to terminate. My opinion is that the world is a gainer by every Yankee that bites the dust.

The state of affairs in Berlin is very serious. The perplexities of the Government increase. The Chambers rejected the ministerial budget, and were dissolved, the King¹ executing a coup d'état, and

¹ Later the German Emperor, William I, grandfather of the ex-Kaiser.

determining to raise money for the support of his army in defiance of the popular vote. No doubt a popular tumult was anticipated, nay, hoped for, in order that a slaughter of the people might inaugurate a civil war—so intense is the hatred, so wide the gulf between the two parties. The deputies and people have preserved a calm and dignified attitude, contenting themselves with passive resistance. When the taxes (unauthorised by the Assembly) come to be collected, the people will simply refuse to pay, and then the Government will be driven into a corner. The opinion is gaining ground that the King, who is an honest, pig-headed fool, will abdicate. Talking of abdication, I see that Otto of Greece¹ has abdicated, or rather been deposed by the Provisional Government. This is serious, and dangerous complications between the Great Powers are almost inevitable as a consequence of it.

Sir Benjamin Brodie has just died in his 80th year.²

¹ Otto, second son of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, had been elected to the throne of Greece in 1832. He was uncle of Ludwig II and Otto, the mad kings of Bavaria.

² The famous surgeon, born in 1783.

NOVEMBER, 1862

BELoved Antipodean ! It is the 8th of November, a Saturday night, ten minutes to midnight. I have just returned from spending one of the jolliest of evenings, so I sit down to impart the same to my Xenomanes.

Douglas Jerrold founded a society calling itself by the presumptuous title of " Our Club," which holds its meetings on Saturday evenings. There are about forty members, and those who choose dine on the said Saturdays at Clunn's, in Covent Garden, at six; a plain dinner—fish, boiled beef, pigeon-pie, rump steak and marrow-bones, with punch at a later period of the evening. Shirley Brooks was chairman to-night, and asked me to be his guest. Among those present were Durham (the sculptor), Holl, and old Evans, the publisher. The drawing off the cloth was the signal for the fun of the evening, which consisted of a constant fire of badinage and good-humoured personality. From eight o'clock till eleven I laughed inextinguishably. I am given to understand that sometimes these meetings don't always go off amicably : occasionally thin-skinned men are riled, because the criticism of a man's books is very free. Robert Chambers and Masson (editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*¹) were present at the previous meeting, and

¹ Founded in 1859, and published for some years at Cambridge.

having chaffed Brooks (who never loses his temper) very severely, he retorted by saying that "Scotchmen laboured under two great delusions : one was that they could write English—now they need not go further for the proof of the fallacy of this than by recollecting that there was a periodical bearing the name of Macmillan which was notorious for not being written in the English language. The other delusion was that the only divine manifestation on earth was made in the person of Robert Burns."

The chairman and the committee were derided, their inefficiency openly proclaimed in a series of speeches filled with humour. Imaginary causes of complaint were got up. If, as rarely happened, a speaker became prosy, loud cries of "Platitude, Platitude" greeted him on all sides. The only regular toast was "The Visitors," but I was the only one present. In returning thanks I said much as follows : "It is a happiness I have never before experienced to be present at a meeting which is characterised by so much harmony and good fellowship. The keen appreciation which each of you seems to have, evidently has, I should say, for his brother's good qualities, and the kindly manner with which, blind to his own follies, he dwells upon those of his neighbour, have taught me a lesson which I shall not fail to inculcate." I sat down amid applause, mingled with disappointment because I had luckily escaped a trap into which most visitors fall, viz. I had not used the word "genial," which would have rendered my inviter liable to a fine of sixpence. The word had been so much employed that its use was abolished under a penalty.

Subsequently a great question was raised as to whether each member should not be required, under penalty of sixpence, to introduce a quotation of two lines from some poetical author into his speech every time he rose to address the chair. After a good deal of discussion and chaff this proposition was carried with only one dissentient. Shirley Brooks suggested that if a member could not quote any line of poetry, he should at least *quote the funds!*

Brooks does nearly all the work of *Punch* now. *The Naggleton Conversations* are by him, and he is also the author of the admirable imaginary conversation between Otho and Bombe. He told me a good story of a remark really made to Mrs. Brooks by a lady friend. Mrs. B., hearing that the lady had only been once to the Exhibition said, "Well, you cannot know very much about it, then."

"Oh! yes," replied her friend. "I got a general impression and—an ice."

But to return to our muttons. Brooks proposed Durham's health in connection with the "1851 Memorial."¹ His speech was half chaff, half earnest. Durham replied in the only serious speech of the evening. (At the close of it) his voice faltered, his eyes filled with tears, and he sat down quite overcome. Poor fellow—we cheered him heartily, but he had forgotten his quotation, and inexorable law demanded the payment of the sixpence, which he at once did.

Durham asked me to go with my wife to the Hor-

¹ Out of seventy competitors, Joseph Durham (1814-77) had been selected to execute the statue of the Prince Consort, which is now behind the Albert Hall.

tical Gardens¹ the following day (Sunday) to see the statue of the Prince, which has been temporarily placed on the pedestal. He had it put there to work at it *in situ*. It is to be taken down and sent to Windsor for the Queen's inspection. The next day, in spite of the unpropitious state of the weather, we went to the Horticultural Gardens, and found that Durham had just arrived with Brooks and Holl. Durham was much pleased at our taking the trouble to come in all the drizzling rain. The memorial consists of a massive pedestal, formed of red and grey granite; the height of the whole thing to the top of the Prince's head is forty feet, the Prince's statue being ten feet high. The Prince is dressed in his robes as Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, and this gives opportunity for picturesque costume, for, independently of the robes, he is dressed in slashed doublet and trunk hose, with tights and boots of the Robin Hood style. These boots are, to my mind, the only objectionable part of the figure, but of course they are strictly *en règle*. After going round the Gardens, criticising the fountains, and Marochetti's model of the memorial to Charles Albert (erected at Turin), we left.

Monday.—We went to see the Lord Mayor's Show,

¹ These Gardens were situated at the back of the Exhibition Buildings of 1862, and the site is now covered by the Imperial Institute and other Museums. They had originally formed the beautiful garden of Gore House, Kensington, in the time of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay. Part of the Gardens were still unbuilt upon during the series of "Fisheries," "Health," "Inventions" and "Indian and Colonial" Exhibitions held here in 1883-6. The Albert Hall stands on the site of Gore House.

and had a good vantage ground on the leads of the *Punch* office, only one story high, and one of the best places along the route for seeing the spectacle. We were honoured by a special bow from the Lord Mayor, who removed his cocked hat with much dignity and affability as the penny-a-liners would say. I am happy to say that the Lord Mayor (Rose) is a Conservative, and has issued his address in that interest to the electors of Southampton.

We left Mr. Punch his office about four o'clock, feeling very dissipated : I walked till dinner time to *dissipate* the fumes of the Punch, and to digest, if possible, the cold collation. I succeeded only partially, and was compelled to go to dinner with what appetite I could. In the evening I went to a meeting of the Geographical Society, to hear an exposition of the latest discoveries in Australia. Sir R. Murchison (the President of the Society) was in the Chair. An enormous map of the country reached from the ceiling almost to the floor, and Mr. Arrowsmith pointed out the routes of the explorers with a long stick. The meeting was very crowded : there must have been, at least, five hundred persons present. We had two Governors in the room, who severally addressed the meeting, Sir R. MacDonald, Governor of South Australia, and Kennedy, Governor of Western ditto. Towards the termination of the sitting, an enthusiastic Scot, whose language was of the broadest accent, insisted on speaking; he talked either about gold or God, I could not hear exactly which; we tried to cough and cheer him down, and eventually succeeded. The two Governors spoke very well. Kennedy had

very decided views upon the advisability of selecting the Victoria river, at the north-west point of Australia, as a cotton-growing locality, in preference to Queensland. Victoria got immense *kudos* for its liberality and public spirit in all matters connected with the general welfare and advancement of the continent. Above all, the notion, that has been too freely discussed in this country, of leaving the colonies to shift for themselves, detaching them from the mother country, was very strongly deprecated. We were assured that nothing was farther from the thoughts of the colonists; that, in fact, they were deeply grieved to find such views promulgated so unfeelingly in the mother country; that Queen Victoria possessed no subjects more loyal and devoted than her Australians. I cheered loudly. In fact, I felt that I was present in my capacity of "old chum," that I was at least half a colonist myself. I was much amused with the manner in which Kennedy advocated the exportation of convicts to Western Australia; he dwelt upon the large amount of elbow room, and the impossibility of finding anything to steal!

And now let me see if I cannot find a story or two to tell you.

1. The following advertisement appeared in an American periodical called *The Farmer's Museum*, published as I suppose about 1796 or 7, during William Cobbett's residence in Philadelphia:

"Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord, and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in

the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands : if he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable.

“ N.B. He must not be familiar with the maid-servants, lest the flesh should rebel against the spirit, and he should be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked. Wages, 15 guineas a year.”

2. Janson, who travelled in America in the latter part of the last and the commencement of the present century, while witnessing the ceremony of baptism by immersion, had the following story told him by a bystander :

“ It was about the same time of year (January), for the severer the weather the greater their faith, when I was present at one of these duckings. It was performed in a small but rapid river, then covered with ice, except a place cut for the purpose. The minister with his followers advanced to the proper distance into the water. After the usual introductory prayer, being in the act of immersing the first, he accidentally lost his hold of the unfortunate person, who was in an instant carried down the stream, still running under the ice, and irrecoverably lost. The good man, finding his subject gone, with a happy serenity of mind exclaimed : ‘ The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. Come, another of you, my children ! ’ The remainder (like the apostles on a well-known occasion) all forsook him and fled, not a little astonished and confounded.”

Meredith has taken lately to felling trees and sawing

up logs of wood, as a healthy exercise, to promote the circulation and improve his digestion. With the latter object in view he has also adopted a wet compress on his stomach, and has found great benefit from it. I had a letter from him the other day, in which he parodies or rather adopts the metre of *The Jolly Young Waterman*. As there is no rhyme to "*carpenter*," he manufactures one, which, admitting the Yankee pronunciation, is very appropriate. "*Colenso*," whose book forthcoming then, but now forthcome, is also alluded to.¹

The Jolly Young Carpenter.

" Oh, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young carpenter
Sawing his logs, with the song of the lark ;
In tripping the lasses there ne'er was a *Sarpenter*,
Didn't they think his voice sweet after dark !

To give his opinions and thoughts in extenso,
His Bible he stuck to, in spite of Colenso."

He concludes his epistle as follows : " A tremendous South-wester is wakening great woodland hymns. I'm out. My logs are sawed, my song is sung.² From the embrace of compress, Your own." We went down

¹ See ante, p. 185:

² " Night on the rolling foliage fell,
But I, who love old hymning night,
And know the Dryad voices well,
Discerned them as their leaves took flight."

Compare with the rest of Meredith's *Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn*, 1862.

on Saturday (November 15th) to spend a day or two with him, and of course spent them very pleasantly.

I am revising a translation of Robert Houdin's exposé of the Tricks of Sharpers for the publishers. It has been translated by some female friend of the great magician, and is most abominably done. I don't know yet what they will pay me for my trouble, as we did not expect it would have involved so much labour. I would rather have translated it entirely myself. I am working deuced hard at Cobbett, and have impressed Mary Anne into the service. She goes regularly to the Reading Room of the British Museum with me four or five days a week, from ten to four, and is enormously interested. She reads and condenses and extracts for me.

I have posted you a copy of *Public Opinion* containing the first portion of a summary of the reviews of Colenso's work on the Pentateuch. It has caused a great sensation. I intend to write a letter to Bishop Colenso to express sympathy with his views and to assure him that he represents the opinions of a very large and increasing class of thinking men of his own University. I laughed greatly at Matthew Forster (of Trinity in our time) the other day. He has a knack of saying very quaint things in a dry fashion. It is impossible to reproduce his "insouciant" manner on paper, but he said, "What did I always tell you? That nothing would be done until you got a Bishop into a corner and asked him decidedly if he believed in Noah's Ark! You see the result." In the second of two letters sent to *Public Opinion*, amongst other things the writer asserts that Colenso tried to lead the world

to adopt polygamy ! He did nothing of the kind ; he simply urged the inexpediency (nay, absolute injury) of compelling Zulu and other savage tribes to give up all their wives (but one), who would thus be without protectors, and, being uncared for, would be starved to death ; besides, which of the wives ought to be retained ?

There were, of course, many contemporary jests at the expense of Colenso. One of the best, as a pun, relates how someone suggested that Colenso should retire to a lunatic asylum. "Well," replied a friend, "he has already given his Pen to Tuke (Pentateuch)"—Dr. Hannington Tuke being the well-known specialist, who took charge of mentally afflicted patients at Chiswick—in those days at the Manor House, in Chiswick Lane.

Tom Taylor perhaps wrote the following imaginary correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Natal.

"MY DEAR COLENSO,

With regret
We Hierarchs here in conclave met
Beg you, you most disturbing writer,
To set down your colonial mitre.
(This course we press upon you strongly.)
Believe me, Yours most truly,
LONGLEY."

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

To resign
This Zulu diocese of mine,
And own myself a heathen dark
Because I've doubts on Noah's Ark,
I think it right to tell all men so,
Is *not* the course for Yours,
COLENSO."

DECEMBER, 1862

A GOSSIP anent "Anonyma." And who is "Anonyma"? Thereby hangs a tale. "Anonyma" is "Skittles," or, according to the name on her cards, Miss Walters, of equestrian and pony-driving celebrity. "Anonyma" was the name given to her by *The Times*; "Skittles" was bestowed upon her by equally discreditable sponsors, as follows. The fair Walters was in liquor, as was her habit, and being chaffed by sundry Guardsmen of the baser sort, she informed them in drunken but flowing periods, not unmixed with bad language, that "if they didn't hold their b——y row, she'd knock them down like a row of b——y skittles!" Thenceforth was she known as "Skittles." A w——, Sir, much sought after by fast young swells. Well, my friend, she has bolted to that hot-bed of abomination, the City of the West, New York, to wit. Her luxuriously decorated house is in the hands of the auctioneer, her horses and carriages are sold; fair patricians, eager with curiosity to know how such an one lived, and, if possible, to learn the secret of her attractions to the young men of their acquaintance, throng to the deserted halls of "Skittles," and admire *le cabinet* with its seat padded with swansdown. But why, you ask, why all this to a Benedict in the Antipodes?

I will tell you. I wish to add some facts to the meagre hints shadowed forth in newspaper articles, which, barring shipwreck, you will receive by this mail.

“ *Skittles* ” has bolted with a married man, of good family. His name is Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk, in sooth a grand name, savouring of pedigrees and aristocracy. This wretched fool has left a charming wife, and, I believe, young children. He has some four thousand pounds a year, which will be even as fourpence halfpenny to such a woman. His little wife sits meekly at home, and waits his return : “ He will soon be tired of her, and then he will come back to me.”¹ This Beauclerk was once engaged to be married to a young lady in Ireland ; everything was arranged, the wedding-day fixed ; it came, but no Aubrey ; he left the house two days before and made fools of the entire party. The young lady’s brother, a youth of sixteen, came home from school to assist at the wedding ceremonial. Verily a high-spirited youth, but he said little. Going to his father, he asked him for twenty pounds. What does he want so large a sum for ? Never mind, he wants twenty pounds. The father, knowing his son is no spendthrift, after a few minutes’ consideration, hands him the amount. The youth of sixteen disappears, and is next heard of at the door of a certain club, armed with a stout blackthorn. “ A gentleman,

¹ It was not until nearly thirty years later that Mrs. Beauclerk brought an action for divorce against her husband. The case was heard on appeal in January, 1891, and, in the course of it, Beauclerk’s relations with Catherine Walters in 1862-3 were described.

hight Smith, or maybe Jones, wishes to speak with Mr. Beauclerk." Enter to him shortly Mr. Beauclerk, and receives forthwith a lively castigation from the blackthorn in question. The action is rapid but decisive. Youth of sixteen suggests the adoption of legal proceedings, if he feels aggrieved. Aubrey does feel aggrieved and something more, but—he does *not* adopt legal proceedings. Our youth's mission to London is accomplished, and he straightway returns to the ancestral mansion, to receive the hearty applause of a proud father. Truly, a youth much to be admired. Aubrey Beauclerk married another, and, as you have seen, deserted her for the woman "Skittles." So ends the chronicle of "Anonyma," so far as we know it yet. Doubtless more remains behind.

"Skittles" was the most notorious member of the demi-monde of the 'sixties, at a time when women of her class figured much more prominently in the public eye than is the case to-day. This general notoriety was attained principally by a regular appearance in Hyde Park during the fashionable hours, when the frail ladies were wont to make a sensational entrance, either riding or driving. Later their horses would be pulled up near the Achilles Statue, and the rider or occupant of the smart victoria would hold a kind of levée of her admirers and patrons from the ranks of jeunesse dorée (and gilded senility, too, for that matter), the while the great ladies, virtuous British Matrons and their conventionally innocent daughters, drove by in their great high rumbling barouches, casting but a contemptuous glance or indignant toss of the head at the al-fresco Court of Venus. These matters were commented upon in the newspapers,

and alluded to in the songs of the music halls
One ballad ran something like this :

“ The young swells in Rotten Row
All cut it mighty fine,
And quiz the fair sex, you know,
And say it is divine.
The pretty little horse-breakers
Are breaking hearts like fun,
For in Rotten Row they all must go
The whole hog or none.

Oh ! dear girls, I love you more than honey,
London is a funny place,
But costs a lot of money.
Yes, London is a funny place
Where rummy things are done,
For in London Town they all must go
The whole hog or none.”

A number of books were written purporting to be the authentic histories of these equestrian Phrynes, and bearing such titles as *Skittles*, a *Biography of a Fascinating Woman*; *Skittles in Paris*; *Anonyma, Fair but Frail*; *Mémoires d'une Biche Anglaise*; *Incognita*; *A Beautiful Demon*; *Cora Pearl*, by the author of *Anonyma*, and so on. These productions were in the main imaginary, and confused the personalities of the actual women. Thus in *Une Autre Biche Anglaise*, “ Anonyma ” is stated to be a courtesan named Cecilia Gale; but there seems to be little doubt that, as stated by Hardman, “ Anonyma ” and “ Skittles ” were one and the same person, namely Catherine Walters, for she herself asserted the fact to a friend.

Catherine Walters, born at Liverpool in 1839, was the daughter of a sea captain, and another version of the origin of her nickname of “ Skittles ” relates that as a child she was in charge of the Skittle Alley at the “ Black Jack ” tavern, Liverpool.

Later in her career, at Paris, she was known as "Skitsie." "Anonyma" originated with *The Times*. She became the leading member of her profession in London in 1862, and the crowds who assembled in Hyde Park to watch her drive by seriously incommoded the traffic proceeding to and from the Exhibition at South Kensington. In *The Times* of July 3rd, 1862, there appeared a long letter, signed "H," which was attributed at the time to Higgins ("Jacob Omnium"). He wrote :

"Early in the season of 1861 a young lady whom I must call Anonyma, for I have never been able to learn her name, made her appearance in Hyde Park. She was a charming creature, beautifully dressed, and she drove with ease and spirit two of the handsomest brown ponies eye ever beheld. . . . A good many young gentlemen seemed to be acquainted with her. . . . Driving became the rage. Three to six hundred guineas were given for pairs of ponies on condition they should be as handsome as Anonyma's. . . ."

After picturing the scene in the Park—the road thronged with spectators, from Apsley House to Albert Gate, waiting to see the Notorious Unknown, the carriages proceeding to the Exhibition blocked—the writer proceeds :

"Anonyma and her ponies appear. . . . She threads her way dexterously, with an unconscious air, through the throng, commented upon by hundreds who admire and hundreds who envy her. She pulls up her ponies to speak to an acquaintance, and her carriage is instantly surrounded by a multitude. . . . Meantime, thousands returning from the Exhibition are intolerably delayed by the crowd collected to gaze on this pretty creature and her pretty ponies, and the



"SKITTLES" (CATHERINE WALTERS)

From a photograph sent by the late Sir Willoughby Maycock

efforts of Sir Richard Mayne and his police to keep the thoroughfare open are utterly frustrated."

" Skittles," or " Anonyma," was a fine horse-woman, and she frequently hunted in Leicestershire. The late Sir Willoughby Maycock clearly recalled seeing her one day after a meet. In a contribution to a book entitled *Annals of the Billesdon Hunt*, he relates :

" I remember very well one day in the early 'sixties riding home from hunting with my father by the side of Stonton Wood. Suddenly we heard the sound of horses galloping behind us; two people passed by and were over the fence and in front of us in the twinkling of an eye. . . . One was a man in black; the other a woman . . . wore a habit that fitted like a glove, and a bit of cherry ribbon round her neck. In short, she was a perfect dream. She made a remark to her pilot as she passed by which we both heard distinctly. . . . I am afraid I cannot give it word for word, but it was to the effect that she felt convinced that when she reached home a certain portion of her anatomy would probably be of much the same hue as the tie she wore round her neck. I noticed my dear old father biting his lips to suppress his merriment, and trying to look as if he hadn't heard it. I asked him if he knew who they were. ' Yes,' he replied, ' the man is Jim Mason and the woman Skittles.' That was, I think, the first time I ever saw the man, perhaps the finest horseman in England, who had won the first Grand National at Liverpool on ' Lottery ' in 1839."

The numerous friends of " Skittles " included Lord Hartington, and at one time in Paris, it is related, she cherished the ambition of becoming a future duchess. The eccentric Lord

Clanricarde was another acquaintance of the old days. "Skittles" was never married, although in her later life she was known as Mrs. Baillie. At the time Hardman writes of she lived at 4 (or 6) Chesterfield Street; later in Norfolk Street; and from about 1882 at 15 South Street, where she died on August 5th, 1920, having survived to the age of eighty-one. During her last years she was a well-known figure in a bath-chair in Hyde Park, where of yore her dashing ponies had created such a sensation. To the end she retained a vivid interest in life, and even contemplated a trip in an aeroplane a few days before her sudden death. She had a wide circle of friends, including King Edward and the late Lord Kitchener, who valued her for her bonhomie and lively wit. By her own request, "Skittles" was buried at the Monastery of Crawley, Sussex. She died a member of the Church of Rome.

Meredith and I were to have dined with the *Once a Week* people last night, at the "Cheshire Cheese," but Lucas, the editor, has deferred that literary repast. Meredith informed me of this in the following fashion :

"Tuck, my treasure! Tuck, my pleasure!
Lucas won't have a meet at the 'Cheshire
Cheese,' till after Christmas—truly
He's a bore, and I'm yours duly,

"ROBIN."

Meredith is constantly dropping me scraps of poetry like the above, but they are not always suitable for reproduction for your benefit, as they contain allusions to people and events very amusing to me, but void of

interest to you. He has come to a satisfactory arrangement with old "Pater" Evans, the publisher.¹

My friend James Virtue, jolliest of mortals (and of publishers), has just returned from Yankeeland, bringing with him for my behoof samples of Mr. Chase's "Greenbacks," and the Postage stamp issue of the Federal notes. Very interesting. Virtue says they are as full of gaiety at New York as ever; like Nero, they fiddle while their Rome is burning! They rather take a pride in looking forward to the fearful crash that they feel is inevitably in store for them, and "calculate" that it will be about the most 'tarnation smash the world has ever witnessed. As to their opinion about the ultimate issue of the struggle, they have literally *none*. It is more difficult to form an opinion in New York than in London. Over there, to use a familiar expression, "they cannot see wood for trees."

My friend Shirley Brooks is giving a course of three lectures at the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, on "The House of Commons," "Horace Walpole," and "Modern Satire." The first of these has come off to-night, and, as he sent us tickets, we have been to hear him, and very much have we enjoyed our evening. He spent five years as "Summary writer" for *The Morning Chronicle* (a paper now extinct) in its best days. This involved his listening to the whole of the debates, although of course not obliged to report minutely.

¹ Of *Once a Week*, to which journal Meredith had contributed *Evan Harrington* during 1860, and various poems between 1859 and 1862. If he contributed other work later, as suggested by Hardman's remark, it must have been anonymous, and remains unidentified.

His experience of the House is therefore considerable, and he is well adapted to give the amusing account he did this evening. Would that I could give you the faintest idea of his style and matter. That is impossible. He began by stating that his father was the architect of the building in which we were,¹ and told us that he recollected coming there as a little boy, and regarding with the most extreme admiration the red-baize-covered table at which he stood. He was happy to tell those of the audience who cared to know that his father was still alive, a hale old man of eighty. (I may tell you that Brooks's real name is "William," after his father, but that he has adopted his mother's name of "Shirley" as more distinctive; this is a fact not generally known, for everybody calls him Shirley.) He gave us an imaginary account of the preparation and signature of a petition in a country town, of the careful selection of the phraseology in order not to compromise their own case, nor to offend the dignity of the House; how the evangelical solicitor signed it with a protest, and added references to certain texts for the consideration of the House; also how Mr. Quaver (a nervous man) signed his name with hesitation, wrote two days after to withdraw it, and again, just as the Petition was being posted to the respected member, he decided to sign it afresh. . . . He considers that Dizzy has no real passion; he works himself up to an apparent rage, but it is all consummate acting. He

¹ The London Institution was originally established in 1805, by a number of City men, to promote science, literature, and the Arts. William Brooks's fine building was admirably planned for lectures and study.

quizzed Lord John Russell considerably, praised Lord Stanley, and did not spare John Bright. He characterised Gladstone as the most gentlemanly speaker in the House; in which I don't agree with him: Gladstone has too much of the northern accent to be strictly gentlemanly. Sir Stafford Northcote is, to my mind, the most perfect and easy gentleman in the House. S. B.'s description of Cobden's style made a great impression upon me; he says he has a curious small nervous action with his right arm, with which he seems to hammer away at small points; you feel all along that he is hammering at small points, and yet, somehow, when he has finished his speech, you feel that he has proved his case. Brooks said that in the course of his parliamentary experience he had listened to five speeches which in the aggregate would occupy more than twenty-four hours in the delivery. One of these speeches was by Mr. Scully, who spoke against time, and occupied a whole morning's sitting. Brooks also said that the day of the great and grand speeches was past, they were never heard now.¹ I think he ought to have added that the cause of this was that *occasions* were wanting; my belief is that, given the occasion, we should have grand orations again. In our day we have never really been one moment in actual danger of a French invasion; no great revolutionary attempt has ever been made. . . . By the way, Mrs. Brooks

¹ This is interesting, because it is the custom to-day to say the same thing, and lament "the great days of the House of Commons when Gladstone, Disraeli, and John Bright were making those splendid speeches" which Shirley Brooks and other contemporaries apparently considered mediocre.

told us that Shirley had been invited to the Mansion House for next Monday for dinner, and was terribly disappointed that he was prevented from accepting.

My friend Morison told me triumphantly to-day that he had finished his *Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*; it will be out in a week or two now. I settled (legal meaning of the word, if you please) his dedication for him; it is to be dedicated to Thomas Carlyle (by permission), of whom Morison is a great worshipper.

Last week I wrote to *The Times* on Transportation, making a suggestion of a novel character. They did not insert my letter, for I suppose it was rather too strong for them, but they honoured me by writing a leader on the subject, without in any way acknowledging my authorship. This article appeared in *The Times* of Friday last (December 19th), and was the third leader. They give my view in a modified, *slightly* modified, form. Concisely, my suggestion was as follows: Let the Falkland Islands be selected, or any other inhospitable and isolated place, and let the convicts who have been several times convicted, and who are considered as irreclaimable, be deported there; let there be no honest people about them; let them have land allotted and let them administer their own affairs; let them suppress crime and depredation amongst themselves; let our Government supply a ship or ships of war to cruise about and prevent their escape. . . . If these villains are to prey upon anybody, let it be upon each other. You may depend upon it great administrative ability would be developed, and very stringent laws and police would be established. Let the whole

colony be convicts; if a Governor is necessary, let him be a convict.

Here are a couple of conundrums for you. "Why is an Esquimau like an umbrella-maker?" (this must be asked in ladies' society, and some one young lady had better be selected for the operation). The answer is apropos of a late Turf scandal: "Because he lives by the Reindeer" (Rain, dear!).

"The Reindeer scandal" arose over a "bubble" bet, which, it was alleged, had been arranged beforehand by Colonel Edwin Burnaby, Grenadier Guards, and the Honourable Randolph Stewart, subsequently eleventh Earl of Galloway, an officer of the 42nd Highlanders. The two owned a horse named "Palm Oil," and they decided to re-name the animal "Reindeer," or "Raindeer" according to their views of spelling. In September, 1862, bets were made with a wealthy American, named R. Ten Broeck, on the following terms. Mr. Ten Broeck wagered 100 to 1 with both Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart that the correct spelling was "Reindeer," and Mr. Stewart wagered Mr. Ten Broeck 1 to 100 that the word could be spelt "Raindeer." The subsequent allegation was that the owners of the horse had consulted a dictionary beforehand, and ascertained that "Raindeer" was a correct variation according to Johnson.¹ Mr. Ten Broeck was dissatisfied, and brought the matter to the notice of Admiral Rous and the members of the Jockey Club. The Admiral, who disliked Burnaby,

¹ *The Field* of November 2nd, 1862, cited twenty-one dictionaries which spelt the word "Raindeer," and in the autumn of this same year discussions on the etymology of the word appeared in *The Times* and *Notes and Queries*.

stated his views in lengthy letters to *The Morning Post*, November, 1862, and his communications started a long and acrimonious correspondence. Mr. Robert Lawley, a son of the first Lord Wenlock, at first stated that Mr. Stewart had admitted to him that he, Stewart, discussed the spelling of "Reindeer" with Colonel Burnaby before any betting commenced. Five days later Mr. Lawley recanted, and said he had formed a wrong impression of what he had heard, and that he had accused Mr. Stewart practically at the dictation of the fiery and autocratic Admiral Rous. Both Stewart and Burnaby were emphatic in denying the charges against them, and the latter succeeded in wresting a kind of apology from Admiral Rous. No formal verdict on the case seems to have been pronounced by the Jockey Club, but the Colonel for the rest of his life was always known as "Reindeer Burnaby."

The second conundrum is one that *may* be propounded in the company of ladies, but it must be done with circumspection. "What celebrated poem would the spectacle of an egg on a music-stool remind you of?"—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel!"

The last sensation produced by the Americans is their President's message. Poor old Abe Lincoln! He follows events, he does not lead them. A few months back he thundered forth an imbecile threat of abolishing slavery in all rebellious States on the 1st of January, 1863. Now, he feebly withdraws his first thunderbolt and substitutes in its place a weak squib with no bang at the end of it! Absolute abolition is postponed from January, 1863, to January, 1900! Whatever balm and comfort is contained in the

announcement come too late. At the first outbreak, such a moderate measure would have enlisted the sympathies of England in the Northern cause. There is no prospect of a cessation of hostilities. The "Kilkenny Cat" business becomes daily more probable, nay, it already looms hideously in the distance. I am inclined to think that the great day of America has come and gone. When, ruined and exhausted, they once more claim their place in the world, they will find that place occupied. England will get her cotton from India, mayhap from Australia. . . . Another year will raise the *Federal* portion of the American debt to some 1,700 millions of dollars—about 340 millions of our money. Of course they will repudiate; in fact, they already glory in the prospect of the greatest smash the world has ever seen.

Hinchliff's cousin, Parish, has just returned from the States, and has interesting matter to communicate. He has heard conversations which are indeed laughter compelling. I will endeavour to report one to you. Two Yankees are the speakers. "I calculate they've had no wars in Europe of this size since the days of Xerxes." "Wal, I'm not very well posted up in Xerxes, but I reckon that the fighting in the Old Testament was small potatoes to ours!" Parish was in Washington when the remnant of General Pope's army arrived there. Meeting a wretched-looking object, wounded, he asked him where the General was. "Is it General Pope you mean?" "Yes, where is his army?" "Wal, I reckon he an't got no army." "What has become of it, then?" "Wal, I reckon most on 'em is either killed or wounded, and the

bal-ance has skēē-daddled !” You will be able to supply the necessary twang accompaniment. As to more serious matters, Parish narrowly escaped being included in the Minnesota massacre. He had arranged to go the following morning by an early train, but by great good luck he changed his mind during the night. The facts of this affair are as follows. The Indians, from whom the territory has been purchased, instead of receiving their money in a lump, have preferred to be paid an annuity. This annuity is paid every six months, and the Red Men come in a body to receive it. It is usually paid punctually, but, on this occasion, a not unnatural delay had occurred. They had been waiting a month, which, as they wanted to be off hunting, was a serious inconvenience. However, at last the news came that the money was on its way in *specie*. The U.S. agent (I believe) thereupon cutely offered them chin plaisters.¹ Not understanding those interesting scraps of paper, and suspecting foul play, they forthwith massacred every available white, to the extent of some eight hundred ! Who can blame them ? The President seems rather to justify them.

There have been various letters anent my Transportation scheme in *The Times*. Admiral Fitzroy has pointed out the absurdity of the choice of Labrador, but advocates strongly the Falkland Island scheme. Another man to-day advocates the exportation of females to promote the proper exercise of the procreative faculty, and to prevent the sodomitical results of Norfolk Island. I have had the honour of setting the stone rolling. I wonder if anything will be done

¹ American bank-notes.

in the matter further. A Commission has been appointed to enquire and report on Transportation, Penal Servitude, and Tickets of Leave. I see that Australia is to be represented by H. C. E. Childers¹—"the wretched example," as *The Saturday Review* once called him. By the way, *The Saturday Review* is falling off sadly; its articles are wordy and weak. I have serious thoughts of discontinuing it, after having taken it in, and bound it, from the commencement, seven years ago.

George Meredith comes up to-morrow morning with his son to spend Christmas Day with us, and go to a pantomime on Boxing Night.² He says, "Arthur is ardent for a jolly Clown; a Pantaloon of the most

¹ Hugh Culling Eardley Childers (1827-90), M.P. for Pontefract, 1860-85; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1868, in Gladstone's first administration, and, later, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet of 1882-5. He was known as "Here-comes-everybody" Childers, a play on his initials. A nephew of his was Erskine Childers, executed by the Irish Government in 1922.

² George Meredith and Arthur had also stayed at 27, Gordon Street on the 18th-19th December, when there was a dinner-party. Hardman notes: "Meredith gave me a great deal of trouble, being infatuated on the subject of accompanying Arthur to Copsham on his return from school (at Norwich). An amiable paternal weakness, but I at last overcame it, and induced him to bring 'Sons' to Gordon Street." This was the matter referred to in the published letter of Meredith to Hardman, dated 13th December, 1862, wherein the former states how anxious Arthur was to get to Copsham:

"And tho' my Friar's Mandate is severe,
The wishes of the Sons of Sons are dear.
I really fear
I must bring my little man home on Thursday,
(As you would rhyme) that he may in the furze play."

aged, the most hapless; a brilliant Columbine; and a Harlequin with a wand on everybody's bottom." The father is "for Drury Lane or Covent Garden; for uproar; a pit reeking with oranges; gods that flourish pewter-pots; and tricks that stick and show their mortality at starting." Falconer, who opens the theatre on Boxing Night, is said to have spent £10,000 on his pantomime and decoration.¹ I accept this fact *cum grano*, and immediately divide the sum named by two. Ah! my dear old boy, would that you and I (*and Meredith*) could have a frolic, as in days of yore, among the wild denizens of Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel! Surely those days are not gone for ever.

In the Sixties, and earlier, it was the particular delight of young men about town, in search of risky adventure, to make expeditions in company to the slums of the East End of London, and the rookeries of Seven Dials and off Gray's Inn Road, where they would visit the low drinking dens and cellars used for rat-and-dog fights. There was considerable danger in the pastime, for police protection in these regions was then extremely inadequate, and the company to be met with lawless and violent. It was consequently advisable for a party of "swells" from the West End to be accompanied by a detective who was well known to the criminals of the East End and to the keepers and frequenters of the infamous dens that were to be visited. The author of an entertaining book entitled *London in the 'Sixties* relates an adventure of this kind which he experienced in the company of the wild young Marquis of Hastings (who was

¹ Edmund Falconer was just commencing his management of Drury Lane Theatre. It ended in failure.

to die a few years later at the age of twenty-six after squandering a vast fortune), Prince Hohenlohe, Count Kilmanseg, Baron Spaum (later Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Navy), and several young Englishmen. He says: "The Ratcliff Highway, now St. George's Street East, alongside the Docks, was a place where crime stalked unmolested, and to thread its deadly length was a foolhardy act. . . . Every square yard was occupied by motley groups; drunken sailors of every nationality in long sea-boots, and deadly knives at every girdle; drunken women with bloated faces, caressing their unsavoury admirers, and here and there constables in pairs by way of moral effect, but powerless, as they well knew, if outrage and free fights commenced in real earnest. Beyond these outworks of lawlessness were dens of infamy beyond the power of description."

There was a choice of taverns for the visitors—such as "The King of Prussia," "The Prince Regent," "The Old Mahogany Bar," "The Old Gun," "The Blue Anchor," and "The Rose and Crown." But Lord Hastings and his party elected for the most dangerous of them all, "The Jolly Sailors," in Ship Alley, by Well Close Square. Here, the narrator continues, "The scene that presented itself was not an encouraging one; perched on a rickety stool was a fiddler scraping with an energy only to be attained by incessant application to a mug of Hollands that stood at his elbow. Polkaing in every grotesque attitude were some twenty couples, the males attired for the most part in sea-boots and jerseys, their partners with dishevelled hair and bloated countenances, all more or less under the influence of gin or beer; here and there couples, apparently too overcome to continue the giddy joy, were propped

against the wall gurgling out blasphemy and snatches of ribald song, whilst in alcoves or leaning over a trestle table were knots of men smoking, cursing, swilling strong drinks, and casting wicked eyes at the intruders. Inquired a ferocious ruffian, 'What for brings 'em a-messing about 'ere, I'd like to know?' 'Blast me if I wudn't knife 'em; what say you, lads?' replied a stump-ended figure, stiffening himself. 'Bide a while, lads; let's make 'em show their colours. What cheer, there?' shouted a huge Scandinavian, as a contingent, detaching itself from the main body, lurched towards the explorers. 'What cheer, my hearties?' sang back Hastings, and, with a diplomacy that might have done credit to a Richelieu, the entire party were fraternising within a minute."

Previous to this adventure, the party had visited Faultless's cock-pit in Endell Street (hard by Mr. Bellew's chapel, where the fashionable assembled on Sundays). Here Lord Hastings matched a cock against the Duke of Hamilton's champion-bird "The Sweep," who was beaten and killed, Hastings thus winning the wager of £500. Some aspects of the eighteenth century still survived in the Sixties. Rat-killing was another popular pastime. A gentleman who died recently remembered seeing the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) at one of these assemblies, on which occasion, it is alleged, one dog killed five hundred rats in about an hour.

Lord Hastings, on another evening, obtained two hundred sewer rats from the professional rat-catcher, Jimmy Shaw, in Windmill Street. The vermin, in a sack, were secreted under the cloak of a friend, Bobby Shafto, who proceeded with Lord Hastings to Mott's dancing-rooms in Foley

Street. Then, when Lord Londesborough with Nelly Fowler, and Nelly Clifford, "Shoes," Baby Jordan, and other frail ladies, with their attendant cavaliers, were dancing, at a given signal Lord Hastings cut off the gas at the meter and Shafto turned the rats loose amid the company—"To describe what followed is impossible. Two hundred men and women, and two hundred sewer rats compressed within the compass of forty feet by thirty, and in a darkness as profound as was ever experienced in Egypt."

We went to Drury Lane on Boxing Night, and such a pandemonium I have rarely witnessed. The first piece was acted in dumb show, not a word could we hear. The fights in pit and gallery were frequent. The shower of orange peel from the gods into the pit was quite astounding. The occupants of the latter place made feeble efforts to throw it back again, but, of course, never got it any further than the first tier of boxes. I was glad to see the thing once, but you won't catch me there again. The theatre has been taken by Falconer, late of the Lyceum, and he has certainly spent a great deal of money upon it, though I think the £10,000 mentioned in my last page is considerably beyond the mark. I have nothing to say about the pantomime: I was bored beyond expression by the time it commenced, and if it had not been for little Arthur Meredith, who was in raptures, we should have skedaddled at a very early hour.

To-morrow night we give a wild sort of supper-party. After Shirley Brooks's lecture, the lecturer and his wife come to our house. Thither also come divers others, to wit, Hamber and his wife,

Morison and his wife, Orridge and his wife, old Evans the publisher, Mrs. Charles Dickens, James Virtue, and several others, amounting in the whole to about 18 or 20. I shall try to get Goodwin (*Essays and Reviews*). Evening dress will only be pardoned in "the lecturer," who will be in it *ex necessitate*. Champagne cup at supper and punch afterwards, with cigars in the dining-room. All ladies who are coming have been warned that they will be expected to stand tobacco smoke, and must dress accordingly. It is a nervous business, but we hope it will go off well. We are very busy. I have just put the extra leaves in the dining-room table, and Mary Anne is hard at work preparing oranges for a compôte.

We sat down to supper about half-past eleven, and very well it went off. The boned turkey was admirable. My concoction of champagne cup and punch was universally admired, and I think we have acquired fresh laurels. We had cigars after supper, and it was actually a quarter past two before any of the party left. Morison and James Virtue remained until a quarter past three.

This party was certainly of a pioneer description and in advance of the conventions of the time, both in dispensing with evening dress when ladies were present and permitting smoking in their presence. However, as no casualty is reported, the ladies and their clothes evidently survived the "tobacco smoke." In the first quarter of the Victorian Era smoking was regarded as a male vice, and it was only in the open air that ladies, as a rule, could tolerate "the pernicious fumes." Men seldom smoked in the public streets, and if they

indulged in the noxious habit at home, it had to be in a remote cellar or attic meaningly called a "smoking-den" by their womenkind. As Lord Ernest Hamilton expresses it in his reminiscences :

"It is difficult for the present generation to realise how deadly to feminine organisms the fumes of tobacco were supposed to be in the Sixties. . . . In those days men always smoked in special costume, the idea being that the smell of tobacco was so offensive to the fair sex that even the coat of a man who had smoked on the preceding day was contaminated. The older generation even went to the length of crowning themselves with curious be-tasselled velvet caps in order to prevent the nuptial pillow from being desecrated by any of the noxious fumes. . . . Queen Victoria herself headed the crusade against tobacco, and visitors to Windsor had to smoke with their heads up the chimney."

It will be recalled in *Vanity Fair*, that James Crawley smoking a pipe out of his bedroom window when on a visit to his aunt, the rich Miss Crawley, thereby ruined the expectations of himself and the rest of the Bute-Crawleys. The butler rushed upstairs three steps at a time, calling out in a voice stifled with alarm : "For Gawd's sake, sir, stop that 'ere pipe. . . . Oh, Mr. James, what 'ave you done?" he said in a voice of the deepest pathos, as he threw the implement out of the window. "Missis can't abide 'em." And so it proved. The next morning Mr. James received a note, informing him "Miss Crawley has passed an exceedingly disturbed night, owing to the shocking manner in which the house has been polluted by tobacco," and his final dismissal.

As at Windsor or in Mayfair, so it was the same in more humble homes. Douglas Jerrold,

in the second *Curtain Lecture*, causes Mrs. Caudle thus to rate her unfortunate spouse on his return from a tavern: "Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco smoke! It's enough to kill any decent woman. . . . Talking about getting divorced—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned." And so on.

Mrs. Hardman and Mrs. Shirley Brooks were among the few women of the time sensible enough to make no fuss when their menkind smoked in the house. Mrs. Frith, wife of W. P. Frith, R.A., was another. Their daughter, Mrs. Panton, relates that Frith smoked all over the house, and that her mother used to obtain a strongly scented incense from a shop, close to an adjoining Roman Catholic chapel, and burn it about the house in a fire-shovel in order to counteract the fumes of tobacco. On one occasion when the incense had been burning, Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, called, and in the drawing-room he sniffed, and said to Frith with a roguish smile, "Have you had Manning here?" For the Cardinal was also a visitor at times to 7 (then No. 10), Pembridge Villas.

Although George Meredith was not present at the Hardmans' smoking party on December 29th–30th, he arrived again at 27 Gordon Street on the 31st for the celebration of the New Year. He and his host and hostess had intended to go to Mr. Bellew's midnight service at Bedford Chapel (where they might have heard W. S. Penley singing bass in the choir); but the night was uninviting without in the streets, so they stayed at home and read *The Critic* aloud. And so to bed, having seen the end of 1862 and toasted the New Year.

JANUARY, 1863

LOUD are the lamentations of thy friend. Nothing has come to hand from the "Colombo's" wreck, save a tattered *Yeoman*, of which about the only legible portion was the address. Whatever else you may have sent by that unlucky mail is buried beneath the inhospitable waves of Minico Island, or else has arrived at the General Post Office in a state only of fitness for re-manufacture into paper. That I have sworn "a few," it would indeed be superfluous to tell you, knowing me as you do.

I have just finished a supremely orthodox article for *The Ipswich Journal* of Saturday next (January 10th), which will gladden the hearts of the Tory parsons of the Eastern Counties. The subject of the article in question is "Church Benefices," for we always head our¹ contributions to that journal. I have treated, with much holy indignation, of the insufficient payment of the clergy; of the great influx of "Literates," in place of University men, into Orders at some recent ordinations; I have blamed the State that, having a National Church, it does not pay adequately for the support of the clergy; and I have attacked the system

¹ The article was, no doubt, written to oblige George Meredith, who was taking a few days off from work in order to devote himself to his little son, Arthur, during the boy's holidays at Copsham.

of Lay Impropriations with some vigour. Little do the clergy know what an unbeliever their advocate is ! What humbugs we are !

It is now the 8th of January, and yet we have had no winter. It is usual to say that this is the mildest winter ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant; but really, in the present instance, it may be said with truth. We hear of inordinate cold in Spain, of snows lying deep on the ground, a thing hitherto almost unknown : yet the Gulf Stream has set in so strong in our direction hitherto that we have almost forgotten that such a fellow as " Jack Frost " exists, and as to skates, a chance pair will be preserved as a curiosity in the British Museum to remind us of our former glories in the matter of " outside edge." ¹ *Colds* prevail, but not " cold." It is, however, good for the poor starvers in the cotton districts.

January 9th.—An infernal fog, lamps lighted, and disgust general. I enclose you a letter which I have cut from *The Times* of 30th December. It is on " change of surname," and is good in itself, but the chief amusement of the matter resides in the list of names appended as a postscript. Some of them are very startling, but are undoubtedly genuine. Out of the list I know a few—Bubb, Cheese, Cheeke, and Punch—with owners attached to them.

I have a piece of private information that may interest you. I can rely on my informant. I will preface my

¹ This helps to dissipate another popular belief—that years ago English summers were always hot and the winters always cold and ice-bound. Christmas, with snow and hoar frost, was mainly the creation of Dickens, and but rarely seen in reality.

scrap of news by remarking that the letters in *The Times* from their Confederate Correspondent have caused a slight stir; they are well written in an easy, gentlemanly style, and contain details of the greatest interest. Well, sir, I happen to know that they are written by the Hon. Mr. Lawley, brother to the Mr. Lawley who appeared as such a damned fool in the Reindeer case.¹ This gentleman, having ruined himself by folly and dissipation in England, went to the States, and started life anew as a Professor of Greek! When the war broke out he became Confederate Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*. Shortly after, he came over to England, got engaged by *The Times*, and went out again. A strange story, is it not? The apprenticeship for the position he now fills so ably is, to say the least, unexpected.

Let us tell how a Morning Performance of the Pantomime came off on Saturday the 10th. I had selected Astley's (now Boucicault's), and secured the best places in the building for Mary Anne, self, the children, and Nurse Betsy. Dion Boucicault boasts that he has adopted a more perfect system of ventilation than exists in any other theatre²: granted, but the

¹ It was Robert Lawley (1819-91), second son of the first Lord Wenlock, who was associated with the Reindeer case (see ante, p. 221). The brother alluded to by Hardman was, presumably, Francis Lawley (1825-1901), the well-known writer on sport in later years.

² Dion Boucicault (father of the present actor of the same name) had just acquired Astley's, in Westminster Bridge Road, after resigning the management of the Winter Garden in New York. He was a pioneer in the matter of more comfortable and attractive conditions for the audience in theatres, which in those days were mostly dingy, dirty, unsanitary, and ill-ventilated.

result is rather as if one were sitting out of doors. Another time I shall take an extra top-coat to put on during the performance. As it was, I took off my top-coat to wrap round your little god-daughter. She was seeing her first pantomime, and enjoyed it, but not so much as Nellie. I must say that I was greatly charmed myself, for it was a return to the legitimate Pantomime, in which nobody uttered a word, but simply grimaced, gesticulated, and hit each other cracks on the head and kicks on the bottom. Would that we had done with extravaganzas! The pantomime was *Harlequin Lord Dundreary*,¹ and after

At Astley's he replaced the old saw-dusty circus ring by stalls and pit, and between the former and the orchestra he constructed a little garden with fountains. His ambitions soared to build a café adjoining his theatre, with an open-air restaurant on the roof overlooking the river, but this project never matured, for his season at Astley's failed, and he returned to the West End.

Hardman mentions that he was present at a "morning performance." Matinées were a new institution, and originated at this theatre, to the horror of old-fashioned playgoers. John Oxenford, the critic of *The Times*, observed "that afternoon performances will lower the place to the standard of a penny-gaff, and I am going to attack them." He carried out his threat, but the innovation prospered, and in course of time became a recognised and popular institution.

¹ Edward Askew Sothern's creation and elaboration (for originally it was only a small part with a few lines) of the character of Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's "eccentric comedy," *Our American Cousin*, had become the talk of the town since the production of the piece at the Haymarket Theatre in November, 1861. Dundreary and his whiskers and his drawl gave the name to shirts and scarves and collars. There was a nightly crush at the entrances of the theatre, and on one occasion a woman was thrown down and trampled to death. The play ran for 496 nights (a phenomenal period in those days) and

his Lordship, the chief character was a gorgeous footman in white and gold, and crimson plush. To him Ethel gave her heart, she liked him best and then the Fairies. She preserved an imperturbable gravity and spake not a word until the Transformation Scene, when the Clown made his appearance with the enquiry of the day. Then Ethel's admiration loosed her tongue, and she said in a very audible voice : " Papa ! He asks ' How's your poor feet ? ' " ¹ On leaving the

made the fortune of both Sothern and Buckstone. Sothern used to tell a good story against himself. One night after two acts of the play, a tall languid " swell " of the Dundreary type rose slowly from his seat in the stalls, stretched himself, and strolled towards the exit. Sothern, in the rôle of Dundreary, called from the stage, " Don't go, sir, there are two more acts. " " Yes, " drawled the departing " swell, " " that is why I am going. "

It was during the revival of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 14th, 1865, that President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth. In that production the part of Lord Dundreary was played by E. A. Emerson.

Sothern always " gagged " a great deal in the part of Dundreary, changing his witticisms almost nightly. He was also terribly addicted to practical joking in private life, taking great pleasure particularly in escapades at spiritualistic *séances*. Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., related how on one occasion at Mrs. Marshall's, an elderly medium, Sothern pretended to be tremendously awestricken at the manifestations. His excitement and " terror " increased, and at last culminated in a convulsive fit. He foamed at the mouth (by aid of a piece of soap), rolled on the ground, and bit the old woman in the leg, she, no doubt, thinking him possessed by one of her mischievous spirits in angry mood.

¹ This expression is supposed to have arisen as a question addressed to visitors to the Exhibition of 1862, wearied with perambulating the vast spaces of that long building. The music hall comedians made play with the phrase, and Spurgeon, the topical preacher, was even funnier than they. In one of his

theatre, Mary Anne had her pocket picked; her purse was taken. By the way, our route to and from the theatre lay over the new Westminster Bridge, and I must say it is the handsomest thing of the kind I ever saw. The width of the roadway and the lowness of the parapet, not above 4 feet high, both add to the effect.¹

I think I have told you that my friend Morison has bought a yacht, and having also let his house, he has moved his wife (and by this time his child and nurse) on board with the most part of his books, clothes, and etceteras. This yacht is called the "Irene," and is of about 100 tons, built by the best man, White of Cowes, and thoroughly fitted in every respect. She carries a crew of eight, namely, captain, mate, four men, a cook, and a steward. Morison is off in about a fortnight to the Mediterranean, and talks of America, nay even so far as to hint at the Pacific, and the proper season for rounding the Horn. Before fairly turning his back on English shores, it was, of course, very advisable that he should take a trial trip to see what he should require for the longer voyage. Morison, his wife, her brother James Virtue, George Meredith, and myself were the party destined to risk our lives, and at the same time thoroughly enjoy ourselves, for a week in January on board the "Irene."

sermons he said: "I won't ask you 'How are your poor feet?' What I want to know is 'How are your poor soles' (souls)?"

¹ Commenced in 1855 by Mr. Page, the new Westminster Bridge was completed in 1862 by Sir Charles Barry. The cost was £206,000. Wordsworth's famous Sonnet was of course concerned with Labelye's picturesque old bridge of 1750. Some of its covered alcoves were re-erected in Victoria Park, Hackney.

On Sunday night, the 11th, I received a telegram from Southampton, to say that the "Irene" was anchored off the Pier, and would await my arrival on Monday. Off by 11 o'clock train, Southampton 1.20, on board by 2 o'clock. I had no idea of the size and capabilities of the yacht, and still less of the boat which came off to take me aboard. The captain with blue uniform and brass buttons, and a gold band round his cap, steered, while four picked sailors with "Irene" on their breasts, and in golden letters round their brows, pulled the oars. The hilarity on board which greeted my arrival was portentous; everybody else had come, and I was the last. Dinner at five (the cook is a genuine artist), followed by tobacco and whist.

Monday night was very stormy, in fact the wind amounted to a small gale. The scrubbing of decks disturbed our slumbers at a very early hour, and we rose soon after daybreak to find the anchor up, and the yacht on her way down the Southampton Water to Portsmouth. On our way we passed the wreck of a collier which came into collision with the "Ceylon" and went down with the loss of two lives a few days before. We dropped anchor off Southsea Pier about 10.30, and Morison went ashore to look after a portmanteau of his wife's which had miscarried on its way from London.¹ At half-past one we weighed anchor, and away for Cherbourg. A lovely afternoon

¹ Apparently Meredith did not point out to Hardman his birthplace, 73, High Street, Portsmouth, which would be almost visible from off Southsea Pier; he had described the house and the town two years previously in *Evan Harrington*.

with light breeze and warm sun. We passed Sandown, Bonchurch, and Ventnor, and then away close-hauled in a bee-line for Cherbourg. Our dinner was a failure in consequence of the roughness of the sea, and by going without food from breakfast, I felt a slight qualm for the first time in my life. Meredith also was shut up, so we went to assume a horizontal position in our beds. James Virtue was shied right across the cabin, and hurt his knee badly. I soon recovered from my qualm, and amused myself at Robin's mouldiness; he would move his mattress, being on the larboard tack which rendered it difficult for him to keep in bed, on to the floor. The exertion put the finishing touch to his stomach, and with an exclamation of "My Goodness," he proceeded to unburden his inside. Twice did he perform this operation, and then found peace. Shortly after midnight the wind fell to a calm, and then, in an hour or so, the said wind chopped right round from W. by N. to N.E., increasing rapidly in force. Our course was changed, and daybreak on Wednesday morning (the 14th) found us running before the gale, leaving Alderney and the infernal Casket rocks to starboard, and Sark soon afterwards to larboard. We were going to try to make St. Peter's Port, Guernsey. It was a glorious sight, the great green rollers, the spray dashing in sheets over the host of rocks which emerge from the water on every side. The danger added zest. The sky was wild, with occasional peeps of sunlight. We tacked several times amid clouds of spray, and eventually dropped both our anchors in the roads; they held, and our minds were at rest. Breakfasted, wrote a letter to Mary Anne, and then ashore. Mere-

dith and I penetrated into the interior. Much jollification on shore, followed by an excellent dinner on board, and whist as before. Thursday 15th. The gale still from the N.E., and almost right into the harbour, had fallen the previous evening, but commenced with increased vigour in the morning. I remained on board with James Virtue, whose knee was much worse; the rest went ashore. J. V. and I played cards, smoked, eat and drank, and generally conducted ourselves like men with nothing to do. I administered, or rather to use the correct medical phrase, *exhibited* Arnica lotion to my companion's knee. On his return, Morison wanted to start for Jersey about 2.30 in the afternoon. I demurred strongly, on account of the risk, and I am happy to say the pilot's reply was, that he wouldn't take us to save his life! Dinner and whist. Meredith showed a remarkable talent for revoking, performing that operation *twice* during the voyage, both times when he was my partner. We only played for penny points, so there was no great harm done, only great amusement was caused. Friday 16th. Wind still strong from the N.E. Our captain wished to haul on to buoy, to prevent our drifting when weighing anchor, but the pilot took an opposite view. The result was that we fouled our second anchor in the cable of a Revenue Cutter, an operation productive of some bad language and much delay. It took us nearly two hours to get clear. We had a lovely run over to Jersey, dropping anchor off Elizabeth Castle, at the mouth of St. Helier's harbour, about one o'clock. I found St. Helier's much changed for the better since my former visit nearly eleven years

ago. The harbour has been greatly enlarged, and is now spacious and handsome. The town itself is so much increased, that I only had faint recollections of my way about the streets. I telegraphed to Mary Anne, by way of Paris, at 3 o'clock; she received the telegram at half-past five. They charged me 5s. for twenty words, and made me include my name and her name and address in the twenty words. This is contrary to our custom in England. Dinner at 7, and whist of course. Saturday 17th. Up anchor at day-break, and away with a light breeze still from the N.E. Having cleared the dangerous rocks that render the harbour so difficult of access, we shaped our course, close-hauled, for Portland. By the bye, St. Helier's is so difficult of access, that they have *no lights*, it being presumed that no sane captain will attempt the channel by night. We had not lost sight of Guernsey, when I suggested that as our object was simply the English coast, we had better let the "Irene" fall off a point or two and make for Plymouth instead of Portland. We threw out baits for gulls, and shot one; some execution was done to empty bottles, and we had a little revolver practice. While we were at dinner we felt that a breeze had sprung up, and sure enough it had—from the opposite point of the compass, the South-west. Our course was altered again, and away we scudded before the wind towards the Needles. The sea was brilliantly phosphorescent as night fell, and towards morning our Sou'-wester became a devil of a gale, and blew one of the sails to pieces. At day-break the Needles were in sight, and we scudded past them right before the wind, past Norris Castle,

Cowes, and Osborne, casting anchor off Ryde Pier about 11 o'clock. I got to Gordon Street about 9.30 that (Sunday) evening. During the week that has elapsed since then, we have had a succession of tremendous gales from the S.W., with fearful destruction of property. So we were very lucky to get home when we did. January is not the season for yachting, but we enjoyed ourselves amazingly. I have given you a bare outline of our trip, a mere skeleton in fact. It is impossible to reproduce the chaff, the laughter, the extempore verses of our poet. I will copy some verses of Robin's sent to me a week before.

" The ' Irene ' ducks and runs amuck
At all she meets on ocean bobbin' ;
Hard to the taffrail clutches Tuck,
There's little of the ' cock ' in Robin.
Below, discussing pipes and beer,
And all that may and all that mayn't be,
St. Bernard ¹ says that he feels queer,
And queerer still feels Mrs St. B.
James Parthenon ² of tempest tells,
Five jolly yachtsmen once were lost in :
Pales the red cheek of Tuck, as swells,
With ocean's wrath, the gorge of Austin.³
' Now, do you think, you Argue-nots, '
St. Bernard asks, ' sea-sick was Jason ? ' ⁴
The jolly yachtsmen eye their cots :
Austin cries ' Oh ! ' and Tuck ' A basin ! ' "

¹ Cotter Morison.

² James Virtue, proprietor of *The Parthenon*.

³ A writer on *The Saturday Review* and *The Standard*. He was too ill to accompany the yachting trip.

⁴ Morison is fond of argument, and consequently his addressing his friends as " Argue-nots " is a very happy hit.

St. Bernard hurries on the deck ;
 Not long his chattering teeth have kept tune,
 At waves that threat the ' Irene's ' wreck,
 When one bears off his pipe ¹ to Neptune !
 Then Tuck, half doubting he's afloat,
 Rolls up, with eyes all greeny-sheeny ;
 Clutches St. Bernard by the throat :—
 ' Tell me, did Cubitt build the " Irene " ? ' ²
 Five jolly yachtsmen ! Yachtsmen five !
 And have you seen five jolly yachtsmen ?
 If they're not dead, why, they're alive,
 They're sprawling mid the pipes and pots, men ! ''
 A ghostly yacht at night you'll see,
 Come sailing up the British Channel ;
 A poet and a friar there be
 On board : the latter frocked in flannel.
 Like Lucifers with Lobsters dashed,
 The hue upon their cheeks and noses. ³
 The Friar cries loud : ' Our fate we've hashed,
 Why sailed we not in the time of roses ?
 There was a place called Gordon Street,
 A planet known as Francatelli. . . ' ⁴

(" Here the Friar ventures upon familiar and non-admissible rhymes. He threatens this Island with strange foul winds, if he is not quickly landed. He is dismissed to seek companionship with the *Flying Dutchman*.") ⁵

¹ Morison is proud of a handsome pipe, carved in the similitude of a zouave's head.

² A hit at me, and my house in Gordon Street, built by Cubitt. Robin is very fond of chaffing me about the solidity of my house as compared with his tumble-down cottage at Copsham, Esher.

³ The mixture of red and yellow in our countenances is happily signified.

⁴ My supposed fondness of good-living is hit off.

⁵ On his return home, Meredith wrote to Mary Anne : " I desire not to encounter one Tuck who has latterly I hear been spreading false reports of my behaviour on board the yacht

I may add that Robin was in wild spirits when he was not squeamish, and he composed numerous extempore verses on the voyage. One was composed about Swinburne, a wild, red-haired poet, full of indecencies, who lives with Rossetti. Le voici !

“ There was a young poet of Chelsea
Who never was able to spell ‘ sea.’
With ‘ C.’ he . . .
But it always came . . .
‘ That’ll do ! ’ said the poet of Chelsea.”

I met W. G. Clark, the Public Orator, the other night at the club, and he told me the new rhyme, in the same metre as the preceding, on Bishop Colenso :—

“ There was a wise Bishop Colenso
Who could just count from one up to ten, so
He thought books Levitical
Not arithmetical;
And he went and told the black men so ! ”

You will find a garbled version of this in a paper I have sent you called *The Reader*, which is a new emanation from the Macmillan set. You will also see in the same paper a statement that the author of an article on “ Cracow ” in *The Edinburgh Review*, which attracted considerable attention at the time, was no less a person than the Prince Consort !

Saturday, January 24th.—Hurrah ! Three times three and one cheer more. Sola ! This afternoon comes a big envelope, with “ On Her Majesty’s Service,” and “ Saved from the Wreck of the *Colombo* ” inscribed thereon ! I open it, to find a “ damp, unpleasant

‘ Irene ’ to his own glorification. Well for him were he reticent . . . indeed he’s quite at my mercy, for I have *such* things to relate of *his* doings. . . .”

body ”¹ inside : it is my E. D. Holroyd’s letter of October, saturated, the address almost illegible, and the colour taken out of the stamps. I open it carefully, and thanks to the very precise way in which you have enclosed it in extra envelopes inside, the letter is preserved. What a direful loss I have narrowly escaped ! I shudder at the thought ! I rejoice more over this one letter saved from destruction than over ninety and nine that needed no salvation.

Let us have a story to relieve our minds. A friend of Matthew Forster’s, whilom of Trinity, was dining with Fillmore, Vice-President of the then United States. The V.-P. was a teetotaller, and gave his guests nothing spirituous or fermented. While soda water, lemonade, et id genus omne, popped and fizzed on every side, the guests, with an assumed hilarity, discussed the pros and cons of Total Abstinence. Presently a morose-looking man, who had watched his opportunity, took advantage of a pause in the conversation, and, with nasal twang, said, “ I tell you what it is Mr. Vice-President, you have no authority in Scripture for these views of yours : there was only one man in Scripture who ever asked for water, and he was in Hell ! ”

Monday, 26th.—Yesterday Mary Anne and I made our first trip down the “ Drain.” We walked to the Edgware Road and took first class tickets for King’s Cross (6*d.* each). We experienced no disagreeable odour, beyond the smell common to tunnels. The carriages hold ten persons, with divided seats, and are

¹ What Mr. Mantalini said was “ a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body.”

lighted by gas (two lights), they are also so lofty that a six footer may stand erect with his hat on. Trains run every 15 minutes from six in the morning till twelve at night (with some slight variation), and about 30,000 are conveyed on the line daily: shares have risen, and there is a prospect of a large dividend.

The Metropolitan Railway had been open two weeks, the first train for passenger traffic running on 10th January, 1863. It had been projected three years earlier, and great difficulties were experienced during construction, not the least being an irruption of the ancient Fleet river, indignant, no doubt, at the long years of ignominy it had suffered as a bricked-over "Ditch." The Metropolitan Railway only extended from Bishop's Road to Farringdon Street at the outset: it was not extended to Bishopsgate until 1875, and later still to the Mansion House. The open third-class trucks, the lofty first-class carriages with "divided seats," which Hardman and his contemporaries extolled, and the old steam engines have now all been replaced by electrically propelled cars—which, however, do not offer any improvement as regards comfort in cushions for seating, and are inferior in that respect to the old first-class carriages.

In 1863, also, the Pneumatic Despatch Company was opened. It was, in fact, a pioneer tube, four feet in height by four and a half feet in width, designed to carry parcels and mails from Euston Station to the General Post Office, running under Tottenham Court Road and New Oxford Street to Cheapside. The cars were six feet in length, and could carry a few passengers. *The London Journal* reports in 1863: "Not only have letters and parcels been transmitted through the tube,

but we hear also that a lady, whose courage or rashness—we know not which to call it—astonished all spectators, was actually shot the whole length of the tube, crinoline and all, without injury to person or petticoat.” But the Pneumatic Despatch scheme was not a success, and some time after 1868 was disused. The tube became forgotten, and it was only in 1895 that it was discovered by a consulting engineer named George Threlfall. It still exists as a company, and it is probable the undertaking will be acquired by the Post Office.

In home politics, we look forward to the opening of the Session, when there will be a great fight. Out of deference to the Queen’s loss, last session was singularly peaceable; not so the one which is coming. Ministers have many misdeeds to answer for. Earl Russell has been letter-writing too much to please the nation, and will most likely leave his colleagues. I don’t expect an absolute change of Ministry: the Conservatives can do very little against Lord Pam, so long as his health and strength last.¹

In foreign politics, the French Emperor’s letter to General Forey, wherein is developed his views as to the establishment of the Latin race in Mexico as a counterpoise to the Anglo-Saxon; the election for the Greek Throne; the deadlock in Prussia; and the insurrection in Poland show that Europe is not at rest. We shall see: it does not do to prophesy: Admiral Fitzroy does that, and is always wrong.²

¹ The Government lasted for nearly three years after this date, Palmerston being succeeded as Premier by Lord Russell in November, 1865.

² See ante, p. 190.

My friend Morison's *Life of St. Bernard* has been favourably reviewed by *The Saturday Review*, and in fact by every paper that has noticed it hitherto. It cannot fail to go with the public, indeed I know from the publishers that it "has begun to move," as they say in the technical diction of the trade. . . . All the reviewers have remarked the traces of Carlylese language which are distinctly to be seen here and there throughout the book. Originally the work was strongly impregnated with this Carlylese element, but happily Morison had the good sense to be guided by Meredith, to whom he submitted it, and expunged the greater part of it. It is only by oversight that any of it remains to be found fault with.

Mary Anne still works with me at the Museum, and does good service. That Reading-Room is not only a place for study, but a study in itself: one sees such odd people there. There is one old fellow who has a habit, and a very unpleasant one it is, of sitting near us. He is small and lean and dirty. He comes about eleven o'clock and secures a compartment by depositing a very greasy alpaca overcoat on the back of the chair, and a hat, which has been worn all sides foremost until it is equally round and napless, on the table. He then produces a spectacle case of the most ancient manufacture which opens with a "pop," and laying the

case beside his hat, he puts on a pair of spectacles coeval in make with their receptacle : a greasy band joins the extremities at the back of his head. Out of various pockets come packets of blackened and greasy papers, ostensibly for the purpose of taking notes. Having thus secured his place, and very secure it is, for no one would venture to touch the filthy objects he has laid down, he disappears for about two hours. I wondered at first what became of him, but I have since, when obliged to leave my seat to consult some book on the shelves, met with the old wretch in various parts of the room, on the tops of ladders and on the level of ordinary mortals, accumulating great volumes, one of which is always, for some inscrutable reason, a French dictionary. About one o'clock, laden with books, he returns with a severe air, heightened by an entire absence of teeth, shuffling along in his great down-at-heel shoes. He now settles himself to work, but a sudden thought strikes him, and he recollects that it is time for lunch. Drawing forth a beastly cotton pocket-handkerchief, he extricates from its nose-and-filth begrimed folds some fragments of bread and cheese. He whisks the wipe for the time being about with unnecessary vigour, scattering odours that are the reverse of balmy. Having munched his bread and cheese between his toothless gums until it is consumed, he sweeps the crumbs (with the wipe) into his hand and bolts them. Ablutions of a scanty character are then performed : that is to say, he spits on his grimy paws, and rubs the moistened parts with the wipe aforesaid. It is now half-past one, and he settles himself to his studies. The books are laid open,

the dictionary occupying a prominent position, the spectacle glasses are rubbed with the wipe, and he begins. In five minutes he is asleep. Two days ago, while he was slumbering, I had the curiosity to see what he was reading, or supposed he was reading. It was a large quarto volume of the British Novelists, open at *The Mysteries of Udolpho*! But why the French dictionary? I cannot say, but it was open on the book-rest before him. I enquired from one of the attendants who he was. "I don't know his name, sir, but he has been a reader to my knowledge for seven and twenty years; they say he is very clever." Poor (and dirty) old boy! he must be clever to read *The Mysteries of Udolpho* with a French dictionary.¹ He sleeps until a few minutes to four, when our getting up to leave rouses him, and he prepares, without confusion, and with great dignity, to follow our example. This would be very comic if it were not for his extreme filth.²

The old Marquis of Lansdowne is dead, aged 82½.³ A wonderful old bird, chiefly remarkable for having

¹ Perhaps the intention of the unclean one was to translate Mrs. Radcliffe's romance into French.

² Unfortunately "readers" of this description, unwashed and disposed to sleep, are still to be found at the British Museum. An article might be written on the strange habitués of the Reading Room, some of whom apparently spend all their days there, merely retiring at night to a lodging-house bedroom. Some years ago a female, of curious aspect, attended daily, her reading being confined to novels.

³ The third Marquis, born in 1780. As Lord Henry Petty he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Grenville's Ministry, 1806-7. He was grandfather of the present and fifth Marquis of Lansdowne.

formed too high an estimate of little Johnny Russell's powers, and pushed him forward to a position he is by no means fitted to fill. The old bird is a curious link with past ages. *The Times* says "he succeeded Pitt on his death 57 years ago as member for the University of Cambridge, sat in the same Cabinet with Fox, and moved as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, the estimate of £15,000 for the funeral of Nelson. He was the son of the Minister who signed the Treaty recognising the Independence of the American Colonies."

Parliament is to commence the session on Thursday, and an opinion prevails that there will be a surplus of Five Millions, the Navy Estimates will be pruned, the Income Tax reduced, and the Tea, Coffee, and Sugar duties lightened. The Palmerston Ministry are going to throw out large baits for popularity, fearing a dissolution.

An anecdote of the Prince de Joinville,¹ vouched for by an eye-and-ear witness. Scene, the hunting-field near Claremont. The hare has doubled, or gone off at right angles, alarmed by a man who is ploughing in the field through which it was going. The Prince, elated with the sport of which he is a great lover, and proud of his acuteness in discovering the cause of the hare's alarm, cries out: "Ha! I know! I know! Ze 'äre 'ave seen ze pluffman! Dere he goes!" Sola! Sola!

¹ A younger son of King Louis Philippe who at this date lived at Claremont with his widowed mother, Queen Marie Amélie, and his brother the Duke of Nemours, and the younger members of the House of Orleans.

I have just composed an "Ode to Robin on his birthday." He is thirty-five on Thursday next, February 12th. Chaff of course. Here it is.

ODE

Hey Robin ! Ho Robin !
Bless us, man alive !
Why *this* is eighteen sixty-three,
And *you* are thirty-five !

In spite of pneumo-gastric
Nerve, you seem to thrive ;¹
We'll laugh at aneurism, now
That you are thirty-five !

They say man needs must go
An if the Devil drives ,
He's driven you to your present goal,
"Ætatis—thirty-five."

But surely now you'll turn a leaf
Nor ask your Tuck to shrive ;
(You've ask'd him lately oft enough !)
But now you're thirty-five !

At your sad peccadilloes,
No more he will connive ;
You'll " take the hap of all your deeds,"
Now you are thirty-five !

Enough !—Tuck's friendly grasp
Greets you as you arrive
At half of threescore years and ten,—
And that is—thirty-five !

We went last Saturday (7th) to the Olympic Theatre.
The Prince of Wales was present, and was loudly

¹ Meredith was already at this date beginning to suffer from the digestive trouble—bradypepsy—which in later years rendered him an invalid.

cheered. Unfortunately the cheering was heralded by a cry of "Long live the future King of England," so instead of coming to the front of the box, he very properly retired out of sight. He is a very nice gentlemanly young man, and we agreed in liking the expression of his face. The performance was execrably bad. Robson, who had had a drunken part written for him (a tinker gipsy in a chronic state of booze) was actually so screwy that he could scarcely act.¹ The Extrava-

¹ The Great Little Robson was to die a year later, and it is to be feared his end was hastened by indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. The restless little genius was the victim of nerves and nervous excitement, and he was a wreck when the end came at the age of forty-three. Frederick Robson, whose real name was Thomas Robson Brownbill, was born at Margate in 1821. As a boy he was apprenticed to Mr. Smellie, a copper-plate engraver, in Bedfordbury off Chandos Street, living, when at home, with his mother in Henry Street, Vauxhall. Early in life he displayed great powers of mimicry, and devoted his leisure to amateur acting. He soon decided to become a professional actor, and after some provincial experience he came, in 1844, to the Grecian Saloon Theatre, in the City Road, where he remained for over five years; there he played a variety of parts, ranging from the tragic-comic in which he excelled to comic songs and dancing in burlesque. It was in 1853 that Robson was engaged for the Olympic Theatre, where for ten years he blazed like a meteor. Here in his burlesques of *Macbeth* and *Shylock*; as Jem Baggs in *The Wandering Minstrel* (wherein he sang his renowned ballad of *Vilikins and his Dinah*); as the old father in *The Porter's Knot*; as Jacob Earwig in *Boots at the Swan* he showed his range as a great actor. In the burlesque of *Medea*, his performance was witnessed by the great Ristori, who played the part in the original drama; and though ignorant of English, she was amazed by the genius of Robson's acting, and termed him "Uomo straordinario." In *The Yellow Dwarf*, Robson's power to change swiftly from tragedy to comedy was most fully exhibited—at one moment his audiences laughed and the next he made them

ganza was *Robin Hood*, and was so overdone with that ridiculous style of song inaugurated by the Music Halls, that we left in disgust and despair before it was half over. These infernal Music Hall songs are all the rage, and a fearful subject for contemplation such a fact is. You know the sort of thing: four performers stand in a row, and accompany the opening bars of the music with solemn jerks of the body. After singing in chorus for a time, one of the four starts forth and, walking in a semicircle, returns to the opposite corner to that from which he started. The others follow this insane example, the comic personage of the four performing the semi-circular walk with a simulated weakness of the knee-joints and general imbecility. Then all sing in chorus again, and they all walk in solemn single file off the stage P.S. Or, to take another example, two evildoers, conspiring will-forgers, or something of that kind, sing a duet, the accompaniment to which is interspersed with unexpected shrill roulades of the fife or piccolo, at each of which they start as if a bee had stung

shudder. It was a masterpiece of the grotesque. Sir F. C. Burnand said, "Robson, the funniest and roundest little figure, with large head, tiny hands and feet . . . was the most wonderful tragic-comedian I have ever seen." And G. A. Sala styled him "a genius and the Prince of Eccentrics." The actor's art is sadly evanescent and contemporary appraisements are often useless in arriving at a right judgment: but there is no doubt that Robson was a remarkable genius. The part in which Hardman saw Robson, the drunken tinker in *Camilla's Husband*, by Watts Phillips, was the last the actor ever represented. His health and his powers were then rapidly waning, and soon after he disappeared from the stage, and died in August, 1864.

them,¹ or a dog laid hold of their calves, and look round in impossible places for an eavesdropper or a rural policeman. Every verse of this most inane of songs terminates with a nonsensical refrain, "With a boodlimity, boodlimity, bay"—except the last, which you have foreseen must be finished in the following style, "with a Botanimuty, Botanimuty, Bay!" Oh! Jove and all the Host of Olympus! What, in the name of Lucifer, are we coming to? What is popular taste and opinion worth? Let us have Bull-baiting, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, Prize-fighting—anything manly and calculated to arouse some sort of passions, other than this wretched inanity. Alas! there is no hope. The Music Halls are the one great incubus that sits on the souls of young and old England; they give the cue to the Extravanzas, they furnish the tunes for our barrel-organs.

Hardman's diatribe against the Music Hall is interesting, for it was then a new institution which had risen into popular favour as rapidly as the Cinema in recent years, and, as we know, the moral decline of, at any rate juvenile, England is mainly attributed to "the Pictures." As pointed out earlier in this book, the original Music Hall was simply what its name suggested—a room set apart for "music" (of sorts) by the owner of an adjoining public-house; for enterprising publicans had discovered that more of

¹ This particular trick of the music-hall comedian is still in use, even leading performers, like George Robey, Wilkie Bard, and Little Tich, simulating indignation or alarm at some disconcerting, shrill, imitative note from an instrument in the orchestra.

their liquors would be consumed by boon companions when induced to stay from seven to twelve at night at a rather salacious entertainment. Although there were a few previous music and drinking halls of this description, such as the Winchester and Rotunda in Blackfriars, the first really successful venture was in 1849, when Charles Morton, formerly a waiter, took the "Canterbury Arms" tavern in Westminster Bridge Road, which he, in time, converted into the Canterbury Music Hall. The early Music Halls were not the same, of course, as the Song-and-Supper Rooms of the West End, such as Evans's in Covent Garden, the Cyder Cellars, and the Coal Hole, for these latter provided hot suppers and they did not permit female performers. But at the Canterbury duly appeared the first serio-comic, Mrs. Caulfield. Despite Hardman's invective at the style of music sung in the Halls, there was at times something better, for at the Canterbury a party of vocalists gave the first performance in London of Gounod's *Faust*—that is to say selections from the opera, which was not produced in its entirety at the old Opera House, in the Haymarket, until 1863.

Morton, in time, moved on to the "Boar and Castle" inn, Oxford Street, which became the Oxford Music Hall; and, as we have seen, the London Pavilion arose from the "Black Horse" tavern in 1859.¹ "The Seven Tankards and the Punchbowl" became the Royal Holborn Music Hall, where Stead sang *The Perfect Cure*. The names of the early Music Hall "stars"—they were nearly all called "The Great"—are still remembered. Arthur Lloyd, Sam Cowell, Sam Collins, Alfred Vance—who was the first to sing

¹ See ante, p. 162.

a Coster song with his *Chickaleary Bloke*, but made his chief success with *Slap bang, here we are again*. "The Great" Vance was a lawyer's clerk from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and versatile. In addition to the coster type of ditty, he was the pioneer also of the light comedian in "faultless evening dress," with eye-glass and cane, whose traditions to-day are personified by Mr. Fred Barnes and his school. Vance outlived his vogue, and died tragically on the stage of a small music hall, the Sun, in Knightsbridge. "The Great" Macdermott only received £10 a week when he first won fame at the London Pavilion and bestowed a new word upon the English language :

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money too."¹

"Greatest" of all was George Leybourne—"Champagne Charley," a tall, good-looking young workman, in reality named Joe Saunders, from the Midland counties. Being stage-, or rather music-hall-struck, he managed to obtain an engagement at the Canterbury. In a short time he was earning £25 a week (soon to rise to £120), and driving about London in a carriage with four horses, and drinking as much champagne daily

¹ During the late War I heard, in a provincial music hall, a feeble imitation of the patriotic song of the Sixties and Seventies. A most unmilitary-looking individual exhorted his audience to

"Let every mother's son
Shoulder a gun,
And slay the hateful Hun—
Let 'em all come!"—

or something to that effect. Despite the blatant arrogance of the words, there was a kind of stately, martial rhythm about *We don't want to fight*, as sung by Macdermott.

as Mr. Horatio Bottomley did in *his* prosperous days. There is little in the words of Leybourne's famous song to account for its success : probably that arose from the gaiety, light-hearted charm, and good looks and elegance of the singer :

“ Champagne Charley is my name !
Champagne Charley is my name !
Good for any game at night, my boys !
Who'll come and join me in a spree ? ”

Poor George Leybourne, extravagant and careless, never saved any money, and he died, almost in destitution, at the age of forty-one.

Gone are the “ stars ” and gone are the old drinking Music Halls, and their presiding Chairmen ; they, after all, only lasted at their best—or worst—for under fifty years. With the demolition of the Trocadero and the Tivoli, and the conversion of the London Pavilion and the Oxford into theatres for revue, the Music Hall entertainment, as Hardman and his contemporaries knew it, ceased to exist in central London. The modern Palace of Variety, the resort of virtuous families from the suburbs, bears little resemblance to the pot-house from which it sprung. It is respectable but probably not so amusing as its ancestor, and certainly not so lively. At the Alhambra, opened as a Music Hall in 1860, there were nightly stand-up fights, broken hats and bloody noses, during the “ patriotic ” waves when war with America was expected, and during the Franco-German War. The author of *London in the 'Sixties* relates :

“ These indiscriminate nightly riots attracted all the bullies and sharpers in London, amongst whom stands prominently ‘ the Kangaroo,’ a gigantic black, who was known to everybody

in the Sixties. This ruffian was admittedly an expert pugilist. . . . If a party were seated at the Alhambra watching the performance, a black arm would suddenly appear over one's shoulder, and glass by glass was lifted and coolly drained; if remonstrated with, he knocked the remonstrator down; on other occasions he would demand money, and if refused, applied the same remedy. Occasionally he met his match, when having pocketed his thrashing, he commenced afresh in an adjoining night-house."

Ha! Barrel organs: *they* are licensed nuisances. It has been decided that the injured and indignant householder must give the grinder notice to leave his vicinity in the presence of a policeman! I, for example, am sitting, writing or reading, in my castle, for all our houses are castles! (save the mark!) comfortable, with slippers on feet, and spectacles on nose; and I must, forsooth, find a Peeler before I can rid myself of my nuisance. . . . The tendency to rush into extremes is a very instructive study. Let us go back a couple of centuries, to the time when patches first came into vogue. Some lady, as I suppose, being troubled with an obstinate pimple, which she had scratched till it bled, was necessitated to put on it a little round piece of sticking plaster. She was a person of "ton," and the black, perhaps, served to throw up the whiteness of her complexion, aided by the powder on her hair. The servile world of fashion followed her example; patches were placed where no pimples existed; they became the rage, several patches judiciously stuck upon appropriate spots. Nay more, Araminta or Phyllis would cut their sticking plaster

into strange emblematical shapes, and would harass the souls of Corydon or Damon by appearing now with a sable heart on their cheeks, or a plaster dart on their full and modesty-lacking bosoms. Damon and Corydon were in despair, because whether poetically gifted or not, they must indite a sonnet to the quaintly cut piece of plaster, if they wished to retain their hold on the fair one's heart and their character as men of fashion. Sad indeed was the frequent result. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" I have come upon these sonnets in the course of my tolerably extensive reading, and have been often moved to laughter, scorn, and pity. One is enshrined in my note-book, which is "To a black patch cut in the form of a dart on Eliza's breast." What Eliza's feelings were when she read the following lines, I cannot imagine :—

" And on her breast hung like a small
Anchor upon a freestone wall "

Probably the favoured swain may have been so far honoured as to have a black patch cut to resemble his own profile attached to his fair one's breast. And hence probably the origin of those sticking plaster portraits of our youthful days.¹ I believe one of me exists cut out some five and twenty years ago, full length, for there was not much of me at that time, and delicately tinted with gold to mark the straightness, not the curl, of my hair. It would be curious to

¹ Hardman's suggestion is interesting. These profile shadow portraits take their name, of course, from Étienne de Silhouette (1709-67), French Minister of Finance, who spent much of his leisure in cutting out portraits of this description which now bear his surname.

enquire, or rather speculate, as to whether we yet know the extremes of familiar fashions in our own day. Crinoline, for example. Has it reached its climax? Women getting into omnibuses, servant girls cleaning door-steps, and virgins at windy seaside watering places, all show their —— on occasion. The Paris fashion in head dressing, as you will see by *The Queen* sent by this mail, points towards the adoption of an antique and classic style. This will not suit wide skirts, and clinging garments must follow. Besides, they say that crinoline is to be interdicted at the Drawing-Rooms this year.

A scene significant of a stern public took place the other night at the Strand Theatre,¹ where a lady in the stalls, attired, or perhaps unattired, in a very low dress, was stared out of countenance by stalls, pit, and boxes, and was hissed out of the house by the gallery.

Thursday 12th.—Meredith's birthday as you have already learnt. A letter arrives from him announcing his acceptance of our invitation to dine and stay all night,² and suggesting an appropriate Bill of Fare.

Gladstone is going to take off nearly two-thirds of the duty on tobacco manufactured. This has long been wanted, not for the sake of the smoker so much as for the sake of the Revenue. Far be it from me to defend the man Gladstone and his financial policy :

¹ This was the old Strand Theatre, at the corner of Surrey Street, now pulled down and the site covered by the Strand Tube Station. It was the original home of burlesque, where Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) achieved her early triumphs.

² Mrs. Hardman notes in her diary, 12th February 1863 : " Mr. Meredith's 35th birthday. He dined with us. Presented him with a cameo. Music in the evening."

I hate them both. But in *this* matter he is right. *The Standard* has inserted absurd letters, ridiculing him for giving "swells" a cheap cigar, while he still retains the duty on tea and sugar. I wonder at Hamber admitting these idiotic epistles into his columns; but I suppose it is in accordance with the policy of party to find fault with any measure proposed by their opponents in office, or at any other time. I greatly disapprove of that view, and am quite willing to give credit where credit is due, in spite of party feeling. During the first eleven months of 1862, the Board of Trade informs us that we imported 32,184,692 pounds of *unmanufactured* tobacco. . . . All smokers know what large quantities of smuggled cigars and Cavendish are to be obtained from confidential tobacco-nists; and, in fact, it is clear that the contraband trade is on an enormous scale. Custom House officers declare their utter inability to suppress it, when the duty is so high, and the article itself so very portable. The late Lord Sydenham, when President of the Board of Trade, stated that in one year 70 cargoes of tobacco had been smuggled between Waterford and the Giant's Causeway, and that the quantity thus introduced was not less than 3,500,000 pounds. . . . I am smoking Cavendish (obtained during my trip to Guernsey) at the present moment. Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh and Captain William Myddleton ! What do you think of our present importation of that article, whose introduction and consumption covered the former of you, at least, with such obloquy ? The Captain is said to have been the first who smoked tobacco in London. He was brother to the celebrated

Sir Hugh of that name, who brought the New River into London.

Last Friday (20th) I went to dine at 11 Bouverie Street with Evans¹ the proprietor and Lucas the editor of *Once a Week*. Dr. Wynter,² the well-known author of *Curiosities of Civilisation* and a host of articles on food, etc., was there, as also G. Meredith. Shirley Brookes was expected, but had gone to Bath to lecture. The dinner was a symbol of my admission among the contributors to the journal in question. The business of the dinner, which is plain (the dinner not the business), is to arrange for future articles. We had a most hilarious evening, which terminated about 10.45 with old Evans suddenly becoming screwed in the most inscrutable manner. The fact was the dear old boy's internal arrangements were in a weak state, for we were temperate in our potations.

This morning's papers bring news of a defeat of the Russians by the Poles : Glorious ! and also of the resignation of Count Bismarck Schönhausen, who had led the King of Prussia into his late insane policy against the Polish nation and his own constitution.

¹ See ante, p. 39.

² Andrew Wynter (1819-76), physician and author. Editor of *The British Medical Journal* and contributor to *Once a Week*. He devoted a good deal of study to the treatment of the insane, for whom he advocated absence of restraint. His *Curiosities of Civilisation* appeared in 1860, and *The Borderlands of Insanity* in 1875. He died at Chestnut Lodge, Grove Park, Chiswick.

MARCH, 1863

LONDON has been convulsed by the Prince of Wales's wedding. The air has been filled with the sounds of joy-bells, and the streets by shouting millions. This generation has never seen such sights, nor indeed has the world before. Old Rome in her palmiest days could never have brought together such multitudes, for no population of three millions¹ was ever collected in one city, and there were no railways to bring in thousands from all sides to witness any festivities. On Saturday last, the 7th March, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark made her triumphal entry into the metropolis. Hating crowds, we had no intention of witnessing the spectacle, but on the Friday evening tickets for the Corporation seats in St. Paul's Churchyard began to pour in, and we found ourselves the fortunate possessors of four places in excellent situations. Two of these we occupied, one we gave away to Mr. Lionel Robinson,² our next door neighbours' son, and the fourth arrived too late to be used, which was a pity. I offered it to Hinchliff on our way to the line of route, but he (in

¹ The population of London, with its suburbs, is now over seven millions.

² Through the introduction of the Hardmans, Mr. Lionel Robinson became an intimate friend of George Meredith, who gave him the name of "Poco." Mr. Robinson then lived with his parents at 28, Gordon Street. No. 31 was occupied by Mr. Edward Grubb, Head of the Chancery Enrolment Office.

bed and asleep at ten o'clock) declined it with thanks. We had a fearful struggle from the end of Chancery Lane as far as Shoe Lane, where we diverged from Fleet Street, and struck through a series of back slums, across Farringdon Street and through Newgate Market. We reached our places a little after eleven. The whole of the eastern and southern sides of St. Paul's had been covered with galleries or tiers of seats, covered with a canopy, and holding some 10,000 persons. Underneath was an extensive buffet, with unlimited champagne, under the charge of the firm who have the Freemason's Tavern. We did not partake of this hospitable spread, but later in the day we had evidence that many must have occupied themselves in consuming not only their own share, but ours also. Great was the intoxication of the City Youth, of both sexes I fear, for I saw one young lady (as far as apparel) very sick. Being supplied with papers, we remained patiently in our seats (they were in the front row) and amused ourselves by reading and watching the vagaries of the roughs in the dense crowd below in the streets.

About 3 o'clock enter the first portion of the great procession, "Mounted Police and soldiers to clear the way." These were followed by stacks of Common Councilmen in blue gowns trimmed with fur, the members of the City Court of Lieutenancy (I had no idea there were so many) in scarlet uniforms, and Aldermen who had and had not passed the Chair. And here, I may observe, that the distinction between the Aldermen is this: those who pass the Chair appear to acquire a lot of feathery trimming to their cocked hats, added, of course, to a greater rubicundity

of nose. Finally, the Lord Mayor, not in his ancient coach, but in a gorgeous modern carriage, drawn by six horses. Then there was a great gap. Several minutes passed, and nothing else passed. We became anxious and impatient. Great swayings of the mob at the corner, loud shoutings, and then the first of the Royal Carriages hove in sight. Five of these passed filled with—for particulars see printed programme if you care to know. Suffice it to say, that the astonished foreigners, from Denmark and elsewhere, stared about and stood up to look around them. Now comes the great heroine of the day. She and her mother side by side, with the Prince of Wales and her father with their backs to the horses. She looked very pretty, but decidedly frightened.¹ She had never seen such a sight before; that is quite certain. Of course, she bowed repeatedly, and fortunately was on our side of the carriage, which moved very slowly with its six steady horses, so that we had a capital sight of her. When she had got a little way past us, we saw her and the Prince stand up suddenly: a volunteer had been shot out of the line right under the horses of the Royal Carriage, and its occupants feared for his safety. After the important portion of the procession had passed, we began to think of getting away homewards, but bodies of volunteers passed with their bands, and then stacks of blue and fur-clad Common Councilmen with here and there an Alderman. How many blessings I invoked on the Corporation need not be enumerated

¹ Queen Alexandra was then eighteen years of age; her marriage with the Prince of Wales took place on the following Tuesday, 10th March, 1863, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

here. I thought they would never cease dribbling along, and began to think we were doomed to see Common Councilmen for the rest of our days as a punishment for our folly in being among the spectators. It seemed as if an endless ring of those distinguished tradesmen were going round and round St. Paul's to jeer and mock us in our misery. Happily all things have an end, and in due time, about 4.30, the last carriage struggled along its weary way. We made our escape with difficulty, and striking through alleys across Paternoster Row into Newgate Street and through old "Smiffel" and Clerkenwell, home. I have forgotten to state that a heavy shower came down during the passage of the procession, but before it reached our point of observation.

We have since learned that the cortège was detained *half an hour* on London Bridge. In fact, the arrangements of the City were execrable, and they had evidently no idea that there would be such a multitude of people. I am assured that the great crush was opposite the Mansion House. The surging of the vast crowd was terrific to witness. All along the four great thoroughfares leading to this centre, a dark human sea pressed and heaved in dense waves, like a tide blown against by a rising wind. Now and then a child was lifted up, as it were a flake of foam, from the agitated mass. By the bye, the number of very young children in foolish parental arms was one of the most noticeable features in the great gathering. *The Times* says that a babe was seen lifted over the heads, apparently lifeless; and another was cast headlong into one of the passing carriages by a woman who sank immedi-



THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN LONDON TO MARRY THE
PRINCE OF WALES

Scene outside the Mansion House, March 7, 1863

[Reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* by permission of the proprietors]

ately into the depths of the human ocean. Here occurred the following incidents, related to Meredith by an eyewitness. While the Lady Mayoress, accompanied by eight pretty girls in white, was delivering her bouquet to the Princess, the Royal Carriage having, of course, come to a halt, there was an irresistible pressure all around, and more than one of the crowd caught the fair Alexandra's hand and kissed it. She graciously suffered the salute of loyalty. But now, an officer of the Blues, thought it proper to come to the rescue. As the crowd hugged about him, his horse became unruly, and began plunging and prancing. He kept his seat with admirable coolness, and contrived to maintain his dignity, until, by some inexplicable accident, the animal's off fore leg caught on the hind wheel of the Royal Carriage. One effort to extricate himself nearly unhorsed his rider, who was quietly preparing to drop as best he could, when the Princess turned, and seeing his danger, slightly rose. Without a moment's hesitation she put her hand to the horse's hoof and pushed it away. Instantly the officer recovered his seat, bowing low. Those who beheld this scene speak of the Princess with the tenderness of passionate affection.¹ A beautiful woman with a

¹ Sixty years have elapsed since Hardman wrote these words, and all through that long period London's love and admiration for Queen Alexandra have never wavered since that first day when she won the hearts of all who saw her. Tennyson's *A Welcome*, though by no means a perfect piece of poetry, voiced a truth in the lines

"O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own."

The aspiration has long been realised. Queen Alexandra alone

courageous spirit, she is worthy of the great position she has been chosen to occupy. Vivite felices. Or, to adopt the words put in illuminated letters over her shop by Madame Rachel, the Jewish "Ladies' Enameller" and heroine of the Carnegie case, "May they live happily together, and be '*for ever beautiful*,' is the wish of Madame Rachel." That was a cheeky motto, was it not?

Madame Rachel, who combined the trades of Beauty Specialist and Blackmailer, was very notorious a few years later, and her trade motto "Beautiful for ever" became a catch phrase of the day. Her, for a time, amazingly successful exploitation of the weaknesses of human nature forms one of the most remarkable cases in criminology. She was a Jewess, born about 1806, her original name being Russell. She was married first to one of her race, named Jacob Moses, and later to Philip Levison or Leverison. Her original occupation, according to Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, was the same as that of the old woman who is seen in the first plate of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress." She used to haunt the coulisses of Drury Lane Theatre in order to get hold of the girls employed there, and on one occasion had the contents of a glass of beer thrown in her

among modern royal personalities (with the exception, perhaps, of her grandson, the Prince of Wales) has had the faculty of attaching to herself that personal chivalrous devotion which the Stuarts received from their adherents. That dynasty might attract sympathy and love by reason of its misfortunes; but Queen Alexandra's life has been a happy one without any great sorrows except those inevitably brought by the bereavements of Time. The affection felt for her by English people is a tribute to the power of her personality and grace.

face in response to her proposition. In course of time, with her ill-gained money, she started a shop at 47a New Bond Street (at the corner of Maddox Street), ostensibly for the sale of cosmetics, soaps, and perfumes; but in reality she was an early example of the "Beauty Specialist" who offers massage and other dubious physical aids for the retention or restoration of "beauty." She first came within the purview of the law in the case of Mrs. Carnegie, mentioned by Hardman. This lady having entered the shop to make a small purchase, was induced by Madame Rachel to become a customer. An exorbitant bill was sent in for the goods supplied. It was paid, but Mrs. Carnegie discontinued her custom. Rachel thereupon sent in an impudent claim for £1000, asserting that she had cured Mrs. Carnegie of a skin disease, and hinting at other dark matters. The lady's husband, Admiral Carnegie, rightly refused to pay, and won his case in court.

Nothing daunted by this defeat, Madame Rachel extended her activities, and in 1863 issued a pamphlet entitled *Beautiful for Ever*, in the course of which she passed in review famous women, ranging from Eve, through Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale, to Madame Du Barry and other ladies of her profession: a sense of humour was lacking in Madame Rachel. Her prices also covered a wide range; thus for £1 1s. Beauty Washes and Powders could be supplied, but a "Souvenir de Mariage" (whatever that mysterious article might be) cost from twenty-five to a hundred guineas.

In 1864 Rachel had her box at the Opera, and advertised herself as "Purveyor to the Queen," but four years later she came to ruin in the famous Borradaile case, when she was charged with

obtaining large sums of money—over £3000—by fraud. Mrs. Borradaile, a distant relative of Lord Kensington and the widow of a colonel, was a foolish woman of uncertain age who seemed the destined prey of such a person as Rachel. Montagu Williams, one of the prosecuting counsel at the trial in 1868, describes Mrs. Borradaile as “a spare, thin, scraggy-looking woman, wholly devoid of figure; her hair was dyed a bright yellow; her face was ruddled with paint. . . . She had a silly, giggling, half-hysterical way of talking.” Mr. Serjeant Ballantine was equally caustic, and speaks of how a “skeleton encased apparently in plaster of Paris, painted pink and white, and surmounted with a juvenile wig, tottered into the witness-box.”

This lady had been a customer of Rachel's, and in return for the expenditure of several hundred pounds upon cosmetics received the promise that she would ultimately succeed in being made “beautiful for ever.” On one occasion when at the shop, Mrs. Borradaile was introduced by Rachel to Lord Ranelagh, an impecunious peer, who, on his own evidence, frequented the place out of “curiosity” to have a chat with the notorious Madame Rachel, and not for the purpose of being “enamelled.” Rachel conceived the plot of telling Mrs. Borradaile that Lord Ranelagh had fallen in love with her, and desired to marry her as soon as she had been made “beautiful for ever.” The latter miracle was to be achieved by a further course of Rachel's baths, for which the price would be £1000. Accordingly Mrs. Borradaile sold out stock, and paid over the money to Rachel; the receipt was worded for “£800, being balance of £1000 received from me for bath preparations,

spices, powders, sponges, perfumes, and attendance, to be continued till I (Mrs. B.) am finished by the process."

Finished by the process she was—in a financial sense. Madame Rachel now announced that diamonds were essential for a peeress, so Mrs. Borradaile sold a property she possessed in Streatham, and handed over £1400 to the "agent." It was followed by £400 for lace. Clothes, too, were ordered, and all the articles were sent to Rachel's shop: the "bride" never had any of them. A carriage was ordered and paid for; also socks, shirts, and ties "for Lord Ranelagh," and a bond for £1600 executed in favour of Rachel in the belief that the money would be handed to the noble but impoverished "bridegroom." All this while a series of love letters purporting to be written by Lord Ranelagh were handed to the infatuated victim, and apparently she accepted them as genuine, although they were often illiterate and signed "William," despite the fact that Lord Ranelagh's other names were Thomas Heron Jones. In these letters she was urged to do all that "Granny" suggested—"Granny" being Rachel.

When the case was heard, and Lord Ranelagh gave evidence, he, of course, denied all knowledge of the matters narrated. He said he thought he saw Mrs. Borradaile once in Rachel's shop, but had no recollection of being introduced to her. Rachel tried her usual tactics, and insinuated that Mrs. Borradaile had used her shop for purposes of assignation with a man named Williams, and that the money paid to her was in consideration for this service. However, her plea failed, and at the second trial, September, 1868, Rachel was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

In another case, which did not come into Court, a customer of Rachel's when taking one of the "beauty baths" had all her valuable jewellery stolen from the dressing-room. Upon discovering her loss, the lady called for Rachel, who professed violent indignation and said: "I know who you are. I have had you watched. How would you like your husband to know the real reason for your coming here, and about the gentleman who has visited you here?" The victim was so unnerved by the charge that she hurriedly left the shop, and put up with the loss of her jewels rather than face the scandal of a trial in Court.

Rachel, after her release, pursued her old courses again and went back to prison, where she died. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine pronounced her "one of the most filthy and dangerous moral pests that have existed in my time and within my observation."

The next morning (Sunday, the 8th March) we started, during church time, with the children and Nurse Betsy in a cab to see the line of route. I am not easily astonished by triumphal arches and festival decorations, but I must confess that London Bridge surpassed anything of the kind I ever saw. We went over it, under a magnificent arch which one could not help wishing would remain always with its pure white, glittering gold, and rich purple velvet. The sides of the bridge were crowded with statues, portraits of ancient Danish kings, and classic tripods. Returning over Southwark Bridge, we went down Cheapside, through St. Paul's Churchyard, down ye Hill of Lud, through Temple Bar, which was also very beautiful

(the old stonework being entirely concealed by white woodwork and cloth of gold covered with hearts), away down the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street. The streets, albeit Sabbath day, were crowded with vehicles and foot-passengers. We got safely and comfortably home in time for the children's dinner at one o'clock, highly pleased with our excursion. Some friends of ours, who did not like to profane the Sabbath, went the next morning, and actually spent *five hours* in King William Street and on London Bridge, which, as they had a young child with them and no provand, was slightly awkward.

On Monday, the 9th, a couple of country friends came to stay over Tuesday with us. They (Mr. and Mrs. Bower) are advanced in life, the lady being about fifty¹ and the gentleman some sixteen years her senior. I and Mary Anne had determined to take our slippered ease before the fire, and carefully eschew illuminations other than that of our own moderator lamp. The old folks were to see the sights for themselves. However, as the time came near, and the lady had gone to attire herself befittingly, with a total absence of precious metals and crinoline, Mr. Bower told me he should be very glad if I would take his wife and bring her safely home again. Such a direct appeal could not be withstood, so I consented with assumed alacrity, but with an angry soul. I inwardly determined to walk Madame off her legs, and sicken her with illuminations. We started at 8.15, and got safely home at 10.45. Two

¹ It would be very unkind, according to modern standards, to style a lady of fifty "advanced in life," and to place her in the category of "the old folks."

hours and a half of the most awful crushing through muddy streets. We saw the usual amount or rather more than the usual amount of lighted gas and oil. We devoted ourselves to the City, and ran some serious risks from "rushes," for there were estimated to be at least *two millions* gathered in the principal thoroughfares of that ancient corporate jurisdiction. By St. Clement's Church (not in the City by the bye) we had a tremendous scrimmage, but my companion behaved nobly, and we escaped without injury. We afterwards made for Ludgate Hill, in order to see St. Paul's, which was to be illuminated by the electric light. I expected it would be a failure, and it was, most decidedly. At this point we ran a much more serious risk. Fortunately I saw the greatest of the rushes of the evening coming, and managed to escape in time. One woman was killed where we were standing not five minutes before, and three more were trodden out (and killed, of course) higher up the hill. After this I deemed it prudent, although not with the hearty consent of my companion, to return home. Altogether six people were killed (besides babies in arms), and about thirty more very seriously injured. It was the most wonderful sight I ever saw, to behold the crowded streets, far more wonderful than the gas lights, oil lamps, and transparencies. There is no doubt that nothing on so extensive a scale, in the way of illuminations, was ever perpetrated before. By the time we reached home, Madame was thoroughly tired, a consummation at which I had aimed. Thank goodness, all is over now, and London has returned to its normal state. I shall post you papers

which will give you every particular of Triumphal Entry, Wedding, and Illuminations. The best joke of the whole affair was perpetrated by one of *The Times*'s compositors. In *The Times* of Saturday, February 28th, appeared the following advertisement :

“ ROYAL PROCESSION. First floor, with two large widows, to be let, in the best part of Cockspur Street, with entrance accessible behind. For cards, apply etc.”

The Times people thought there was something more than carelessness, and discharged whoever was responsible for the error of dropping the N out of window—at least, one of *The Times* staff told me so the following Monday. A copy of *The Times* of the 28th February has since fetched 7s. 6d. as I am told.

Further particulars touching the advertisement obtained since writing the last sheet. The whole affair is a hoax played off successfully upon *The Times*, which leading journal is in an unapproachable rage in consequence. The advertisement ends with the following : “ For cards apply to Mr. Lindley,¹ No. 19, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.” Now, *I am told*—mind, *I am told*, I do not know of my own experience, that No. 19, Catherine Street is a house of evil repute.

Although Hardman exhibits his full Pepysian capacity in his gossiping chronicle of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra, he, curiously enough, offers no comment on the shabby Royal Carriages, which other narrators of the Procession make a subject of animadversion. Lord Malmesbury

¹ An “ advertising agent,” according to the Directory of 1862.

observes in his Memoirs : " I was never more surprised and disappointed. The carriages looked old and shabby and the horses very poor, with no trappings, not even rosettes, and no outriders. In short, the shabbiness of the whole cortège was beyond anything one could imagine." And *The Times* spoke exceedingly plain on the matter : " Our Queen's equipages have not of late years been remarkable either for their beauty or for the taste and finish with which they are turned out, and certainly the servants, carriages, and cattle selected to convey the Danish Princess through joyful London attired in its holiday clothing must have been the very dregs of that singularly ill-appointed establishment known as the Royal Mews of Pimlico."

The Queen's subjects had some inkling of the dislike and jealousy which she, in the true Hanoverian manner, entertained for her eldest son and heir; and the English people resented the Queen's selfish immersion in her grief for the loss of her husband, and the rather dog-in-the-manger attitude she adopted at the time of the Prince of Wales's marriage. She was unhappy herself, and she was greatly annoyed that anyone else should be happy and make merry. Consequently, orders were given that the Royal Wedding should be celebrated as quietly and economically as possible. The Queen received the youthful bride swathed in numberless yards of black crape, and she wore the same sombre attire at the actual wedding, sitting alone in a box overlooking the chancel, her eyes streaming with tears in tribute to the Prince Consort. The ceremony was performed at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where few spectators could witness it, instead of in London amid rejoicing multitudes. *Punch* ob-

served that as the wedding was to be in an obscure Berkshire village, noted only for an old castle with no sanitary arrangements, the greatest secrecy should be preserved in the announcements, suggesting that the only notice should be in the marriage column of *The Times*, and worded: "On the 10th inst., at Windsor, by Dr. Longley, assisted by Dr. Thomson, Albert Edward England, K.G., to Alexandra Denmark. No cards."

. We had a charming afternoon at the Zoological Gardens last Sunday, the 23rd March.¹ The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were staying at Buckingham Palace for a few days and had given an Evening Party to all the nobility on the previous Friday, were so kind as to visit the Gardens, accompanied by her father and mother and her younger sister (Dagmar²) and the three young brothers, who are all staying in London and in daily intercourse with the young couple—though they are lodging at an hotel close to Buckingham Palace and not at the Palace itself, which some people think a slight to them.

The Royal Party entered the Gardens almost unobserved, but we were on the "look out," hearing they were expected. We were quite close to them several times, just standing aside as they passed. The gentlemen raised their hats, and the Prince and Princess bowed repeatedly. We were walking about with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Brooks, and presently

¹ Mrs Hardman here takes up "the wondrous tale" of the new Princess of Wales.

² Then fifteen years of age. She became the Empress Marie Féodorovna of Russia by her marriage to the Tsar Alexander III in 1866.

they met their friends Mr. and Miss Thackeray,¹ who had not been fortunate enough then to have met the Royal Party. "How was she dressed?" was of course Miss Thackeray's first question, which produced a storm of raillery from her father and Mr. Brooks; and after describing the Princess's costume, Mrs. Brooks in her eagerness to show how well she had seen the Prince also, said: "He had lavender boots—no, I mean lavender trousers." "Oh! yes," said her husband, "and his linen is the finest cambric and is marked 'P.W.12.'" "So it is," said his wife, "I saw it!!" But upon explanation we found she saw it not on the present occasion but at the shirt maker's.

If you admit to an amiable weakness as Miss Thackeray did, I will tell you how the beautiful bride was dressed. She wore a silver-grey moiré, trimmed with a band of violet velvet round the bottom of the dress, not close to the edge; it looked very elegant. A very handsome shawl; a white bonnet with a transparent white veil, only plain net, covered her face, so we saw her quite well. She is quite as tall as the Prince, and with a very long dress and a high bonnet looks more important than he does, and is so elegant that she need not fear the competition of the other beauties, the Empresses of France and Austria.² Her

¹ This was the last year of Thackeray's life: he died on the following Christmas Eve, at the age of fifty-two. Miss Thackeray was, of course, his elder daughter, Anne Isabella, born 1837, and subsequently Lady Ritchie. Her first book, *The Story of Elizabeth*, was published this year, 1863. Lady Ritchie died in 1919.

² Eugénie and Elizabeth of Bavaria. The Empress of Austria possessed the most regal beauty of the three royal ladies. Lady

hair is much lighter than you will think from the portraits; she behaves as though she liked the admiration and was perfectly well pleased to dispense her smiles all around. They say she is a charming character and that she does not know how she shall ever spend so much money. Plenty of people will help her to ! It is said she has hitherto had £20 or £30 a year and two rooms allotted to her.¹ I trust this sudden elevation will not spoil her character. The mother is very nice-looking and very intelligent. We call her (Princess Alexandra) a Dane, but really they are a poor younger brother's family of Schleswig-Holstein and are undoubted Germans. Prince Christian² (her father) having espoused the Danish side

Georgiana Peel, in her *Recollections*, gives a vivid impression of the Empress at a Court Ball, at Vienna, in 1855 :

"The majestic figure of the Emperor, splendid in his white uniform and flashing orders, appeared in the doorway leading the Empress by the hand. She was really a vision of beauty, tall and stately, her long graceful neck surmounted by the small, beautifully-shaped head. Her dark blue eyes looking proudly out from the level black eyebrows, her dress of stiff silver brocade, covered with innumerable jewels, and her splendid dark hair falling quite straight to the waist. On her head was a high crown of magnificent diamonds which caught the light whenever she moved."

The Empress of Austria was cruelly murdered in Switzerland by an anarchist in 1898.

¹ £10,000 a year was settled upon the Princess of Wales by the English Government.

² Queen Alexandra's father was a younger son of William Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Glücksburg, and he was selected as heir to Frederick VII, the childless King of Denmark, by the Great Powers in 1852-3. He succeeded to the Throne of Denmark, as Christian IX, in November, 1863.

in the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, is elected successor to the King of Denmark, invited to Copenhagen and there domesticated in a very second-rate palace. What a change for her, is it not? The Prince of Wales has grown very nice-looking, though not quite tall enough; but he is very prepossessing, and very natural and unaffected in his manners. He wanted Prince Christian who with the Princess Louise were at one time walking first, to turn down a path which he had overlooked, and he tapped him on the shoulder, calling him (as we both think) "Father": but it was too late to retrace without making a bustle, so the Prince of Wales gave up the attempt, and coloured up at being the object of everyone's attention. The other day just before his marriage, he was smoking in a first-class railway carriage (ordinary train) and the porter, not recognising him, asked him to show his ticket. A lady residing at Windsor told a friend of ours she was sure the Prince was a person of no mind at all, as he had gone up to the bookstall and bought a copy of *Punch* and actually paid for it himself. Perhaps you will agree with us that an unaffected young fellow who hates nonsensical dignity, smokes in the railway, and reads *Punch*, may turn out not so badly after all. Dean Stanley, one of the most enlightened men of the day, who accompanied the Prince to the East, is said to have done him more good than his other tutors put together, and that the Prince came back a very different young man to what he was when he went. But there—I daresay you are tired of this Royal Family gossip!

My little Nellie is indeed getting quite a little com-

panion for me. I gave her what she most desired, to go on the Underground Railway, the other day. It goes very smoothly and not rapidly, it feels very safe and quiet, and the convenience is great. I am spirited to Bayswater before I know we have started. The only difficulty is not to pass your station, for the stations are all precisely alike, without any distinctive features of surrounding streets or country to guide you, and if not carefully looking out many are carried further than they intended to go.

In the early days of the Underground Railway, ladies (when without the protective and guiding arm of their top-hatted menkind) found it difficult, in a crinoline and a fluster, to alight at their intended station. The complaint seems to have attacked all classes. Arthur Sketchley involves his amusing creation, Mrs. Brown, in many plights on the "Undergrounded Railway," as she called it. Thus on one occasion :

"I must say as we was not long in bein' whisked to Baker Street, where the train put us out, tho' in that 'urried way, as it's a mercy I didn't fall out thro' a-ketchin' my foot in a party's crinoline, as was next the door, as instead of apologisin' was quite rude, and said, 'Now then, clumsy,' as I told 'er she wasn't no lady, only the engine gave a awful screech as made me quite 'oller out, and on goes the train."

And on another occasion when Mrs. Brown was going to the Zoo, she was carried far beyond her destination :

"I was whisked along, as I may say, as sudden as steam, with jerks as was tremendous, and throwed me forards into a stout party in widder's weeds, as received me unawares on the 'orn 'andle

of her umbrella . . . I went on and on in that railway, but as to 'earin' what they said when they 'ollered out the stations, it was out of the question, and felt too giddy to read anythink."

Martin Tupper¹ has written an Ode of Greeting to the Princess Alexandra, our "Most Welcome Wand'rer" (the rhyme is Tupper's). The ode is most awful bosch, and is published by my friend James Virtue, to whom I have addressed the following parody, which will give you an idea of Tupper's style.

OUR GREETING

To James Virtue, Esquire,

March 7th, 1863

By Mighty Foolish Tupper, A.S.S., etc.

Author of *Proverbial Folly*, etc.

A hundred thousand Curses !

A hundred thousand Curses !

And fifty millions more !

On him who printed verses

We ne'er heard like before.

Behold ! he from his boat lands,²

That burly man of Oatlands,³

And stands upon the shore.

¹ Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-89), a member of an old Huguenot family, born in London, and educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford. His father was a senior partner in the well-known medical business of Tupper, Chilvers, and Brown, of Old Burlington Street. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* commenced in 1839.

Hardman now resumes the narrative.

² "O happy heart of England,
Shout aloud and sing land !"
vide *The Ode*.

³ James Virtue lived at Oatlands Park, Weybridge.

Let the swearing multitude
 The crushing, pushing flood,¹
 Exclaim with deafening roar—²
 O let all these declare it—
 Let miles of shouting swear it
 In all the days of yore
 Unparalleled before !
 A hundred thousand Curses !³
 May he ne'er print verses more !
 But be kicked from door to door,
 While each in turn shall slam it
 And loudly cry out " Damn it,
 This publisher's a bore ! "

Tupper is a great favourite with the Queen. Many copies of the *Ode of Welcome* to the Princess Alexandra were printed on white satin, and two were sent by Her Majesty to be placed on the toilet-tables of the newly-married couple at Osborne on their wedding-day. The *on dit* (I can scarcely credit it) is the Queen intends to knight him !

I heard a good (and true) story anent Martin Tupper the other day. You must know he lives at Albury, between Dorking and Guildford, where the eccentric Mr. Drummond is the great Lord of the Soil. The old church having become a ruin (a new one having

¹ " And all the surging multitude
 This eager overwhelming flood."
 vide *The Ode*.

² Verbatim from *The Ode*.

³ Special note by Bishop Colenso.

100,000	} Curses
100,000	
50,000,000	
100,000	

50,300,000 Total

(Signed) J. W. NATAL.

taken its place) and the churchyard having fallen into disuse, Mr. Drummond enclosed it within his park boundary. Thereupon Tupper wrote a letter of remonstrance to Mr. Drummond, saying that when his time came he should like to lay his bones with those of his ancestors in the old churchyard, and objecting to Mr. Drummond's absorption of the burial place into his own domain. To this Mr. Drummond replied shortly that, so far as he (Mr. Drummond) was concerned, Mr. Tupper was welcome to lay his bones there as soon as he liked.

Edmund Yates was one day at Tupper's house at Albury, and the host overwhelmed him with kindly attentions, which were so perfectly genuine that the critic was fast repenting his severity, when Tupper, showing him the scrapbook, said, "This is some of your doing, you've had a hand in this. Oh, never fear owning it. You see, I've a goodly collection."

Edmund Yates relates this incident in his *Recollections* :

"During my visit he showed me an immense volume, in which were pasted all the criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, of his works, and all the parodies; among the latter I saw, with horror, some which I had written, and with more horror a marginal note in Mr. Tupper's handwriting: 'I understand these to be by Edmund Yates; they are very smart.' He was particularly kind and good-natured over the matter."

This anecdote confirms George Meredith's observation: "I am not a Martin Tupper who said, when he had been flung on the accustomed heap after much pitchforking, that he would rather be an object of abuse than not be mentioned

at all." Meredith also described Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* as "a cold hash of Solomon." It was the custom of literary men to make a butt of poor Tupper ever since Thackeray had said, when asked by an American what the English people thought of Tupper, "We do not think about him at all." Which was not true in one sense, because no opportunity was missed for a jest at the expense of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. However, as has been shown, Tupper had no objection to sarcasm.

Letter to Bishop Colenso.

United University Club,

March 9th, 1863.

MY LORD BISHOP,

As a member of the same University as yourself, permit me respectfully to express to you my gratitude for the pleasure, nay, the intense satisfaction, which the perusal of your work on the Pentateuch¹ has afforded me. I should not have presumed to address you, had I not felt so strongly the force of your admirable reply to the Episcopal remonstrance, published in *The Times* of the 6th.²

¹ See ante, p. 185.

² Colenso's letter was as follows :

"MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,

"I have seriously considered the address which has been forwarded to me by Your Grace, signed by a great number of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England.

"In reply, I feel obliged to say that I am unable to comply with the suggestion therein conveyed to me—that I should resign my episcopal charge.

"I trust that I yield to none of your lordships in a heartfelt reverence for the Holy Scriptures, but certainly I do not believe,

Originally intended for the Church, I found, as I thought, insuperable difficulties in the way of taking orders. During my stay at Cambridge, until I took my degree in 1850, and since that time, I have taken a deep and serious interest in the great questions with which you have so ably and lucidly dealt. While

as the words of the address seem to imply, that your lordships do believe, that 'all our hopes for eternity rest' on the literal historical truth of such a narrative as the scriptural account of the Noachian deluge.

"But I must refer to my books for a statement of the reasons which justify to my own mind the course which I am taking. To resign my office would be to admit that my conduct has been legally or morally wrong, which I am very far from feeling.

"Rather, I am persuaded that my duty to God and the National Church, through which I have received, in the same manner as your lordships, that episcopal commission which we have no power of abdicating, requires me to persevere in the task which I have undertaken, namely to set before the English Church the real facts of the case in regard to the composition of the Pentateuch, in accordance with the most trustworthy results of recent criticism.

"I venture to add that the progress of true religion appears to me to be grievously impeded in this country by the contradictions which undeniably exist between the traditional notion of the historical truth of all the narratives contained in the Pentateuch, and the conclusions of science as now brought within the comprehension even of the youth of both sexes by the general extension of education.

"And it is my firm conviction that this subject deserves, more than any other at this time, our most serious consideration, and, if possible, our united action, as bishops of the National Church.

"I am, My Lord Archbishop, Your Grace's very faithful and obedient servant,

"J. W. NATAL.

"*London, March 5th, 1863.*"

encountering cold looks or violent objurgation from some, I have yet enjoyed much sympathetic intercourse with many others of my college friends. I have hoped for, but scarcely expected to witness, the time when men like Your Lordship, distinguished by position and teaching in the Church, to which I have all along been firmly attached, would take the helm and endeavour to guide the ship through the breakers which were slowly but surely threatening to overwhelm it. While deploring the blind Bibliolatriy and persecuting tendency of the clerical party, I have equally regretted the growing spirit of contempt and scoffing which has actuated their opponents.

So long as the few clergy, who inclined to my views, either remained silent or abandoned their profession, there was no hope of any valuable result. It remained for Your Lordship to set the greatest example in our times of an effort to rescue our religion from the weeds which, in these days of advancing knowledge, threatened, if not to destroy it, at least so to choke it as to render it effete or useless. I heartily rejoice at Your Lordship's avowed intention to remain at your post, and I feel confident that *now* something will be done "to deliver the Church of England from the restraints which have hitherto checked freedom of thought and speech among her members, and sealed, to a very great extent, the mouths of her doctors and clergy."

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's grateful adherent,

WILLIAM HARDMAN

(M.A. Trin. Coll. Cam.).

To the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Natal.

The Bishop's Reply

23, *Sussex Place, Kensington, W.*
March 10th, 1863.

DEAR SIR,

I must write one line to thank you for your kind letter; and I assure you that the communication of such encouraging words from yourself and others is a great source of support and strength to me in the work which I have undertaken.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. W. NATAL.

This correspondence between Dr. Colenso and your humble servant has gratified the former, and it is superfluous to state that the latter is not less pleased. I have great hopes of some definite result now, as I have said in my letter. The English nation seethes and boils over with great bubblings, the Church is convulsed by mighty throes, the times are out of joint, the mountain is parturient, and this time will assuredly bring forth something nobler than a mouse. What is wanted is a more serious treatment of this, the great question of the day, by the leading journals and the literary intellect of the country.

I have since been gratified by seeing that a sermon has been preached in Trinity College Chapel on Sunday, February 8th, by W. G. Clark, "On the Duty of Members of the English Church in the Present Controversies." While he wisely avoids a discussion of the particular points raised, he distinctly declares his acquiescence in the main principle on which they

have been raised, and shows that the present alarm arises from the easily understood timidity of men of high position, who have allowed it to be tacitly understood that they agreed with the popular dogma. It is something for a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, and Public Orator, to declare *ex-cathedra* in the chapel of the most important college in England, that the investigation must not be shirked, that whether Bishop Colenso's particular conclusions are right or wrong, the principle of his investigations is right.

Poland attracts the largest share of attention at present. The newly appointed Dictator, Langiewicz, seems an able man, with a capacity for organisation and considerable strategic skill. He has declined the services of Garibaldi, since the Polish rising is *not* of a *revolutionary* character. Our information from Poland is of a very imperfect and unsatisfactory nature, but it would seem that the Russians are getting the worst of it. Prince Napoleon has addressed one of his most eloquent speeches to the French Senate in favour of Poland; he wishes, if not absolute intervention, at least a strong expression of opinion by France in favour of the oppressed nation. It is impossible to predict what the Emperor will do. I fancy he likes his cousin to make these half-imprudent speeches, as he thereby gets a sort of reflected credit, even if he does not take any active steps. Our English papers are a little excited about the sending of two of our best detectives (Walker and Whicher¹) to Warsaw, at the request of the Grand Duke Constantine, to confer

¹ The detective who was prominently associated with the Constance Kent case, see ante, p. 21.

with and advise the Russian authorities on the subject of Police organisation.

Sir William Armstrong has surpassed himself at Shoeburyness last Tuesday. His 300-pounder muzzle-loading, rifled gun has sent a cast-iron shell of 286 pounds, charged with 11 pounds of powder, through a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron plate target of the strongest construction. The gun was fired with 45 pounds of powder. The target was made of the stoutest teak, and backed with iron-plating $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, yet the Armstrong shell went clean through it, at the same time setting the target on fire! We are promised 600 and 1000 pounders! It is evident that naval warfare must cease if this sort of thing goes on, for what ship could approach a battery of such guns?

Your favourite scheme, the Embankment of the Thames, is now in progress;¹ nay, more, not only is the north side, but the south also, between Vauxhall and Westminster Bridges, to be embanked! We may yet live to see great wonders done in London in the way of improvement.

Damn! Somebody of a mischievous or hilarious turn of mind has just rung my area bell! This in the small hours of the night is slightly disturbing. I have been to look, and see nobody. What an infernal fool any man is to play such tricks! Would that I had caught him! Do you recollect that night when a policeman found my front door open, and roused us two from our quiet pipe and chat by a sharp peal, followed by a spectral bull's eye at the end of the Hall?

¹ See ante, p. 16.

An I mistake not, we had let Hinchliff out, and on returning to the Den had forgotten to fasten the door.

Sunday, March 22nd.—Wallah! Wallah! Ichabod! the glory is departed. Langiewicz has been defeated, and is a prisoner in the hands of the *Austrians*, into whose territory he fled. Poor Poland! this is indeed most mouldy.

I notice the announcement of a plan for making a new street through the metropolis, to commence at the Marble Arch and terminate in Aldgate. Length four miles, width of roadway seventy feet (as broad as Regent Street). Trams are to be laid down, and no carriages are to be allowed except on the said trams. It is to pass between the Strand and Holborn, south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and north of the Post Office. A company is in process of formation to effect this, but I confess I don't see how it is to be done, nor how the great thoroughfares are to be crossed.¹ The estimate for land is rather more than half a million per mile, but it is anticipated that the sale of the ground rents of the frontage would return the greater part of this sum. What with cutting streets and running railroads on the surface of London, and burrowing gigantic sewers and railway tunnels underneath its crust, I wonder what we are coming to.

When we were in Switzerland, I several times speculated upon the length of time that would elapse before the "Coldham Lake Ice Company" turned its attention to the glaciers (or "glaziers" as Professor Owen called them). The time has now come: glaciers are become an important article of commerce.

¹ The scheme proved abortive, of course.

The Builder assures its readers that a great ice traffic is springing up in Switzerland, and that the orders already received are enormous. At Grindelwald hundreds of workmen are employed in cutting ice into blocks for sale.

Shortly before his marriage the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace for the Queen. An incident occurred which has since given rise to a large amount of scandal. The Duke of Wellington ¹ was actually deceived into presenting a man who had been sentenced, ten years ago, to seven years' penal servitude, and had received a ticket-of-leave.² In due time he obtained his ticket, and has since preyed upon the benevolent; my friend Mr. Valpy (who has been brought into contact with the rascal, and rejoices greatly at his detection) says his white choker is of the largest, his manners of the most insinuating, and that he would be irresistible if his conversation had less soap, and gave "Grace" and "Divine Providence" a wider berth. He had sponged upon noble lords, imposed upon rich City firms, accompanied Lord Brougham on to the platform of a meeting; he was on the raised dais at the opening of the International Exhibition, apparently hand-in-hand with royalty. He put his name down for a large sum as one of the guarantors of the Brompton Exhibition; in fact, he was introduced to the Duke of Wellington as one of the principal guarantors, and produced such

¹ The second Duke, son of the famous soldier.

² Samuel Tilden had been sentenced for forgery of a cheque, and was released under Sir Joshua Jebb's scheme of prison reform. Convicts released on ticket-of-leave were then known as "Jebb's Pet Lambs."

a profound impression on that nobleman, that, without inquiring further, His Grace agreed to present him at the Levée. So far, so good. The Levée was an awful crush; dukes, earls, barons, and bishops fought and jostled each other in narrow passages. The Chief Baron (Pollock) is in the crowd; suddenly a human body comes into violent contact with his judicial form, and nearly upsets him. He turns to remonstrate, and recognises the sleek face of the rascal he sentenced ten years ago. Old Pollock has a good memory to recollect the faces of prisoners who were tried by him, but possibly Mr. Samuel Tilden's is a remarkable physiognomy. On returning home, he wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, and an inquiry was instituted, with the result that the presentation was cancelled, and a brief announcement to that effect was made in the papers.

For some reason, the papers of the time were very indignant about this incident and the arrangements in general for the particular Levée at which it occurred. The crush was terrible :

“ Garments were cleft of them,
Horsehair was reft of them
What pen can write of them?
How at the sight of them
Gents-at-Arms wondered.
As to the Presence there,
Draggled and damaged men
Rushed, crushed and thrust along,
All that was left of them;
First the two thousand,
Then the seven hundred.”

Public opinion was against the Queen, who had caused the Drawing-room for ladies to be held

also in the small rooms of St. James's Palace, instead of at Buckingham Palace, which had been renovated at the public cost on the distinct understanding that it was to be used for Court receptions. At the Drawing-Room both the ladies and their voluminous costumes suffered excessively from the crushing; many women fainted, and no refreshments of any kind were provided.

LET us commence our forty-eighth letter with a story. The scene is laid in a rustic school; the pupils are undergoing a theological examination; it may be a Bishop who examines, or it may only be an Arch-deacon, a Rural Dean, or a Minor Canon; suffice it to say the examiner is something more than a curate. A class of boys is ranged in close order round the ecclesiastical centre. One of the youths, it is needless to state that he was not the head of the class, is asked : "Who was the strongest man mentioned in Scripture ?" The obtuse rustic knoweth not, and would be utterly confounded if his neighbour were not kind enough to prompt him. "Samson," he exclaims with half doubt. "Quite right," says the examiner, "but do you recollect what he killed ?" "Lion," says the prompter sotto voce. "Lion," exclaims the examined one with increasing confidence. "Right again, my little man; can you tell me how he killed the lion ?" "Jaw-bone of an ass," mutters the prompter. By this time obtuse boy's confidence in the promptings of his friend was complete, so, although he had misapprehended the prompter, he shouted out vigorously, "Jobbed him in the —, sir !" Confusion and inextinguishable laughter of the Gods follow. Sola ! Sola !

This sort of thing is refreshing, and proves that,

after four years of uninterrupted letter-writing, our salt has not lost its savour. Let us try our hands at another ! It has its good points, but is not equal to the former. A gentleman overhears his governess instructing his little girl, who is reading to her the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. "What is a virgin, Miss Smith ?" asks little Cicely. "Well, my dear, virgins were very strange people who used to live in former days : but—there are none now !"

The great Colenso controversy still rages, and grows hotter and hotter. Still, nobody can foresee the end of it. The Bishops one by one are skirmishing, but present no solid front of battle. They have hitherto contented themselves with firing off pastorals to the clergy of their respective dioceses, warning them not to allow the Bishop of Natal to use their pulpits. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Longley, has proved himself a fit leader of old women ; but undoubtedly J. P. Manchester has made the greatest fool of himself. After reading his preposterous effusion, I wrote a short note to *The Standard*, signing it "A Firm Believer" ! Needless to say, Hamber inserted it. It was very amusing to me to throw down my letter, as it were a bone, for the various dogs to gnaw it. One man, who signs himself "Hebræo-mixtus" (Hebrew Mixture I call him, as if he were a new description of tobacco), considers me "a wolf in sheep's clothing"—clever dog ! he gave the bone a right good shake. The curious part of the whole affair is that my profession of blind faith in the received version of the Bible caused me at once to be suspected. The fact is, that so much scepticism is developed by the

defenders of the faith, that they mistrusted the " Firm Believer."

Here is an amusing advertisement from *The True Briton* of October 31st, 1801 :

" PREGNANT LADIES. Pregnant ladies, whose situation requires a temporary retirement, may be accommodated with a genteel apartment to Lye-in, agreeably to their circumstances; their Infant put out to nurse and humanely taken care of. The consolation resulting from this undertaking to many of the most respectable families in this kingdom, by securing their reputation and characters from the base censure of the world, and preserving peace and concord among relations and friends, is sufficiently conspicuous to be countenanced by the humane and sensible portion of Mankind. Care, tenderness, humanity, honour, and secrecy, may be relied on. Apply to Mr. White, Surgeon and Man-midwife, or Mrs. White, Midwife, No. 2, London House Yard, St. Paul's Churchyard. Note.—Those regardless of reputation will not, on any terms, be treated with. An eligible country-house within a few miles of London, where Ladies may be accommodated with comfortable apartments if more agreeable than in town."

There, Sir, what a picture of morals is this ! The newspapers of the same period teem with mischievous and malicious remarks about the dress (or rather undress) of the ladies. For example : " The fashionable transparency of female dress at this time (1800) has got the name of ' à la mode d'aspic.' " We need not tell the Epicurean that an aspic is some delicate viand, covered but not concealed under a transparent

jelly. A grave old lawyer observed, last Saturday, at the Opera, that in a short time there would not be a *femme couverte*. Another of these paragraphs tells how some mischievous wag confounded a lady of his acquaintance, who wore nothing worth mentioning, by sending her a parcel labelled "Dress for Madame —," which when opened contained only a vine leaf.

I have a story concerning the innocence of Manners in America in the last century. As you may know, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt travelled in that country, and wrote a most interesting account of his experiences. He relates how, on one occasion, he slept in a corn loft with a dozen other men. Two new guests arrived during the evening—"an old man and a handsome young woman, who I believe was his daughter. Three rows of beds were placed in the apartment, and half filled it: there were two empty beds in the same row with mine. In one of these the good old man lay down without undressing himself, and the young woman, thinking every one about her fast asleep, fell to stripping, which she did so completely as if she had been in a room by herself. No movement on my part interrupted the business of her toilette, although I could not fall asleep again until the candle was put out." I should think not.

Certain letters have been published in *The Times* signed "Historicus." They are now advertised in a separate volume. It is well known in literary circles that Vernon Harcourt (our year at Trinity) is the author.¹ There is nothing very extraordinary in

¹ The late Sir William Vernon Harcourt (1827-1904) was at this date thirty-five years of age. He had commenced his journalistic work as far back as 1849, when he was invited to

them—they merely contain the result of a man's reading of two or three books put into a readable form. I presume that V. Harcourt has finally abandoned *The Saturday Review* and gone over to the enemy. You will recollect a friend of mine named Austin. He has been on *The Saturday Review* and *Standard* for a short time, but has accepted an appointment in India, the management and chief editorship of *The Madras Times*, salary £1200 per annum. He leaves on Monday next, with the Southampton mail, with this letter in fact. Not a bad thing, but he is a very nice fellow and does the most amusing articles both in *Saturday Review* and *Standard*. Hamber thought very highly of him. He will be missed.

I have had a letter from Morison from Lisbon whither the *Irene* has safely gone. They had a splendid run from Falmouth to the Tagus, doing it in five days. He has his wife and baby with him. They go from Lisbon to Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta.

There is no news this month. The Easter Vacation following upon the Prince's wedding has caused a sort of collapse. Parliament meets and almost the first day is obliged to adjourn out of compliment to the memory of Sir G. C. Lewis,¹ whose sudden death startled everybody. The Budget, I believe, is promul-

contribute leaders to *The Morning Chronicle*. When *The Saturday Review* was started in 1855 he became one of its best contributors, but owing to his increasing work at the Bar he ceased to write for that paper in 1859. The "Historicus" letters commenced in *The Times* in 1861. For these, when published in book form, he received thanks from several members of the Government.

¹ Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806-63), Home Secretary 1859-61, and Secretary for War 1861-3.

gated to-night (April 16th) and may cause a little excitement. There is a rumour of 2*d.* deduction in Income Tax, but to-morrow will tell us.

April 17th.—The Budget is out, and actually seems to satisfy every one! We are to have 2*d.* off the Income Tax and 5*d.* off tea, leaving the duty only 1*s.* per pound: both great boons to all of moderate means. I begin to think that Gladstone is not such a bad fellow after all: but—I don't like him somehow.

We have most splendid weather; to-day has been glorious. But our children have colds and coughs. They want change, we think, so this morning Mary Anne and I, taking Nellie with us, made a decisive step in going to Southend to look for lodgings, or rather to see what the place is like and shape our plans accordingly. According to the line of railway you select about London, so do you fall in with strange and diverse styles of passengers. For instance, this line into Essex brings one in contact with the well-to-do grazier, a man with abundance of cash, and possibly a good coat to his back, but brown, sunburnt, and weather-beaten. His talk is of crops and want of rain. He is independent in his manner of address, yet calleth he one "Sir," even as doth the Freshman in his first term. The fares on the London, Tilbury, and Southend line being marvellously low, one has incongruous first-class passengers. At Stepney this morning, a very second-class individual got in, who refreshed himself from a small physic-bottle, which when the cork was withdrawn emitted most unmistakable odours of rum. His age might be fifty or sixty (he told me afterwards that he was long past the latter figure), his face was clean and shaven, his waistcoat

of black velvet, over which a gold chain dangled, and on his finger was a very handsome diamond ring. He opened his battery of conversation upon me by pointing out a large handsome building as a workhouse, and commenting on the excellence of its provisions. He was very anxious for the equalisation of Poor Rates, with which I entirely concurred. This led him to speak of the neighbourhood in which he resided, namely the vicinity of Spital Square. Presently Nellie got hold of a piece of *The Times* and began reading to herself. This interested him greatly, and with watery eye, not from drink but emotion, he said : “ Ah, sir, you’ll scarcely believe me when I tell you that I have lived till long past sixty, and have scraped together a large fortune, yet I can’t read a word ; I don’t know a B. from a Bull’s foot ! I pay a servant fourteen pounds a year to do nothing much else but read to me. There’s nothing I like so much as hearing anybody read ; I can sit for hours, with my pipe and glass of something to drink, listening to anybody reading newspapers, novels, and such like. And there’s that little lady able to read the paper at *her* years ! (Here his eyes watered still more.) My missus was a wonderful scholar ; but I had not long retired from business before she was taken away Ah ! she *was* a scholar ! ” This was becoming pathetic, so I took the opportunity, at the first pause, to change the subject. He told me that the taking off 2*d.* of the Income Tax would make a difference of a good many pounds a year to him. He had evidently been in the *Public Line* ; his speech, costume, and manners bewrayed him.

We found Southend a very charming place, and

were most agreeably surprised. The ground is higher than I anticipated. In fact, it bears a resemblance to Scarborough on a small scale.

I have written an article on the subject of Transportation to the Australian Colonies for the benefit of the Conservatives of the Eastern Counties.¹ So you see I have made an effort to do my possible in putting sound views before the bucolic population at least. Damn *The Times*, it is a hateful paper, and grows more odious every day. I cannot think what has possessed the editor of late, he has given forth nothing but uncertain sounds on all great subjects, and seems only to be clear on one point, viz. the strong desire to snub and depreciate our antipodean colonies. *The Times* articles on the Colenso controversy have been eminently unsatisfactory. It has evidently not made up its mind which way the tide is going to set, and waits accordingly. *The Times* follows public opinion, and in no sense leads it. There is no use in writing letters to it, involving any new or startling views; they are never inserted. Sometimes, as in my Transportation letter, they adopt the idea in a modified form without acknowledgment.²

April 21st.—Public attention is just being aroused to the fact that war with America is looming *very large* in the distance. These blasted Yankees will not rest until they have provoked us to fight. It is the object dearest to their black hearts. Scum and offscouring of the earth! How I hate them! I am afraid Earl Russell is not conducting our Foreign Affairs with vigour and decision. The evening papers

¹ Published in *The Ipswich Journal*, 25th April, 1863.

² See ante, p. 220.

contain a rumour that the French Emperor is about to recall his ambassador from Washington, and that the Yankees themselves are going to give Lord Lyons his congé. Damn!

The City of London authorities are in a rabid state because Government have brought in a bill to amalgamate their Police Force with the Metropolitan ditto.¹ Alderman Sidney, who is an acquaintance of ours, and a well-blended mixture of snob and donkey, has taken up the Corporation cudgels, and lays about him lustily. All to no use, I suspect. The member for the Tower Hamlets (Ayrton) is equally hot on the other side. In fact, there is a feud between City and Tower Hamlets. It is war to the knife. I shall be sorry when the City of London loses its present individuality and is merged in the Metropolis; and yet what a pitiful spectacle do these Fishmongers and Haberdashers, Spectacle-makers and Lorimers, rich in paunches, chalk-stones, and pimples, present junketting with effete Titans, Gog and Magog, and all sorts of old-world mummery in the Hall of Whittington and Walworth.

April 26th.—We have just returned from Southend this afternoon. The weather has been most glorious. Yesterday we devoted to the “*Dolce far niente*,” and strolled about the neighbourhood, stretching ourselves at intervals on green banks. There is a village named Prittlewell about two miles from Southend, where is an old Priory church, picturesque in its mossy antiquity. Thither we wandered, and finding a garrulous old clerk,

¹ The proposal was not carried out, and the City and Metropolitan Police still remain separate forces.

we allowed him to act as cicerone, and idly listened to his twaddle, strongly flavoured with Essex dialect. Everybody seems to live to a great age in Prittlewell—"Our vicar has been here two and forty year, and is deaf and blind, but hearty; the curate has been here more than twenty year." And again—"We buried three (not curates, but parishioners) in one week, not long since, who averaged 93 years apiece, and there is one old lady now walking about the village who is 95!" Truly an ancient race of people. The clerk also informed us that he allowed four jackdaws to build in the old church tower, which they had well-nigh choked with sticks and rubbish, carrying to their nest any stray trifle that might be lying about, from reaping-hooks to thimbles. A church full of mystery, where they occasionally came upon staircases leading up into the air or down into the earth, no one could guess whither. How pleasant it is, on a bright sunny spring morning to wander about an old village churchyard, to sit in the cool vestry, and listen to wild architectural comments from a prosy clerk! He showed us an old tombstone, of white marble, but incrustated with moss, and I copied the inscription:

"Here lieth the bodys of Mrs. Anna and Dorithy Freeborne, wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne, whoe departed this life one ye 31st of July, Anno 1641, the other August ye 20th, anno 1668, one aged 33 years, the other 44.

"Under one stone two precious jems do lye
Equall in worth, weight, lushe, sanctity;
If yet, perhaps, one of them might excell,
Which was't, who knows? Ask him who knew them well

By long enjoyment; if he thus be pressed,
He'll pause, then answer, truly both were blest.
Were't in my choice that either of the twayne
Might be returned to me t'enjoy againe,
Which should I chuse? Well, since I know not whether,
I'll mourne for th' loss of both, but wish for neither;
Yet here's my comfort, herein lyes my hope,
The Time's a-comeinge, Cabinets shall ope
Which are locked fast, then, then shall I see
My jewells to my joy, my jewells mee."

Sitting on this quaint tombstone, we ate our luncheon of biscuits and chocolate, then homewards through pleasant country lanes. Happily, this week at the seaside has put bright colour in our children's cheeks, and produced a tint on our nursemaid's face that can be compared to nothing so well as to a fresh gravel path.

Once more we are in busy London, and may be said to have returned to town for the season, ahem! We plunge frantically into newspapers and find that War Prospects are looking up. It is understood in well-informed circles that Earl Russell has instructed our Minister at Washington to make certain demands, and in case of non-compliance to retire forthwith from his post. Immediate reparation and perhaps an ample apology has been demanded. There is reason to suppose that the Emperor of the French concurs, and the rumour of M. Mercier's recall seems to confirm the supposition. In the Commons, on Thursday night, Roebuck went in for the Federals hot and thick. He said, "And I, Sir, speaking here for the English people, say I am prepared for war ('Oh! Oh!'). That language may strike the heart of the peace party

in this House, but it will strike the heart of the insolent people who govern America now, and we shall have justice done to the honour and dignity of England; and the commerce of this country will no longer be subject to the overbearing domination and insolence of an upstart race like that ('hear, hear')." There, my boy, Roebuck, in spite of "oh! oh!" or anything else, spoke there the language of England. I have been a good deal in railway carriages lately, and those sentiments are freely mooted, exchanged, and supported. There is no contrary opinion except among the blasted Manchester Peace Party, who would rather export convicts to Australia than allow the emigration of the mill hands, whose trade every sensible person now sees has gone for ever (I mean to the extent of former days).

The Federals have been utterly polished off before Charleston. Two hours seem to have sufficed for the extinction of their fleet of ironclads. Five out of nine smashed, one sunk. During the last thirty minutes, the Federal Fleet received a concentric fire from the Confederate batteries, which is described as terrific. Glorious! Glorious! yet the Federals report only twelve killed, although turrets were knocked awry, and ceased to work.

We have had stalls sent us for the Opera (Covent Garden) to-morrow night. *Guglielmo Tell* is to be the opera: we anticipate a great treat. The following night the Prince and Princess of Wales go in state. Apropos of Covent Garden, we never pass that tavern ¹

¹ Presumably the "Albion," in Russell Street, once the happy resort of literary and theatrical men, but now demolished.

opposite without calling to mind the jolly dinner you gave us there before you left England, when we met Hamber for the first time, and now we know him so well.¹ Neither shall I ever forget that brilliant drive home from Blackwall with your brother as Jehu ! Four years ago.

I have posted you *The Ipswich Journal* of April 25th, containing my article on Transportation, in which you will see I have embodied certain passages from your letter. The rest of the work in *The Ipswich Journal* is from Meredith's pen, but is not a good specimen; when he is in the vein, he writes much better.

On the day the last mail left (March 26th) we met at dinner a very remarkable lady, Mrs. Atkinson, widow of Atkinson the celebrated Siberian traveller. She has spent twenty years in Russia. Atkinson married her out there, she being governess in the family of General Mouravioff, and she accompanied him forthwith on his long and difficult journey. After a fourteen days' ride on horseback in Tartary, she was confined, bringing into the world a son, lying on skins on the bare ground, with no female attendant, nobody but Cossacks (accent the second syllable, if you please) to attend her. By the way, she said (what I have heard from travelled and adventurous women before), that she would rather be attended in sickness by *men than by women*; they make far kinder and more attentive nurses. The way in which the Cossacks nursed and played with her baby was strange to see. She puzzled me by speaking of him as "Alatan"—and I found that this seven months' baby was actually

¹ See ante, p. 58.

christened "Alatan Tamchiboulac"—the first name from the mountain at the foot of which he was born, and the second from a dropping spring close by. But the rest of the acts of Mrs. Atkinson, and all her mighty works that she did, are they not written in a book which Murray has just published?

Mrs. Atkinson is a bright-eyed, intelligent woman, small in stature. She loves Russians, and hates Poles when in insurrection. She polished Meredith off at dinner in glorious style. He was in high spirits, and talking fast and loud. The Surrey hills, the Hindhead, and Devil's Punchbowl were the subjects of conversation, and George Meredith asserted (I know not on what authority) that the view from the Hindhead was very like *Africa*. Mrs. Atkinson pricked up her ears, and bending forward across the table asked in a clear but low voice, "And pray, Sir, may I ask what part of Africa you have visited?" Alas! poor Robin! he has never been further south than Venice. No one could be more amused at his own discomfiture than he was himself, and he gave a very vivid description of his sensations when he saw Mrs. Atkinson preparing the inevitable inquiry. As he had talked about Africa without having been there, the great Siberian traveller was disposed evidently to hold him lightly; for, later in the dinner, the talk was of certain cannibals who are to be imported as the last sensation exhibition, and the question of feeding them was mooted. "Oh!" says Meredith, "there will be no difficulty about that, we shall feed them on the disagreeable people, and those we don't like." I was amused at the notion, and turning to Mrs. Atkinson,

who sat on my right, I said, "I wonder how many persons would survive if every one disposed in that fashion of those he did not like!" "Yes, indeed," said the mother of Alatan Tamchiboulac, "there would be very few, if any, and that gentleman (meaning Meredith) would be one of the first to go!"

Conceive my amusement, picture to yourself the chaff, the laughter, when I reported this to Meredith! We all of us liked the little woman immensely, and mean to improve the acquaintance.

To dinner that evening came Monsieur Barrère, grandson of the historic Barrère of the Convention, and himself a member of the Provisional Government of 1848, and a refugee from Louis Napoleon. He is the intimate friend of Louis Blanc, Mazzini, etc. M. Barrère's best story was about Tennyson and a misadventure which befell him in Paris. He and his brother Frederick¹ were at an hotel in the French capital. The great Alfred speaks not the Parisian tongue, and his brother speaks it very imperfectly, and with a decided English accent. Coming down one morning before his brother, and going out for a walk, Frederick Tennyson said to the waiter: "*Prenez garde de ne pas laisser sortir le feu*"; he simply wished the fire to be kept in—but he pronounced "*feu*" broadly, thus "*fou*." Now the wild aspect and eccentric manners of the great poet had already predisposed the establishment generally to regard him as a lunatic, so the waiter interpreted the queer piece

¹ The eldest brother of the poet. He was co-heir to the Earldom of Scarsdale, and married Maria Giuliotti, of Tuscany. He died in 1898.

of French to mean an injunction to prevent the lunatic from going out. Presently Alfred came down, and he also wished to go out for a walk, but the waiter planted his back against the door, and, with soothing words adapted to a weak intellect, forbade all egress. Tennyson raged and stormed, but to no purpose. The other waiters came to the assistance of their fellow, and the poet found himself a prisoner until his brother's return.

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